00031928

THE
ASIATIC SOCIETY OF BOMBAY
Town Hall, Bombay.

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 26 March, 2016

THE LIFE

OF

NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE.

VOL. III.

THE LIFE

OF

NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE.

BY WILLIAM HAZLITT.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

LONDON:

PUBLISHED BY EFFINGHAM WILSON, ROYAL EXCHANGE;
AND CHAPMAN AND HALL, 186, STRAND.

1830.

00031928

PREFACE.

On the work to which the reader is here introduced, Hazlitt was content to rest his claim to distinction as an author; it is his largest work and his last. He lived to complete the Life of Napoleon, and then laid down his own. He intended to add an Index, which it has been necessary to supply from another hand, for his was stiff and cold before he could accomplish it. He contemplated a Preface, and as the work would wear an unusual appearance without such an introduction, it has been deemed proper to make it the vehicle of a few remarks on the work and its author. Hazlitt rarely wrote till he was urged by necessity: but the Life of Napoleon was undertaken by choice. He felt that injustice had been done to the character of that extraordinary man, in every attempt that had been hitherto made describe it. Much time was occupied, and great expense incurred, to obtain ample materials for the present work. Not

satisfied with books and written documents, HAZLITT saw and conversed with the persons most likely to afford him information. He resided two years in Paris for this especial purpose; and the work, in consequence, possesses anecdotes and facts which throw quite a new light on many subjects hitherto seen "through a glass, darkly." HAZLITT has endeavoured, and we think successfully, to trace events to their spring, in the mighty mind out of whose workings they arose. Buonaparte, as the creature of circumstances, is one thing; as their creator, another; and it is curious to contemplate him under both views. The author may be accused of partiality when the very original views he takes are submitted to the judgment of prejudice and preconception. But let it be remembered, that wealth and genius have been lavished to give a false colour to many transactions which are here related in their simple nakedness, and the charge of partisanship may be retorted on the accuser. The political bias of HAZLITT's mind was to popular right and the sovereignty of the people. When we find this feeling urge its possessor to accuse his hero of wilfully attempting the subversion of justice, and with a disregard to the social compact, we may believe him when he praises. The champions of things as they were before the Revolution

demand of Napoleon that liberality and love of equal right which was unknown in the days they venerate. They blame Louis XVI. for those concessions to public opinion which they required of Napoleon, and which they would have had Charles X. refuse. They exclaim against those acts of Napoleon which all regard as tyrannical, but they justify similar deeds in his legitimate successors. HAZLITT was not the infatuated worshipper of an idol, but the champion of an historical character which he conceives unjustly and wantonly attacked. He has sacrificed no principle to palliate his hero—he has rigorously examined and fearlessly blamed where censure appeared called for—and he has quietly wiped away the stain from a great picture, when he found that malice or ignorance had left it there: when faults were in the piece itself he has not attempted to remove them. It would be arrogant to say that the unanimous verdict of posterity will agree with the decision of the biographer; but we may aver, without fear of contradiction, that the materials from which such verdict will be drawn are impartially summed up in this work, with an ability which none will doubt. As we have already stated, HAZLITT's fame as an author will mainly depend on the public estimate of this his last labour. Thousands have read and been delighted

with his less important works; but here was a subject with which he grappled to the utmost of his strength—a labour of his own seeking, to which he devoted many anxious years, and to which he strove to bring the whole force of his talents, lavish the brilliancy of his genius, and give it the stamp and impress of his powerful mind. How he has succeeded, will be decided by that Public to which he has never appealed but with a successful issue.

THE

LIFE OF NAPOLEON.

CHAPTER XXXI.

RUPTURE OF THE PEACE OF AMIENS.

Of my object in writing the Life here offered to the public, and of the general tone that pervades it, it may be proper that I should render some account (before proceeding farther) in order to prevent mistakes and false applications. It is true, I admired the man; but what chiefly attached me to him, was his being, as he had been long ago designated, "the child and champion of the Revolution." Of this character he could not divest himself, even though he wished it. He was nothing, he could be nothing but what he owed to himself and to his triumphs over those who claimed mankind as their inheritance by a divine right; and as long

as he was *a thorn in the side of kings* and kept them at bay, his cause rose out of the ruins and defeat of their pride and hopes of revenge. He stood (and he alone stood) between them and their natural prey. He kept off that last indignity and wrong offered to a whole people (and through them to the rest of the world) of being handed over, like a herd of cattle, to a particular family, and chained to the foot of a legitimate throne. This was the chief point at issue—this was the great question, compared with which all others were tame and insignificant—Whether mankind were, from the beginning to the end of time, born slaves or not? As long as he remained, his acts, his very existence gave a proud and full answer to this question. As long as he interposed a barrier, a gauntlet, and an arm of steel between us and them who alone could set up the plea of old, indefeasible right over us, no increase of power could be too great that tended to shatter this claim to pieces: even his abuse of power and aping the style and title of the imaginary Gods of the earth only laughed their pretensions the more to scorn. He did many things wrong and foolish; but they were individual acts, and recoiled upon the head of the doer. They stood upon the ground of their own merits, and could not urge in their vindication "the right divine of kings to govern wrong;" they were not precedents; they were not exempt from public censure or

opinion; they were not softened by prescription, nor screened by prejudice, nor sanctioned by superstition, nor rendered formidable by a principle that imposed them as sacred obligations on all future generations: either they were state-necessities extorted by the circumstances of the time, or violent acts of the will, that carried their own condemnation in their bosom. Whatever fault might be found with them, they did not proceed upon the avowed principle, that "millions were made for one," but one for millions; and as long as this distinction was kept in view, liberty was saved, and the Revolution was untouched; for it was to establish it that the Revolution was commenced, and to overturn it that the enemies of liberty waded through seas of blood, and at last succeeded. It is the practice of the partisans of the old school to cry *Vive le Roi, quand même!* Why do not the people learn to imitate the example? Till they do, they will be sure to be foiled in the end by their adversaries, since half-measures and principles can never prevail against whole ones. In fact, Buonaparte was not strictly a free agent. He could hardly do otherwise than he did, ambition apart, and merely to preserve himself and the country he ruled. France was in a state of siege; a citadel in which Freedom had hoisted the flag of revolt against the threat of hereditary servitude; and that in the midst of distraction and convulsions conse-

quent on the sentence of ban and anathema passed upon it by the rest of Europe for having engaged in this noble struggle, required a military dictator to repress internal treachery and headstrong factions, and repel external force. Who then shall blame Buonaparte for having taken the reins of government and held them with a tight hand? The English, who having set the example of liberty to the world, did all they could to stifle it? Or the Continental Sovereigns, who were only acquainted with its principles by their fear and hatred of them? Or the Emigrants, traitors to the name of men as well as Frenchmen? Or the Jacobins, who made the tree of liberty spout nothing but blood? Or its *paper* advocates, who reduce it to a harmless theory? Or its true friends, who would sacrifice all for its sake? The last, who alone have the right to call him to a severe account, will not; for they know that, being but a handful or scattered, they had not the power to effect themselves what they might have recommended to him; and that there was but one alternative between him and that slavery, which kills both the bodies and the souls of men! There were two other feelings that influenced me on this subject; a love of glory, when it did not interfere with other things, and the wish to see personal merit prevail over external rank and circumstance. I felt pride (not envy) to think that there was one reputation

in modern times equal to the ancients, and at seeing one man greater than the throne he sat upon.—

The former war with France was put an end to, in the first place, because it was unsuccessful; and secondly, because it was unpopular with a considerable party in the nation, who were favourable to the French Revolution. Before embarking finally in a struggle which was felt to be of vital importance, and which was meant to terminate only in the destruction of one or other of the contending powers, it was thought adviseable to interpose a hollow peevish truce, which could be broken off at pleasure; and which would give those who had hitherto disapproved the attempt to overturn the French Republic as an unprincipled aggression on the rights and liberties of mankind, but who were grown lukewarm in the cause, or were tired out with opposition, a plausible pretext to change sides, and to come over, with loud clamour and tardy repentance, to the views of their King and Country. "It was a consummation devoutly to be wished"—None can tell how devoutly but those who have known what it is to suffer the privation of public sympathy, the constancy of the irritation, the fruitlessness of perseverance, the bar it is to business or pleasure, the handle it affords to enemies, the coldness it throws on friendship; so that the first opening was eagerly caught at towards a reconcilia-

tion between the Opposition and the Government, the ardour of which (on one side at least) was in proportion to their long estrangement. The Minority had thus redeemed their literal pledge of consistency in the original Revolutionary quarrel, and might now join heart and hand in the new crusade against the encroachments and ambition of France. As long as the first war continued, they could not well do so without seeming to acknowledge themselves in the wrong; but by making peace, the government ostensibly took this responsibility upon itself; and with a new war, gave them the option of new opinions, so that they must in courtesy return the compliment by taking part against themselves. The peace of Amiens therefore just left a short interval or breathing-space enough for this compromise of principle, and marshalling of public opinion against the common enemy, upon distinct grounds indeed, but with the old grudge at bottom. The formal suspension of hostilities, however, and the commencing again on fresh and incidental causes of provocation gave immense additional power to the government, and an *impetus* that carried it forward to the proposed end either of destruction or conquest; for it flung the whole practical weight of public opinion in England into the war-scale, without any drawback or diversion from contending parties or feelings. The feeble opposition that was left chiefly served to whet and

sharpen, instead of blunting the edge of deadly animosity; and many of the new converts who had hurled up the red-cap of liberty with most violence in the air, and whose suffrages it was an object to gain, were now foremost in raising the war-whoop and in cheering the combatants.

The British Government and Public at this period might be divided into three parties. The first and really preponderating party consisted of those who thought that no peace ought to be concluded with a regicide Republic; and that it was nothing short of national degradation and signing a bond of voluntary infamy to enter into truce or treaty with the traitors and miscreants who had usurped the reins of Government in France, as much as with a den of robbers and murderers whom the laws of God and man made it equally a duty to pursue to extermination or unconditional surrender. This was the high Tory party, the school of Burke and Wyndham, and more particularly including the King's friends. But this party being too weak both in numbers and in success to carry their point openly and with a high hand, they were obliged to yield to another more moderate or more politic one, who undertook to manage the same thing for them by underhand means, that is, by professing a willingness and a desire to make peace, and throwing the blame of the renewal of hostilities on the enemy. This party was the *cat's-paw* of the first; and the true agents and promoters

of the secret aims of power, consisting of such men as Pitt, Addington, &c. the more knowing diplomatists, the greater part of the public press, and the decent and less violent Church-and-King men. The third were the dupes of the two first, being composed of the great mass of the people, and the friends of peace and liberty, who believed that peace had been concluded in the spirit of peace, and that if his Majesty's Ministers were compelled to break it off, it was for the causes which they themselves chose to assign as just and lawful ones. The earliest of these which were brought forward to give the alarm, were stories of armaments in the ports of France; secondly, Sebastiani seen creeping like a rat along the coasts of the Adriatic, which portended the speedy loss of Egypt; thirdly, the stipulated retention of Malta in the hands of the Knights of St. John, which the French would convert into a stepping-stone to our possessions in India; and lastly, the meditated conquest of the world by the French Consul. All these pretexts are at present given up as vague and frivolous by the most staunch and able advocates of the late war, who lament that no mention was made by our statesmen of the day of the occupation of Switzerland and the Confederation of Lombardy as the true grounds of the refusal to execute the treaty of Amiens. Neither was any mention made of another equally convincing and cogent argument against peace, that the throne

of France was not as yet occupied by the Bourbons. But our Ministers being determined, in pursuance of this last object, to risk the existence and welfare of the country on the issue of an unprincipled and hypocritical war, could bring forward no excuses for incurring this responsibility and balancing this evil, but such as implied (however absurdly and falsely), that the same risk was to be apprehended every moment from the insatiable and restless ambition of Buonaparte. In order to prepare the way for this desirable turn to the negociations (for so it was considered by the furiously loyal and patriotic) no pains had been spared. During the short interval of peace, every mode of irritation, recrimination, and invective had been industriously resorted to and tacitly encouraged. When the most revolting charges were complained of, it was answered that they could not be suppressed without tampering with the liberty of the press, though it was well known that the slightest breath from authority would have stifled them; and a celebrated advocate on the trial of Peltier is supposed to have been sent over by Government not long before (but on a sleeveless errand) to find new fuel for the flame and to extract new poison for the tooth of calumny to feed upon. Buonaparte in his public and private character was uniformly held up as a monster of ambition, cruelty, and lust. Every body knows that it is only necessary to raise a bugbear before

the English imagination in order to govern it at will. Whatever they hate or fear, they implicitly believe in, merely from the scope it gives to these passions; and what they once believe in, they proceed to act upon, and rush blindly on their own destruction or that of others, without pausing to inquire into causes or consequences. Their own fury supplies them with resolution: the judgment of their betters directs the application to their cost. Gloomy, sullen, suspicious, brooding always on the worst side of things, indignant at every appearance of injustice, except when it is committed by themselves, and then scornfully resenting the imputation or turning round and boldly justifying it; quarrelling with and maligning one another till their attention is roused by a common foe, their union being increased and cemented through the jarring elements of which it is composed; never satisfied but when they have some object of jealousy or dislike to wreak their vengeance upon, they are the butt and dupes of whoever can take advantage of their ungovernable, headstrong humours; mistake the strength of their passions and prejudices for the soundness of their reason and the goodness of their cause; run from artificial terrors into real dangers; have a sort of unconscious obtuseness and *bonhommie* even in their most flagrant acts of self-will, which they conceive all the world must admire; shew the same blindfold rage in the pur-

suit of right or wrong; and to hate and be hated is the only thing in which they are sure to take the lead. The English character is surcharged with spleen, distrust, and haughtiness; and the smallest pretext, the shadow of an excuse, a rumour, a nick-name, is sufficient to make these qualities blaze out in all their wonted malignity. Occasion, as one of our own poets has feigned, ever follows Fury hand at hand.—We shall see that these remarks were verified at every step of the proceedings in the present instance. A writer of some note at the time boasted that he had done more than any one to bring about the war and foment a spirit of rancour by nicknaming Buonaparte *The Corsican*. This was not so much a piece of idle vanity in the individual as a just satire on the nation at large.

Buonaparte himself, despairing of establishing a cordial understanding with England, and probably piqued at the ill success his advances had met with, began to vent his chagrin in indirect sarcasms and national reflections. On one occasion he broke out in the following terms:—"They are always citing the example of England for its riches and good government. Well then! I have got its budget: I will have it printed in the *Moniteur*. It will be seen that she has an actual deficit of between five and six hundred millions. She has, it is true, a considerable Sinking Fund, with which she may, as they pretend, pay off her debt in thirty-

eight years: but in order to this, it would be necessary that she should stop short in her career for once, and raise no more loans. She does not call that a deficit; but she sets down among her receipts a loan which only serves to increase her debt, and it is impossible to foresee how she can ever wind up her accounts on such a system. England keeps up a land-army of one hundred and ten thousand men, which costs her three hundred and thirty-three millions of livres annually. It is enormous and the sign of a bad administration. It is the same with her marine which costs four hundred and six millions: it is considerable, no doubt, but the expense is nevertheless out of proportion. People are enraptured with England on hearsay: it is so in the *Belles-Lettres*. Shakespear had been forgotten for two hundred years, even in his own country, when it pleased Voltaire, who was at Geneva and visited by a good many of the English, to cry up this author in order to pay his court to them;* and every one repeated after him that Shakespear was the first writer in the world. I have read him; there is nothing in his works that approaches to Corneille or Racine. It is not even possible to read one of his pieces through, without feeling pity for them. As to Milton, there is only his Invocation to the Sun and one or two other

* Voltaire extolled the beauties of Shakespear long before this period, in his *Letters on England*.

passages; the rest is a mere rhapsody. I like Vely better than Hume. France has nothing to envy in England, a country that its inhabitants leave the instant they are able. There are at present more than forty thousand on the Continent." This passage may at least serve as a lesson against undervaluing an enemy. Buonaparte would have done right to have thought more highly of the capacity of the English in certain things, and to have trusted less to their generosity. He did not know the flint of which our character is ordinarily composed, nor the fire that sometimes lurks beneath it.

It is evident that Buonaparte had expected or wished for peace both from the low state of warlike preparation to which he suffered the army to be reduced, and from the disappointment and impatience he manifested, as the hopes of it gradually vanished, and the designs of the English Ministers were more clearly seen through. They shewed no alacrity in executing the conditions of the treaty; for people are in no hurry to do that, which they do not mean to do at all. Most of the French colonies were given back; but we retained possession of the Cape of Good Hope, of Alexandria, and Malta. The two former were at length evacuated also; but Malta still remained a bone of contention, and was just enough to answer the purpose, as while any part of the treaty was withheld, nothing was really granted. It was as easy

to make peace split upon that rock as upon any other; and so far, the prize was invaluable. It was at last agreed to give it up, if a sufficient guarantee for its neutrality could be found; but when this guarantee was pointed out by providing a garrison of Austrians and Russians, instead of Neapolitans, that also was refused of course. Any terms of peace were acceptable, but what were practicable! As to the fears of Malta being hereafter seized upon by the French as the key to Egypt and our Eastern possessions, I do not believe that any such apprehensions were seriously entertained, or weighed so much as a feather in the balance; but even if they did, and there was a jealousy on the part of our merchants or statesmen that the French might possibly at some distant period wrest their acquisition to this purpose, yet no such plea is admissible in sound policy on this plain and broad principle, that there is no providing by any artifice or precautions against all possible contingencies, and that if our selfish and grasping passions were as long-sighted and speculative as they are gross and narrow-minded, there could not be a moment's peace or security for the world, and we must be always at war, to prevent the possibility of any advantage being taken of us in time to come. We seize on and plunder distant continents, and then keep the world in amazement and dread with our disinterested denunciations against the ambitious

and unprincipled projects of others, that may at some time or other rob us of our ill-gotten and uncertain booty. The First Consul, uneasy at the delays of the British Ministry, and at the increasing tone of exasperation on both sides, so early as the 11th of February, 1803, had an interview with Lord Whitworth (our ambassador), in which for the space of nearly two hours he set forth the various causes of his dissatisfaction with the English Government in firm and animated language, rising in fervour as he proceeded, but without failing in the usual tone of courtesy due to an ambassador.

He first complained of the delay of the British in evacuating Alexandria and Malta; cutting short all discussion on the latter subject by declaring he would as soon agree to Great Britain's possessing the suburb of St. Antoine, as that island. He then referred to the abuse poured upon him by the English papers, but more especially by the French journals published in London. He affirmed that Georges and other Chouan chiefs, whom he accused of designs against his life, received relief and shelter in England; and that two assassins had been apprehended in Normandy sent over by the French emigrants to murder him. This, he said, would be publicly proved in a court of justice, as was afterwards done at the trial of Pichegru and others. From this point he digressed to Egypt, of which he affirmed he could make himself master whenever

he chose; but that he considered it too paltry a stake to renew the war for. At the same time he contended that Egypt must sooner or later belong to France, either by the falling to pieces of the Turkish empire, or in consequence of some agreement with the Porte. In evidence of his peaceable intentions, he asked, what he should gain by going to war, since he had no means of acting offensively against England, except by a descent, of which he acknowledged the hazard in the strongest terms. The chances, he said with his usual pointed frankness, were a hundred to one against him; and yet he declared that the attempt should be made if he were now obliged to go to war. He extolled the power of both countries. The army of France, he said, should be soon recruited to four hundred and eighty thousand men; and the fleets of England were such as he could not propose to match within the space of ten years at least. United, the two countries might govern the world, would they but understand each other. Had he found the least cordiality on the part of England, she should have had indemnities assigned her upon the Continent, treaties of commerce, all that she could ask or desire. But he confessed that his irritation increased daily, "since every gale that blew from England brought nothing but enmity and hatred against him." In the final result, he demanded the instant fulfilment of the treaty of Amiens, and

the suppression of the abuse in the English newspapers. War was the alternative. To an allusion by Lord Whitworth to the changes in Piedmont and Switzerland as obstacles to peace, Buonaparte replied that those were trifles which must have been foreseen while the treaty was pending, and it was a mere pretext to recur to them now. Besides, the delivering up of Malta to the English would not remedy them. They parted with mutual civility; and Lord Whitworth expressed himself perfectly satisfied with his audience, but soon after sent over a long account of it to the Ministers, tending to inflame the quarrel and to remove the hope of an adjustment of differences to a greater distance. In a word, it was obvious that the First Consul was bent upon peace; and the more anxious he was for it, the more the English Cabinet grew alarmed and determined to break it off. They hated the man; and it was only in a war that they could hope to destroy him and the Republic. The duplicity and misrepresentation of which Buonaparte was the object on this occasion, made him determine in future to recur to the common forms of diplomacy and communicate his sentiments through his Ministers, to whom he could in that case appeal as evidence in his justification. The former method was, however, more suited to the genius of the man and to his situation as the head of a free state, who having no sentiments or interests but those of

the community to express, expressed them openly, manfully, and with the degree of energy and warmth they infused into his breast; and that by a republican boldness and simplicity presented a marked contrast to those state-puppets, who being actuated only by their pride and passions while they profess to aim at the public good, should always explain themselves by proxy, that there may be no clue to their real feelings and intentions, and as little connexion between their lips and the sentiments of their hearts, as there is between their interests and those of the people.

On the 8th of March, a speech from the Throne recommended to the British Parliament the seconding the Government in completing all the measures of defence which circumstances might appear to render necessary for the honour of the Crown and the essential interests of the People. These precautions were to be grounded on considerable preparations said to be making in the ports of France and Holland, and on differences of a high importance which existed between his Majesty and the French Government. Buonaparte had been just reading this notable message in a dispatch which he had received from London, when he had to enter the drawing-room at the Thuilleries where the Foreign Ambassadors were collected, and stopping short before the English Ambassador, he put the following hurried questions to him in a tone of sur-

prise and impatience :—"What does your Cabinet mean? What is the motive for raising these rumours of armaments in our harbours? How is it possible to impose in this manner on the credulity of the nation, or to be so ignorant of our real intentions? If the actual state of things be known, it must be evident to all that there are only two armaments fitting out for St. Domingo; that this island engrosses all our disposable means. Why then these complaints? Can peace be already considered as a burden to be shaken off? Is Europe to be again deluged with blood?" He then addressed Count Marcoff and the Chevalier Azara—"The English wish for war; but if they draw the sword first, I will be the last to return it to the scabbard. They do not respect treaties, which henceforth we must cover with black crape." He then again turned to Lord Whitworth: "To what purpose is this pretended alarm? Against whom do you take these measures of precaution? I have not a single ship of the line in any port in France. But if you arm, I will arm too; if you fight, I will fight. You may destroy France, but you cannot intimidate her." Lord Whitworth bowed, and made no reply. The First Consul left that part of the saloon, and, without going the usual round, retired soon after. The rest of the company followed, except the English and Russian Ambassadors, who withdrew to the recess of a

window, and were seen conversing together long after. Such is the amount of a scene in which Buonaparte's temper and language were represented to have risen to such a height, that Lord Whitworth every moment expected he would strike him, and was prepared to have run his sword through his body if he had! And the English nation gloried for many a year in the notion of the rage into which Buonaparte was thrown by our not making peace with him, and of the signal revenge which our Ambassador would have taken on the spot, had he not contained himself within certain limits! To fables and caricatures of this kind did the Tory party think it necessary to resort to rouse the passions and prejudices of the multitude to a pitch of madness. The principles of the Revolution in themselves wearing a seductive and popular aspect, the only chance its opponents had was to divert attention from them, by vilifying the persons of those who defended them, and holding them up alternately as objects of terror and ridicule. They did every thing to provoke Buonaparte beyond the bounds of patience, and then made a merit of having succeeded, representing it as a new ground of war; as if he who had received, not those who had offered the insults and provocations, was the aggressor, and he was a man of that violence and irritability of temper, that no peace could be kept with him. Every thing being thus referred to per-

sonal prejudice and rancour, the fairest offers were treated as insidious, the plainest proofs were answered by a volley of abuse, or by a sneer of contempt. Buonaparte, by his flaws and starts of temper, showed that he was still one of the people, and responsible to them for the issue of affairs. He was naturally mortified at the vain professions of peace by which he had been amused, and disgusted at the barefaced imposture by which they were broken off. He was not one of that favoured race of mortals who can do no wrong; who are invulnerable to opinion, accountable to none but themselves, and who preserve the same equanimity because they receive the same obedience and outward homage whether they ruin or save—alike indifferent to the execration or the gratitude of their country. Persecution drives men beside themselves; the withholding of the best-founded claims makes them set up unreasonable ones. We cannot be surprised, if Buonaparte, to shield himself in some degree from the annoyance of vulgar ribaldry and the supercilious airs of power, seriously bethought himself of borrowing an armour of proof, which the Pope helped to buckle on for him, and of binding the laurel-wreath of victory (as it was not to be that of peace also) with the golden circlet of an imperial crown.

The First Consul did not, however, all at once throw away the hope of an accommodation, as the

following speech in the Council of State just after will testify :—" It is asked if the present political juncture will not be unfavourable to the establishment of a national bank. The Romans, when besieged, sent an army into Africa. If we should have war, which is not to be presumed, it would diminish the imposts by thirty millions. We should live in Europe, in Hanover. Italy would furnish us with forty millions, instead of twenty; Holland with thirty millions, instead of nothing, which it actually contributes. I told the English Ambassador, 'You may indeed kill Frenchmen, but not intimidate them.' I am unable to conceive the motives of the King's message. There are two points: first, the armaments; this reduces itself to the expedition to Louisiana, two thousand men detained by the frost, and three *avisos* at Dunkirk, which set sail for St. Domingo the very day of the message. The English Ministers cannot pretend ignorance of that; it is sufficiently public. Otherwise, if they had demanded explanations, they might have been made easy on that head. Secondly, there are the discussions on the treaty. But I am not aware of any such; there are none. Do they mean to allude to Malta, or to keep it? But treaties must be executed, and France cannot recede on that point without receding on all the rest. It would be contrary to honour. A nation ought never to do any thing contrary to its honour;

for in this case it would be the lowest of all; it were better to perish. If we gave up this point, they would next demand to have a commissary at Dunkirk. These times are past; we are no longer what we were. We will not become the vassals of England. They well-nigh threatened me with war eight or nine months ago, if I did not conclude a treaty of commerce. I replied: 'All in good time; I will not have a treaty of commerce; I wish to establish a *tariff*, which will suit us best.' Nevertheless, it was in this manner that they forced a treaty upon M. de Vergennes; though he knew well enough that it was injurious. If they mean to speak of Malta and intend to keep it, war is inevitable, though Malta belongs to the sea, and it was to receive a garrison of Neapolitans, who are well known not to be very favourable to us: but then our honour! The English are in the habit of disturbing the Continent, and from the little resistance they in general meet with, are exceedingly sensible to it; so much the worse for them! Would it not seem that we have it in view to invade England? We ask nothing from her; all that we require is the execution of treaties. If the message has a reference to the exterior, it can only be to Malta. If it has to do with domestic affairs, its object may be to put on board their vessels five or six thousand individuals, who give them cause of uneasiness, in consequence of what has taken place

at the funeral of Colonel Despard, or for some other end of which I am ignorant, and am at a loss to divine. For in general, when the English are resolved on war, they begin by issuing secret orders, five or six months before-hand, to capture all merchant-vessels; and they give notice to the Exchange. On the contrary, this message has fallen as if from the clouds; they knew nothing of it the evening before. The King was following the chase; the Exchange was not apprised of it. So that it has had an effect which was never before known in England; the funds have fallen from 72 to 62. It is, then, an inexplicable caprice, and all for nothing. For what says the message? It calls for neither men nor money: it only says that it hopes the Commons will show themselves *if we invade England,* and the Commons reply, that they will. Behold a mighty discovery! Besides, all this does more harm to England than to us, for she exists only by her credit. All her merchantmen have orders not to stir. War would oblige her to incur expences, and make her sustain losses forty times greater than those which we should have to suffer. It would be without object."

The whole proceeding, of which Buonaparte makes a political mystery, is an obvious moral truism. The English Cabinet had determined all along never to conclude peace, and it could no longer put it off without an abrupt declaration of

war. The excesses of the French Revolution had shocked and terrified the upper classes; the glory and the growing prosperity of the Republic under its new leader, galled their pride still more. No sacrifices, no risks, no breach of faith was too great to avoid setting the seal to a system which affronted and gave the lie to all their boasted pretensions and maxims. But in order to prevent the scandal of a sudden rupture (the true reasons of which would not bear disclosure), it was brought forward as if quite unawares, and from a momentary panic at imaginary armaments in the ports of France. The fears and anger of the country being thus excited by an object which had no existence, might then be easily directed to any object the Government pleased. It would be a pity that such a stock of patriotism and loyalty should be collected by the most approved conduit (the King's speech), and in the grand reservoir of public opinion (the breast of the Commons of Great Britain) in vain. Our passions would not be the less inflamed by finding that we had been duped into them. The blow once struck, we should not stop to inquire into the grounds of the quarrel, but be ready to commit ourselves to destruction in order to avoid it. Such is the web of which loyalty and patriotism are vulgarly composed; and in this manner was the war of 1803 got up by a paltry stratagem, and by disseminating a false alarm of an invasion which only war could bring about.

The reports of war soon gained ground, and the First Consul spoke out more plainly on the subject. Of the tone and spirit in which he met these first hostile demonstrations on the part of Great Britain, the following observations delivered at an audience (the 11th Floreal), convey a remarkable specimen:—"Since the English (he said, after the Foreign Ambassadors were gone) wish to force us to leap the ditch, we will leap it. They may take some of our frigates or our colonies; but I will carry terror into the streets of London, and I give them warning, that they will bewail the end of this war with tears of blood. The Ministers have made the King of England tell a lie in the face of Europe. There were no armaments going on in France; there has been no negociation. They have not transmitted to me a single note; Lord Whitworth could not help acknowledging it. And yet it is by the aid of such vile insinuations, that a Government seeks to excite the passions. For the last two months I have endured all sorts of insults from the English Government. I have let them fill up the measure of their offences; they have construed that into feebleness, and have redoubled their presumption to the point of making their Ambassador say: *Do so and so, or I shall depart in seven days.* Is it thus that they address a great nation? He was told to write, and that his notes would be laid before the eyes of Government. *No,* was the reply, *I have orders to com-*

municate only verbally. Is not this an unheard-of form of negociating? Does it not show a marked determination to shuffle, equivocate, play at fast and loose as they please, and leave no proof against themselves? But if they falsify facts, what faith can be placed in their sincerity in other respects? They are deceived if they think to dictate laws to forty millions of people. They have been led to believe that I dreaded war, lest it should shake my authority. I will raise two millions of men, if it be necessary. The result of the first war has been to aggrandise France by the addition of Belgium and Piedmont. The result of this will be to consolidate our federative system still more firmly. The bond of union between two great nations can be no other than justice and the observation of treaties. The one towards which they are violated, cannot, ought not to suffer it under pain of degradation. Let her but once give way, and she is lost. It would be better for the French people to bend to the yoke, and erect the throne of the King of England in Paris, than to submit to the caprices and arbitrary pretensions of her Government. One day they will demand the salute from our vessels; another they will forbid our navigators to pass beyond such a latitude. Already even they observe with jealousy that we were clearing out our harbours, and re-establishing our marine. They complain of it; they demand guarantees. A short

while ago the Vice-Admiral Lesseigues touched at Malta; he had two ships with him; he found fifteen English ones there. They wanted him to fire a salute; Lesseigues refused: some words passed. If he had yielded, I would have had him carried in procession on an ass; which is a mode of punishment more ignominious than the guillotine. I flatter myself that when our conduct shall be made known, there is not a corner of Europe in which it will not meet with approbation. When England consented to a peace, she thought that we should tear one another to pieces in the interior, that the Generals would give France trouble. The English have done all they could; but their intrigues of every kind have been in vain. Every one has occupied himself only in repairing his losses. A little sooner, a little later, we must have had war. It is best to have it at once, before our maritime commerce is restored."

There were some Members of the Senate present on this occasion; amongst others, Laplace and Bougainville, who talked of the facility of a descent upon England. All is easy to French imagination: it costs only words. After some vain altercations and affected concessions, which came to nothing, and were meant to come to nothing, Lord Whitworth took his departure. On occasion of this circumstance being communicated to the Legislative Body, the orator Fontanes made a

speech, not like Buonaparte, laying down facts one by one, like the pieces of a mosaic-pavement, clear at once and solid, but running into extravagant assumptions and false sentiment. "If the English," he said, "should dare to combat us, be it so! France is ready to cover herself once more with those arms which have conquered Europe. It is not France who will declare war; but she will accept the challenge without fear, and will know how to maintain it with energy. Our country is become anew the centre of civilized Europe. England can no longer say that she is defending the indispensable principles of society, menaced to its foundations: it is we who may hold this language, if war is rekindled: it is we who shall then have to avenge the rights of nations and the cause of humanity, in repelling the unjust attack of a Government that negociates to deceive, that asks for peace to prepare for war, and that signs treaties only to break them. If the signal is once given, France will rally by an unanimous movement round the hero she admires. All the parties whom he keeps in order near him will only dispute who shall manifest most zeal and courage. All feel the want of his genius, and acknowledge that he alone can sustain the weight and grandeur of our new destinies. The exiles newly recalled to their country will be foremost to defend it," &c. We have here some of the first flashy indications of that

vain-glorious and overweening spirit, which, turning the grand question into a national quarrel, and affecting obliquely to disclaim the principles of freedom out of which it arose and which sanctified it, substituted the effervescence of French conceit for the old leaven of Jacobinism, looked round with gaping credulity for universal admiration, when it could only take a stern defensive attitude and submit with firm resignation to an honourable stigma; made so many enemies, lost so many friends, and while it set no bounds to the arrogance of its pretensions, struck at the principle which had hitherto supported them, and to which they must return to make a final stand.

Great Britain declared war against France the 18th of May, 1803. Period ever fatal and memorable—the commencement of another Iliad of woes not to be forgotten while the world shall last! The former war had failed, and the object of this was to make another desperate effort to put down, by force of arms and at every risk, the example of a revolution which had overturned a hateful but long-established tyranny, and had hitherto been successful over every attempt to crush it by external or internal means. The other causes assigned at different periods and according to the emergency were mere masks to cover this, which was the true, the constant, and sole-moving one in all circumstances and in all fortunes; through

good report and evil report, in victory or defeat, in the abyss of despair or the plenitude of success, in every stage and phasis of its commencement, progress, or double termination. There might have been a doubt on this subject at one period (though none to a sober and dispassionate judgment); but those who say otherwise at this time of day, and after the catastrophe, are not to be believed. Whether that object was just or not, is a different question; and there may be two opinions upon the subject, that of the free or of the slave. Of all the fictions that were made use of to cloak this crying iniquity, the pleas of justice and humanity were the most fallacious. No very great ceremony was employed on the present occasion, but rather a cavalier and peremptory tone was encouraged. Malta was a merely nominal pretext. The encroachments of France, and the extension of its influence since the conclusion of the treaty, were said to endanger our possessions in India, and to require Malta as an additional security. But had not we extended our conquests in India in the mean time? Or would this have been held a valid plea, if the French had broken off the treaty on that ground? But we ourselves are always exceptions to the rules we impose so magisterially on others. Justice is not an attribute of the sea; conquests on the Continent of Asia are very different things from conquests on the Continent of

Europe. Morality is one thing between the tropics, and another nearer to the pole, and so on. As to the domineering spirit and ambitious projects ascribed to France, it is true she had come off victor in the late contest, which was a great crime, no doubt, and an outrage on all proper decorum. In war, however, one of the two parties must have the best of it; and it is not usual for the conquering party to give up its advantages. If you attack an adversary, and he strikes you down, your returning to the charge in despair or revenge does not prove that you are in the right. Baffled malice is not justice; nor does it become so by a repetition of the offence, nor by any quantity of mischief it inflicts on itself or others. The federative system which Buonaparte talked of strengthening was calculated to barricado France against the successive Coalitions and the formidable lines of circumvallation which both now and afterwards the Allied Sovereigns drew round it. Lombardy was not independent, but had been wrested by France from its unwilling subjection to Austria. Let the facts speak, whose sway was mildest or best. If legitimate Princes expect, after losing the game of war, to receive back the stakes, they do not practise the precepts which they preach. They would play long enough at the game on these terms. As to Buonaparte's making himself master of Switzerland, it was not defacing the shrine of liberty, but

stopping up a door in a wall, through which a hireling assassin stole to destroy it. Buonaparte did not shed the blood of the Swiss, but prevented them from shedding it themselves in a useless quarrel. William Tell could not come to life again to defend the neutrality of his country; or if he had, would hardly have sided with its old oppressors (though there is no saying). Buonaparte left the Swiss in possession of their ancient laws and franchises; and only claimed so much influence over them or management in their concerns, as to prevent their territory from becoming the rendezvous of foreign cabals and conspiracies against the French Republic, or a thoroughfare for the hordes of slaves and barbarians to march to their long-promised prey. The old Republic was jealous of the new one; and the country-places from simplicity and custom, the towns from a mixture of aristocratic pride were averse to change. The plan which Buonaparte chalked out for them was, for the most part, a model of moderation and good sense. He wished to preserve the right of voting for their representatives in the democratic Cantons and pastoral districts; continued the *grabeau* or right of calling their Magistrates to account every two years; extended the privilege of exercising the functions of Government to a greater number of families in the aristocratic Cantons; kept the independence of the Cantons distinct; told the

patriot Reding that the sun would return from the West to the East before the Valais would return under the yoke of the oligarchy of Berne, and kept the Valteline out of the clutches of the Grisons. Still it was treading on ticklish and forbidden ground. It gave a handle to the poets and jurists against him, extremes of the human understanding, the conjunction of which is ominous. He did not enough regard the real strength and the mock-morality of England. He said if the English Cabinet had shown the least disposition to interfere, he would have made himself *Landamman*. In the same spirit he declared that "England could not contend single-handed against France." Perhaps not, if England could have been lashed to the Continent; but as this was not likely to happen, I do not see that we were to go to war for an idle national vaunt.

In order to put ourselves into a situation to judge impartially in this case, and to see on which side the impediments to maintaining the relations of peace and amity lay, let us for a moment reverse the picture, and turn the tables the other way. Let us suppose that from the first cessation of hostilities a system of unqualified abuse and unsparing ribaldry had commenced on the other side of the water against the English nation and government; that his Majesty King George III. had been daily accused of the most shocking public and

private vices, and his name unblushingly coupled with epithets that cannot be repeated; that the females of the Royal Family had been held up to opprobrium and contempt, as engaged in the grossest and most scandalous intrigues; that on application being made to put a stop to the evil, the only redress that could be obtained was an appeal to a Court of Justice, where all the charges were insisted on with double relish and acrimony, amidst a shout of exultation and jubilee from the whole venal press; let us suppose that the ruling Monarch of this country had been, without the intermission of a day, taunted with the mention of his constitutional malady, and with his being the descendant of a petty German Elector; let us suppose the surviving branches of the Stuart family to be maintained in France at the public expense, and their pretensions to the throne of England sometimes broadly insinuated, never clearly disavowed, but kept in a doubtful state, to be brought forward at a moment's warning; that bands of organised rebels and assassins, in the pay of these Princes, hovered constantly on the English coast to excite insurrection, and glided even into the Royal palaces; that they had several times attempted the life of the King, but that they were still in the same favour and kept up a clandestine intercourse with the Republican Government; let us suppose that remonstrances were made against

these proceedings, which were received with official coldness and contempt; let us suppose it to have been considered as a mark of want of zeal and devotion to the person and government of the First Consul for any Frenchman to visit England, or to be introduced at the English Court; let us suppose every advance towards confidence or cordiality to be carefully shunned, every handle for recrimination or distrust to be eagerly seized on; that the articles of the pretended treaty of peace were executed slowly, one by one; that the reluctance to conclude it evidently increased in proportion to the delays that had taken place; that at last, when the farce could be kept up no longer, it was suddenly put an end to by a flat refusal to execute one of the stipulations, and by forged rumours of preparations in the ports of England to invade France—who would have asked in that case on which side the bar to peace lay, or which Government harboured a rooted and rancorous desire for the renewal of the war? But it may be said that there was a difference between Napoleon Buonaparte and George III. Yes, it was on that difference that the whole question turned. It was the sense of degradation, and of the compromise of the kingly dignity in condescending to make peace on a friendly and equal footing with an individual who had risen from the people, and who had no power over them but from the services he

had rendered them, that produced a repugnance, amounting to loathing, to a peace with the Republic (like the touch of the leprosy, like embracing an infectious body), that plunged us into all the horrors and calamities of war, and brought us back in the end to the arms and to the blessings of Legitimate Government!—Persons who are fond of dwelling on the work of retribution, might perhaps trace its finger here. The Monarch survived the accomplishment of all his wishes, but without knowing that they had been accomplished. To those who long after passed that way, at whatever hour of the night, a light shone from one of the watch-towers of Windsor Castle—it was from the chamber of a King, old, blind, bereft of reason, "with double darkness bound" of body and mind; nor was that film ever removed, nor those eyes or that understanding restored, to hail the sacred triumph of Kings over mankind; but the light streamed and streamed (indicating no dawn within) for long years after the celebration of that day which gladdened the hearts of Monarchs and of menial nations, and through that second night of slavery which succeeded—the work of a single breast, which it had dearly accomplished in darkness, in self-oblivion, and in more than kingly solitude!

CHAP. XXXII.

PREPARATIONS TO INVADE ENGLAND.

The English, previously to any formal declaration of war, had seized on all the French shipping in their ports; and Buonaparte, provoked beyond measure by the infraction of the treaty, and by this new outrage, made severe and perhaps unwarrantable reprisals, by detaining all the English residing in France as prisoners of war. Nothing could certainly excuse the extremity of this mode of retaliation, both on account of the extent of the injury and the description of persons on whom it chiefly fell, but that it might serve as a lesson to a people who preached lofty maxims of morality to others and thought their own will a sufficient law to themselves, that justice and courtesy are reciprocal among nations, and that if one of them chuses to indulge its enmity without cause and without bounds, it at least cannot do so with impunity. He never expressed any regret on this subject, but rather his concern that he had not made the regulations more rigorous, in revenge for our having degraded the French prisoners of war by sending them on board the hulks. We had

met with our match for once; and were like spoiled children, who had cut their fingers in playing with edged tools. Buonaparte's spirit and firmness were often carried into obstinacy; or it would have been more to his credit if he had relaxed from this arbitrary determination after the first ebullition of impatience and resentment was over; and probably he would have done so, but for fresh and aggravated provocations. Repeated landings of Chouans and brigands on the French coast might not tend to improve his temper, or to make him sensible of what was due to the generosity and magnanimity of the English character. He indeed afterwards offered to compromise the matter, by including the *detenus* in an exchange of prisoners; but the English Government stood out upon a political punctilio, disregarding the prolonged distresses of their countrymen over which they affected to make such pathetic lamentations, but which they would not go an inch out of their way, or abate jot of their sullen scorn and defiance to alleviate. Why then should Buonaparte? A few exceptions were occasionally made in favour of literary and scientific men, or those who were considered as something more than mere Englishmen. The rest were condemned to linger out a long and painful captivity, which was equally without dignity or even the sting of disgrace, and as hopeless in the prospect of its termination as it was unaccountable

in its commencement. It is not too much to conjecture that the Tory Ministry felt no very acute sympathy, nor took a very active interest in their sufferings. They had been rightly served, and had been caught in the trap that had been prepared for them by their idle curiosity and ridiculous *Gallomania!** Their harsh treatment affixed an odium on the French government and nation; and it was of little consequence by what means the popular mind on this side the channel was gangrened and inflamed. It was immaterial what ingredients were thrown into the boiling cauldron of national hate, or employed to make the charm of loyalty "thick and slab." Whatever swelled the war-whoop or cut off the chance of reconciliation, pleased. The seizure of Hanover (as belonging to the King of England, though at peace with France) was in the same point of view regarded as no unpropitious omen; and the occupation of Tarentum and other sea-ports of the kingdom of Naples by the French, soon after the breaking out of hostilities, was cited as a proof of the justice and expediency of the war, and as disclosing in the clearest light their real character and previous intentions, together with the unprincipled and perfidious

* When a young artist at this period was questioned whether he had been over to France, and he answered that he had not, nor had he any wish to go, he received a smiling reply from the most flattering quarter, "You are very right, you are very right, Mr. ——."

policy of their leader. The latter seems at least to have been determined that if he could not have peace, he would make other countries support the expenses of war. Buonaparte was all along treated like an outlaw, which he could not help: if he had behaved like a driveller or poltroon, this would have been his own fault.

The First Consul had hoped for the duration of peace. He had indeed been so little apprehensive of an immediate recurrence to a state of hostility, that he had granted an unlimited leave of absence to every French soldier who had applied for it; and this permission had been taken advantage of to such an extent that the greater part of the infantry regiments were nearly reduced to skeletons. They would even have been wholly disbanded, had it not been from regard to the officers, who had no means of subsistence but their pay. The cavalry in like manner had been suffered to dwindle away almost to nothing. The parks of artillery and field-equipages were broken up. Every other consideration had given way to economy. New plans were adopted for re-casting the artillery, and every thing had been taken to the large foundries, where they had already begun to break up the cannon for the purpose of throwing them into the furnaces. None of the materials of war were at hand or in a state of forwardness. Such a condition was not calculated to excite the

alarm of the neighbouring States; but might have its share in reviving their hopes, and hastening the moment of an attack. As the First Consul had reckoned on the approaching conclusion of peace and was chiefly occupied in promoting internal improvements, he had not paid much attention to the plans presented to him by the War-Minister Berthier and by General Marmont; so that the breaking up of the whole field of artillery was going on rapidly, when the cry of war suddenly reached his ears.

He was greatly vexed at so unpleasant a circumstance. He sent in haste for the War-Minister and for Marmont. "Really," said he, "if you were not my friends, I should suspect that you were betraying me. Send instantly to the arsenals and foundries, to suspend your fatal projects, and get as much artillery in readiness as you can possibly collect." The navy was in a still less promising condition. Most of the sailors had been sent to take possession of the colonies restored to the French, and the marine department had just dispatched a flotilla to occupy a small factory in the East Indies, in which they had been re-instated. Such was the security and neglect of ordinary precautions against the possible renewal of war, that prevailed on all sides. The difficulties the First Consul had to contend with in meeting the emergency, were immense; but his activity and

the resources he called into play were in proportion. He never relaxed in his efforts, nor showed any signs of embarrassment. With that soldier-like frankness which is the mixed result of courage and of pride, and which was a part of his character, he lost no time in making France acquainted with her real situation. He laid before the Legislative Body the several communications which had taken place previously to the rupture; and as they proved that he had done every thing on his part to make good the treaty which had been wantonly set aside, the nation warmly took up his cause, pressed round its chief, and cheerfully came forward with the means required for issuing victorious out of a struggle in which his enemies could hardly pretend that he was the aggressor, but which was aimed at the existence and independence of the state he governed.

The larger towns voted the sums necessary for building ships of war, which were named after the places which had contributed the means to equip them. The first Conscription, the plan of which had already been discussed in the Council of State, was drawn out, numbering in its ranks a multitude of hardy young men, accustomed to the labours of the field, and capable of facing the hardships of a soldier's life; while the decorations of the Legion of Honour and the rewards and promotions distributed among the common soldiery tended to give

a new character to the army. The cavalry and artillery were remounted: every thing was soon put upon a war-footing. The First Consul was constantly receiving projects for an attack upon England. His first step was to put in motion a part of the troops that were stationed on the Lower Rhine, and order them to advance into Hanover. The management of this expedition was entrusted to General Mortier, who commanded the first military division. The Hanoverian army, under the Duke of Cambridge and General Walmoden, withdrew at the approach of the French, and successively occupied different positions; but were at length compelled to disband, after giving up their arms, horses, and ammunition. The regiments of French cavalry were now sent to Hanover to be remounted, as they had formerly been sent into Normandy; and the Electorate furnished considerable military stores of all kinds. If the English were justified in keeping possession of Malta (in the teeth of treaties) lest it should at some future time be made a means of annoying us in India, were not the French at least equally justified in taking possession of a country whose Sovereign was at war with them, and whose resources would be instantly turned against them with the first occasion, in spite of the provisions of the Germanic Constitution? This was the answer given to Prussia and Austria, who, being in the true secret

of the war, gave themselves little trouble about the diplomatic glosses on either side. The Prince-Royal of Denmark was the only Sovereign who protested against the informality of the measure, and raised an army of thirty thousand men in Holstein; but being unsupported by any other power, he soon laid aside the offensive attitude which he had assumed.

The First Consul had long intended to visit the Netherlands; he took the occasion of the rupture with England to fulfil this intention, and at the same time to inspect the coast and harbours of the Channel. He set out from St. Cloud with Madame Buonaparte (who accompanied him in almost all his journeys) and dined at Compiégne. He went to visit the palace, which had been turned into a school of arts and manufactures, and where no fitter spot could be found for serving the dinner than the landing-place of the great stair-case. Buonaparte expressed a feeling of regret at beholding the dilapidated condition of so noble a building, and that same evening wrote to the Minister of the Interior to give orders for the repair of this majestic pile. The school of arts was removed to Chalons. It was right not to have theschool and workshops there; but perhaps it would have been better to have left the ruin standing as a memento of the past, a warning for the future. He might in that case have been him-

self still standing, but for the affectation of restoring decayed palaces and obsolete institutions! He was received at Amiens with an enthusiastic welcome. He stayed some days here, visiting the several establishments and manufactories, in the company of Citizens Monge, Chaptal, and Berthollet. He next passed through Montreuil, Etaples, Boulogne, Ambleteuse, Vimereux, Calais, and Dunkirk, ordering the most skilful engineers at those several places to fall in with his suite, and asking questions of every person he met. From Dunkirk he proceeded through the principal fortified towns and sea-ports to Antwerp, which remained in the condition in which he had received it back; but where, after its condition had been thoroughly examined, those important works were undertaken which were in the sequel carried into effect.

A Naval Council was assembled for the purpose of deliberating on the means the Chief Consul possessed of grappling with the power of England at sea; and he became soon convinced that the resources at his actual disposal were wholly inadequate to the object which he had in contemplation. The Council was unanimously of opinion that the fleet of men of war afforded no chance of success. The only chance that remained of contending with England on an equal footing was to attempt a descent, which could not be effected

without the aid of a flotilla. Decrès, the Minister of Marine, was against the plan, saying that if the French constructed a flotilla, the English would raise one also, and come out to meet them. Admiral Bruix was for it, and his opinion prevailed. The First Consul immediately gave orders to the civil and naval engineers to draw up plans and estimates of the expences of the works in each department of the service, and to present models of the vessels which they deemed best calculated for the undertaking. He then proceeded to Brussels, where he was received with the most lively acclamations, and returned to Paris by way of Liege, Givet, Sedan, Rheims, and Soissons. He did not pass through a single town that was famed for any particular branch of industry without visiting its workshops and manufactories, and without constantly manifesting his regret at being obliged so soon to withdraw his attention from the sources of national prosperity to objects of a very different nature. Immediately after his return to Paris, on comparing the various reports that had been sent in, he issued directions for constructing a vast number of gun-boats, flat-bottomed boats, and other craft, to the amount of some thousands. Each considerable city had voted money for the building of a man of war; the less wealthy and populous made the same offer of gun-boats or flat-bottomed boats. These offers were accepted; and

in order to lose no time, and not to interfere with the ships of war which were on the stocks, the keels were laid along the banks of navigable rivers, where the carpenters and other workmen were assembled from the adjacent districts; and when finished they were floated down to the mouths of the rivers running into the sea between Harfleur and Flushing, and being collected into little squadrons and sent forth from their retreats, crept close along the shore, favoured by the breezes or protected by the batteries erected on the capes and promontories, to their place of rendezvous. Holland likewise furnished her own flotilla on the same plan.

While the French navy (if this Lilliputian armament can be called so) was displaying such unwonted activity, the army was not idle. The regiments, the greater part of which were composed of conscripts, quitted their garrisons, and proceeded to form camps, which extended from Utrecht to the mouth of the Somme. The camp of Utrecht was commanded by General Marmont, who had been succeeded as inspector of artillery by General Songis. This and Mortier's formed the first and second corps. The others, under the orders of Davoust, Soult, Ney, Lannes, and Junot, with the regiments of dragoons and chasseurs, lined the coast from the Scheldt to the mouths of the Oise and of

the Aisne. The troops thus distributed were employed and exercised in the manner of the Romans; they laid down the musket to take up the mattock, and the mattock to resume the musket; and, to complete the omen derived from this similarity, a Roman battle-axe was reported to have been dug up near Boulogne, at the same time that medals of William the Conqueror were also said to be found under the spot where Buonaparte's tent had been fixed. The engineers projected immense works, which were all executed in this manner by the troops. They scooped out the harbour of Boulogne, which had been selected as the centre of the intended operations; they constructed a pier, built a bridge, opened a sluice, and dug a basin capable of holding two thousand of the vessels of the flotilla. It was resolved to form a port at Vimereux, which was to be raised fifteen feet above the surface of the sea in the highest tides. The troops accordingly fell to work, and in less than a year they had excavated and lined with masonry a basin fit to receive two hundred gun-boats.

At Ambleteuse the works which had been left unfinished in the time of Louis XVI. were recommenced. The bed of the river was so obstructed that the water would not run off, but covered several thousand acres of land in high cultivation, thereby reducing numbers of families to poverty,

and generating unwholesome effluvia and noxious distempers in the neighbourhood. All this was in a short time remedied. A sluice was formed; and the river returning within its channel, gave back to agriculture the land which it had overflowed, and to the adjacent country the salubrity which it had lost. Thus in time of war did Buonaparte contrive and execute the works of peace! The troops who were employed in these various and arduous labours were paid; they proceeded in them with alacrity, and only left off when they were compelled by the tide, and then they resumed their firelocks and went to exercise. It was the same at Boulogne, where all the works and establishments of a great naval arsenal sprung up as if by magic. Magazines were formed, ships built, cannon founded, sails and cordage made, biscuit baked, and the army, which was busy in all these tasks, trained at the same time. Various manœuvres were performed by night, and the soldiers were practised in embarking and disembarking with celerity. The superintendance of so many undertakings might be said to surpass human powers; and yet the Chief Consul (as if he had been only amusing himself with a fleet of cockle-shells) found time to attend to the vast concerns of France and Italy. No wonder it was called ambition: it was power, and so far to be feared! He had hired near Boulogne a small mansion called *Pont de Brique*, on the Paris road.

He usually arrived there when the soldiers least expected him, immediately mounted his horse, rode through the camps, and was back again at St. Cloud when he was supposed to be still in the midst of the troops;—or he visited the harbour, spoke to the men, and went down into the basins to ascertain with his own eyes to what depth they had dug since he had been last there. He often took back to dine with him at seven or eight in the evening Admiral Bruix, General Soult, Sganzin, superintendant of the works, Faultrier, inspector of the artillery, and the commissary charged with the supply of provisions; so that before he retired to bed, he knew more of what was going forward than if he had read whole volumes of reports. The coolness of his head seemed to keep pace with the hurry of his movements, and the clearness of his views with the complication of affairs and interests he had to attend to. It was at this period that the army was first divided into separate corps; M. de la Bouillerie, a friend of General Moreau, was appointed paymaster-general. Buonaparte placed great confidence in him, which he afterwards repaid, as so many others did.

While Buonaparte's projected expedition was viewed with various sentiments at home, and was ridiculed by many as childish and extravagant, from a comparison of the gun-boats with the size of

British men-of-war, it caused a great deal of bustle and alarm (serious or affected) on this side of the Channel. All our fleets were put into requisition from the Baltic to the Tagus, from the Tagus to the coasts of Sicily. Not a fishing-boat but seemed to have new life put into it, and to prepare for the conflict. Upwards of five hundred ships of war, of various descriptions and sizes, scoured the ocean in different directions. English squadrons blockaded every port in the Channel or Mediterranean; and our cruisers were either seen scudding over the waters, like sea-gulls dallying with their native element and hovering near their prey, or stood in and insulted the enemy on his own shores, cutting out his vessels or dismantling his forts. By land, the hubbub and consternation was not less. Britain armed from one end to the other to repel the threatened invasion. An army of volunteers sprung up like grasshoppers. Every hill had its horseman: every bush or brake its sharp-shooter. The preparations were not the least active at the greatest distance from the scene of danger. Petitions were put into our liturgy to deliver us from an insolent and merciless foe, who "was about to swallow us up quick;" nor was there a church-door in the remotest corner of Great Britain on which was not posted a call on high and low, rich and poor, to bestir themselves in the common

defence, proceeding from Mr. Cobbett's powerful pen, which roused the hopes and fears of the meanest rustic into a flame of martial enthusiasm.

> "Victorque Sinon incendia miscet
> Insultans."

There never was a time in which John Bull felt his zeal or courage greater, or felt it so with less expence of real danger. We had all the trappings, the finery, the boastings, and the imaginary triumphs of war, without the tragic accompaniments which were left for others to bear: our spirit of martyrdom was never put to the proof, we had become a nation of heroes without shedding a drop of our blood, and the bug-bear which had made such a noise drew off without a blow being struck on British ground. What a difference between that period and the present! France seemed then to rear up and enlarge its vaunted power, as if it would fall upon and crush us: the Revolutionary hydra haunted and took sleep from our eyes; now we can scarcely find its faded form in the map, it is like a cloud in the horizon, or no more to us than if it had never existed, or than if the waters of the Channel had rolled their briny ooze over it! France would have troubled us no more then than now, if we could but have been persuaded *to let it alone.*

This state of things continued for nearly two years, which were passed in idle menaces on one side and vulgar bravado on the other, keeping

alive the spirit of rancour and hostility, and inflaming old wounds or opening new ones, till the chance of any cordial reconciliation became as hopeless as any good to be derived from the contest. The new Continental Coalition towards the beginning of 1805 broke up the war of words and defiance, by diverting Buonaparte's attention to a quarry more within his grasp; and the battle of Trafalgar put the finishing stroke to the plan of a descent upon our coasts. Buonaparte has been sometimes accused of rashness and extravagance in dreaming of the invasion at all, and at others charged with duplicity in pretending that he ever seriously meditated it. He did not, however, it is clear, trust to his flat-bottomed boats alone for effecting his object. They were merely intended in the last resort to transport the troops, after he had gained the command of the Channel for a few days, by collecting there a larger fleet of French men-of-war than any the English could bring against him at a moment's notice. This event was to be brought about by putting into motion an immense and precarious system of naval tactics and manœuvres, which by their very complexity, secresy, and the uncertainty of the elements, which must concur in their punctual execution, were almost sure to miscarry. His plan was for the different fleets he could muster (to the amount of fifty or sixty vessels in all) to get out of the har-

bours where they were blockaded by the English, to rendezvous at Martinique, and the English ships being dispersed in pursuit of them, to set sail back again all at once, and form a junction (together with the Spanish fleet who were by this time at war with England) off Brest or in Boulogne harbour, so as to make Buonaparte master of the Straits of Dover for three or four days, and thus to enable him to effect the landing of one hundred and sixty thousand men in two thousand flat-bottomed boats prepared for the purpose, and to march immediately to London and take possession of the capital. In fact, in pursuance of an infinite variety of orders, details, and contrivances, the Toulon and Rochefort squadrons under Villeneuve and Miciessy, the one with twenty, the other with six ships, made their escape, rallied at Martinique, and returned to Europe after an action with Admiral Calder, and some delay in consequence of it. The English squadrons before Ferrol and Rochefort finding the enemy had escaped, left those stations, and proceeded to join the Channel fleet before Brest, which then became superior to Admiral Gantheaume's fleet of twenty-one ships, who could not quit the roads of Bertheaume and Brest in order to effect his union with Admiral Villeneuve. The latter at a loss what to do in these new circumstances, and always taking the feeblest course, instead of making direct for Brest according to Napoleon's latest

instructions and his own declarations, put into Corunna and afterwards into Ferrol, whence he proceeded to get himself blockaded in Cadiz harbour. This was in the latter end of the summer of 1805. He only went there to fight the well-known battle of Trafalgar, which destroyed the French and Spanish navies, and completely prostrated the reputation of their unfledged commanders before that of the English. In the meantime the delay of Villeneuve in arriving off the mouth of the Channel, and the failure of so many intricate combinations, proved ruinous to the projected expedition against England. It was a vast and unwieldy machine, made up of a number of minute parts and problematical movements, the derangement of any one of which must be nearly fatal to the whole. It must be confessed that this was the weak side of Buonaparte's character (for the excess of strength always inclines to a degree of weakness) that he sometimes seemed disposed to mistake the number and extent of the means that he called into existence and the clearness and comprehension with which he arranged them, as far as it was possible beforehand, for the final success of the measure, and that his own energy and resolution, both from natural temperament and the confidence of habitual success, made him put the will for the deed! The very boldness and strength of will which are necessary to great actions, must often defeat them; for a

high spirit does not easily bend to circumstances or stoop to prudence. Whatever were his own resources, he could not always command the co-operation of others; yet his plans were on too large a scale not to require it. Neither was he wrong in attributing his failure to the elements: he was only wrong in building sanguine hopes on schemes which depended on their favourable guidance, or in placing himself at their mercy. It is however likely that he had never much stomach for the invasion of this country; he perhaps thought where nothing could be done, it was as well to make a proportionable display of preparations and an ostentatious career of evasions; and he turned from it twice, first to venture on his Egyptian expedition, and the second time to hail the sun of Austerlitz.

Neither can I think so poorly of my countrymen (with all my dissatisfaction with them) as to suppose that even if Buonaparte had made good his landing, it would have been all over with us. He might have levelled London with the dust, but he must have covered the face of the country with heaps and *tumuli* of the slain, before this mixed breed of Norman and Saxon blood would have submitted to a second Norman conquest. Whatever may be my opinion of the wisdom of the people, or the honesty of their rulers, I never denied their courage or obstinacy. They do not give in the

sooner in a contest for having provoked it. They would not receive a foreign invasion as a visit of courtesy; nor submit to be conquered like a nation of women, hardly complaining of the rudeness. The French alone have arrived at that point of politeness and effeminacy. The English are not a sufficiently theatrical people to disguise the fact of having been beaten, if they had; and are too sensible of disgrace not to resent it to the death. I cannot pretend to say, to what point of resistance their love of their king or country might carry them; but they have too much hatred of the French ever to submit to them as masters.

Buonaparte's hopes of a favourable reception, or of no very determined resistance in Ireland, were better founded; and one of the alternatives proposed to Villeneuve was to touch on the Western coast of Ireland, and leave a detachment of troops there as a cover to the attempts upon England. That country was disaffected to the English Government, and torn in pieces by religious and civil discords; and worse usage was resorted to in order to regain its affections than that by which they had been alienated. It had been lately united to England, and its legislative independence abolished by a breach of faith and a mockery of justice, which seemed the order of the day with the British Ministry, of which Mr. Pitt was become once more the presiding genius.

Two sanguinary rebellions (the issue of which was each time nearly doubtful) had broken out and been crushed by force of arms and the most odious system of civil treachery and *espionage*. Instead of a desire to heal and remedy what was amiss, there was no wish but to irritate and degrade—to aggravate the injustice and punish the resistance to it—to consider the nation as enemies and subjects at the same time. Ireland was always treated as a conquered province, to be kept in submission by fear and harshness; an illiberal and narrow-minded policy denied it agricultural and commercial advantages, and the difference of faith added religious intolerance to civil persecution. No pains were taken to instruct or improve; to diffuse comfort or to open the channels for industry, but rather to obstruct them. England was the step-mother of Ireland. That wretched, short-sighted, malevolent system was pursued, which supposed that every advantage gained by Ireland, and every advance she made in civilization and prosperity, was a loss and an injury done to England; instead of that true and enlightened one, equally approved by reason and humanity, which knows and which feels that one state cultivating its natural and peculiar advantages to the utmost can never be a detriment, but must be a benefit to another, while they are united by friendly intercourse and by the bond of a common government. As well might one county of England think to prosper by

ruining the husbandry of the adjoining county. Religious differences heightened and inflamed the original grievance; doubled the burdens of the poor; jaundiced their minds, and by throwing them into the hands of the Popish clergy, fostered their ignorance and made the evil hopeless. Sloth, poverty, and a sense of debasement rendered them reckless of consequences, unable to see their way out of them, except by violence and bloodshed; and thus a whole people, by mismanagement and mischievous prejudices, were daily plunged deeper into civil strife or a state of merely animal existence. The example of other countries, and "envy of happier lands," that had asserted their independence, gave the last temptation to their disloyalty; and Ireland about this time hung trembling in the balance between her wavering allegiance to Great Britain and her inclination to accept the overtures to aid her in the recovery of her disputed rights. Buonaparte wished that she should throw herself into the arms of France; but to this the leaders of that party who were desirous to separate Ireland from her union with England, would never consent; and on that understanding, they finally parted.*

* "When the Catholic question was first seriously agitated," said Napoleon, "I would have given fifty millions to be assured, that it would not be granted; for it would have entirely ruined my projects upon Ireland, as the Catholics, if you emancipate them, would become as loyal subjects as the Protestants.—*O'Meara*, vol. i. p. 356.

It was in the interval here spoken of, immediately after the breaking off of the Treaty of Amiens, and while Buonaparte was strengthening and enlarging the foundations of his power, that this country (strange to say) was inundated with theories and elaborate treatises to prove the nullity of all attempts at liberty and the blessings of absolute monarchy. Mr. Malthus's celebrated Essay on Population, which got into great vogue just at this time, stifled the voice of humanity; and by representing the perfectibility of social institutions as the greatest evil that could happen from the overwhelming population that would rush in when the restraints of vice and misery were taken away, effectually served to make every gradation towards improvement and approach to liberty and happiness suspected and to be viewed with an instinctive horror and distrust. Dr. Bisset at great length went into the flourishing state of the Romans and the happiness of the world under the latter Emperors; and Mr. Mitford in his History of Greece fully exposed the mischiefs of Republics. And all this at a period when the press, the pulpit, the taverns, and the theatre resounded with patriotic appeals and invectives against the strides of the French Usurper towards universal dominion. One would have thought these studied and systematic apologies for the evils of war, ambition, and arbitrary government were intended to flatter him and

smooth his path to power. Far from it: they were meant to aid and exasperate the popular and party watch-words of the day. For power and prejudice knew full well with that consistent truth and keeping that belongs to them and that shames the faltering and misguided friends of freedom, that his strongest pretensions and his hold on power were rooted in the illusions of liberty and the progress of liberal principles; and that by blighting these which were the supports of the new system, they lent the most effectual aid to the antagonist system they wanted to prop up, and by stopping the current of enthusiasm and the hope of public good, let public opinion drift back again unseen but irrevocably to that sink of apathy, corruption, and inveterate abuse, which was the haven of their desires, and the bourn from which slavery never returns.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

CONSPIRACY OF GEORGES, PICHEGRU, AND OTHERS.

It should seem that the contest in which England had embarked to restore the Bourbons and overturn the popular Government in France, had not only involved a sacrifice of the political principles which had hitherto distinguished us from the rest of the world, but also, as the cause became desperate, led to a change in the moral sentiments of the country. In our fits of revenge and disappointment, we had worked ourselves up to regard the enemy opposed to us in mortal strife as wretches, outlaws, traitors, rebels, who were to be got rid of at any price, and we did not scruple to snatch at any means which were calculated to attain so worthy an end, and which were daubed over with the colours of loyalty and patriotism by the passions which suggested them. Mr. Fox had been unwilling to allow that the British Cabinet knew any thing of the *Infernal Machine:* perhaps the number and description of persons (some of them the very same) that now continually crossed the Channel, and were landed from English cutters on the coast of France, might have staggered him in

his opinion, had he had to defend it anew with the First Consul. If in our habitual language and feelings we are determined to consider any one as no better than a mad dog or a wild beast, we shall before long let our actions slide into the same train. I should not enter into or insist on this view of the subject, but that a hollow tone of moral purity has been made the pretext for undermining the foundations of every species of political liberty, and that I conceive the extreme measures to which England resorted at this period, and the flagrant departure from the blunt and straitforward character to which she laid claim, proved to a demonstration that there was a radical change in her counsels, and that the war had a far deeper and deadlier object at stake (beyond the professed and immediate one) rankling in the hearts of its leaders, and urging them on in a course of infatuation and dishonour.

The original object of the war, whether this were overturning the new form of Government or checking the political ascendancy of France, was still as far or farther than ever from its accomplishment. Neither peace nor war seemed to dissolve the power nor to influence the good fortune of the French Ruler. We had made peace with him, thinking that he was a mere soldier: finding that he applied himself with equal zeal and success to advancing the prosperity and glory of the

Republic in peace, and despairing of ruining him that way, we made war upon him again. We had gained nothing more by this step than to be able to repel and set at defiance the threat of invasion, and we did not talk as yet of returning the compliment. One sign of success, however, is a blind adherence to our purpose in the midst of failure, and a determination not to turn back, though we have not the most distant prospect of ever coming to our journey's end. Though we could not carry the war with broad and open front into France, yet the rupture of the Peace of Amiens gave us the opportunity of insinuating plots and conspiracies, and disseminating civil war by the intervention of flights of emissaries sent over from England, and their intrigues with the swarms of emigrants that Buonaparte (after he was chosen Consul) had called home, as if for the very purpose. There was more in it than this. Buonaparte had become the direct obstacle to peace, that is, to the projects of the old Governments; he was the main prop of the Colossus that was said to threaten the extinction of the civilised world: the power and genius of Republican France were centered in his single person. What scheme then so feasible or so effectual as to cut short the ramifications and intricate knots of conspiracy with the dagger, and to get rid of the obnoxious individual at whom they all pointed, by a side-blow or the chance-medley

of assassination, which it would be easy to lay on the uncontrollable fury of the opposing factions and the desperate designs and characters of the different agents? From the complexion and well-known history of most of these (robbers, outlaws, incendiaries) it is evident that such a catastrophe was likely to happen; and at any rate, it was not the result the least thought of or the most carefully guarded against. Indeed, the dissolute character and reckless fanaticism of these men, who were sent over at imminent risk of their lives, and concealed with the profoundest mystery, so that they could only strike some dark and deadly blow which they would consider as an act of devoted heroism, was the only chance or hope the conspiracy had of success: it had no other means or strength, nor were any risings to be effected in the West nor the French Princes to come forward till the decisive blow had been struck. Mr. Drake and Mr. Spenser Smith, our envoys at Munich and Stuttgard, were busy in carrying on an intrigue with some pretended Jacobin insurgents, offering them money from the English Government (who else could give it?) and always pointing out Buonaparte as the great obstacle to success; the Duke D'Enghien was at Ettenheim waiting the event; Pichegru went over from London (where he had been lurking) to sound Moreau, and to gain over the disaffected among the military; and Georges

Cadoudal, and other Vendean Chiefs, were brought to Paris and had frequent interviews with the Polignacs, De La Revières, and some of the most distinguished emigrants in Paris, to forward the like chivalrous and spirited designs.

Indistinct rumours were for some time afloat as if to prepare the public mind for a great change; and letters were received from London, confidently stating that the First Consul would shortly be arrested in his career. Alarming intelligence was also received of meetings and discourses held by peasants in La Vendée. The First Consul grew uneasy, and determined to search the matter to the bottom. He is said to have had a remarkable *tact* for judging when he was upon a volcano; but this is not wonderful in one (even of less sagacity) who had a knowledge of every circumstance that was passing, and so deep an interest in the event. There was at this time (the beginning of 1804) no Ministry of Police, that office having been abolished soon after the peace at the suggestion of Talleyrand, as useless and odious, and partly to get rid of the troublesome influence of Fouché, to whom the Minister for Foreign Affairs was by no means friendly. A Counsellor of State (M. Real) had the superintendance of every thing of this sort, in concert with the Grand-Judge. Trials by councils of war had of late been rare; but there were a number of persons

detained in prison as spies or for other political offences. Buonaparte had a list of these laid before him. Among them was a man named Picot, and another named Le Bourgeois, who had been apprehended the foregoing year at Pont-Audener in Normandy, as coming from England with intent to assassinate the First Consul. They had hitherto been merely kept in prison. They and three others were now ordered to be brought before a commission to be tried. The two first-mentioned refused to answer, and were condemned and shot without making the slightest discovery. They persisted in declaring that the Republic would not survive the war. Their obduracy lessened the pity of the spectators; but not a step had been gained. The other trials were postponed. A disclosure of the intrigues and manœuvres of the English resident at the court of Wirtemberg took place about this time. The First Consul became very anxious; and one night, looking over the list of prisoners, saw the name of Querel, who was described as a native of Bas Bretagne, and as having served as a surgeon in the rebel army. He had come to Paris about two months before; a creditor whom he was unable to pay had given information against him. "This man," said Buonaparte, "is not actuated by enthusiam, but by the hope of gain, and he will be more likely to confess than the others." He was ac-

cordingly tried the next day as a Chouan, and condemned to death; but as he was led to execution, he demanded to be heard and promised to make important disclosures. He was conducted back to prison, where he made his declarations. He in fact confessed that he had come from England, and had been landed on the coast from Captain Wright's ship in company with Georges, in August 1803. In different nights of August, September, and December 1803, and January 1804, Wright had landed Georges, Pichegru, Rivière, Coster, St. Victor, La Haye, St. Hilaire, and others, at Beville in Normandy. The four last-named had been accomplices in the affair of the *Infernal Machine;* and most of the rest were well known to be Chouan chiefs. They remained during the day at a little farm-house near the place where they had landed; the proprietor of which had been bribed to assist them. They travelled only by night, pretending to be smugglers, concealing themselves in the day-time in lodgings which had been previously procured for them. They entered Paris singly, where they never went out or showed themselves but when summoned for some particular purpose, and where Georges also lay hid. They had all been landed from an English cutter at the same spot, at the foot of the cliff of Beville near Dieppe, which they ascended by means of the *Smuggler's Rope,* and were met by a man

from Eu or Treport, called Troche, the son of a watch-maker, who was an old emissary of the party. Sayary, with some police-officers, was instantly dispatched to the spot, where he found all the particulars to correspond with the previous statement, and saw an English c utter near the shore, (as it was said, with an illustrious personage on board) but which, on some alarm being given, sheered off.

At the same time an emigrant, named Bouvet de Lozier, was also arrested. After he had been confined for some weeks, he became desperate, and hung himself in the prison one morning. The gaoler hearing an unusual noise in the room, ran in and cut him down in time.* While he was recovering his senses, he broke out into incoherent exclamations that Moreau had brought Pichegru from London, that he was a traitor and had persuaded them (the emigrants) that the army were all for him, and that he would prove the cause of their destruction. This excited fresh suspicions. The police knew that a brother of Pichegru, who had been a monk, lived in Paris. He was discovered in an obscure lodging, and being interrogated, owned that he had seen his brother within a few days, and asked "If it were a crime?"

* Had he succeeded in the attempt, it would probably have been attributed to Buonaparte, and recorded long after among "his other atrocities."

Moreau was arrested on his way from Gros-Bois, (his country-house) and large rewards were offered for the apprehension of Pichegru and Georges. Pichegru was betrayed by one of his old friends with whom he lived, and who came to the police and offered to deliver him up for a hundred thousand francs paid on the spot. Pichegru had been received, and was secreted in this man's house somewhere near the barrier of Neuilly, whence he had gone to his different interviews with Moreau. He was a large, powerful man, and the police had some difficulty in seizing him; they rushed upon him while he was asleep, struck out a light which was burning by his bedside, and overturned a table on which his pistols lay. He was carried before the Grand-Judge, and at first persisted in an absolute denial of any knowledge of the conspiracy, till he had been successively confronted with such of Georges's accomplices as had already been arrested. Georges himself still continued to elude the vigilance of the police. Paris was surrounded with a *cordon* of troops, and the barriers were closed night and day, and only opened for the market-people to pass and repass. The cavalry of the guard and of the garrison furnished guard-posts on the outer Boulevards, and had videttes round the wall inclosing the capital. Continually moving from one towards the other, the latter formed permanent patroles, having orders

to apprehend every one who should seek to gain the country by scaling the walls. Paris remained in this state of gloomy alarm, presenting the aspect of a city in a state of siege, for nearly three weeks. At the end of that period, Georges was betrayed and taken, having first shot one of the men employed to arrest him. He was discovered in a cabriolet, in which after being driven from hiding-place to hiding-place, and shunned by all his associates, he had passed the last two days in riding about Paris, and meant to have attempted his escape from it, just as he was seized. Such is the state of harassing anxiety and desperation to which these men were led in the first instance by a strong principle of party-spirit, which had no other support or encouragement to carry it through to the very jaws of agony and death than the love of violent excitement, and the sense of the depth of the stake that was played for! It was in itself no very enviable situation for Georges to be in, to be an object of execration and vengeance to a whole city; what then hardened him against compunction or remorse? It was the reflection that he had been able to throw a whole city into consternation, and might yet baffle his pursuers. The resolution of such men is strengthened instead of being weakened by the mischief they have done, even though it has recoiled upon themselves; the mind is happily relieved from the sense

of insignificance; nor can they be bribed, by any temptation, to keep their hands off the wires and pulleys that move such mighty levers, and lead to the convulsion of states. Georges is described as a man of great courage and activity, brutal and ignorant, and deaf to every thing but his own rooted prejudices. Buonaparte, after the establishment of the Consulship, tried to win him over, but in vain. He told him, that even if he succeeded in restoring the Bourbons, they would only look upon him as a peasant, a miller's son. Georges probably thought himself that he was only a miller's son. The fanatic bows down before his idol, without asking what the object of his homage thinks of him! Georges then went over to England, where he became a confidential spy and agent of the Bourbons. He and his confederates underwent a public trial in the month of May, (1804) before the tribunal of the department of the Seine, and in the presence of all the Foreign Ambassadors. Georges, Polignac, Rivière, Coster, and sixteen or seventeen others were found guilty, on the clearest evidence, and by the confession of several among them, of having conspired against the life of the First Consul and the safety of the Republic, and were condemned to death. Georges and Coster, with seven or eight more, were executed. Rivière was pardoned at the particular instigation of Murat, whom he repaid with ingra-

titude, and is said in 1815 to have set a price upon his head. Buonaparte pardoned some of the others, particularly the Marquis Polignac, at the instance of his wife. Moreau was condemned to two years' imprisonment, which was commuted to banishment to America. M. Jules de Polignac, confidant of the Count d'Artois, and some others, were also sentenced to imprisonment. Pichegru killed himself in prison, while the trials were going on.

The object of this conspiracy, which had excited so much expectation, which had set so many engines at work, and the crushing of which seemed to have put an end to similar attempts from the same quarter, appears to have been first to tamper with and gain over the army by means of the disaffected generals; and then, having got rid of Buonaparte by a *coup-de-main*, which would have cost nothing to some of the most stirring and trustworthy of the actors in the plot (as it was judiciously cast to embrace all kinds of characters) to march with them to Paris and proclaim the Bourbons. This notable scheme, on which expence and lives were lavished in proportion to its wildness and profligacy, failed (as it was just ripe for execution) through the indecision or dormant ambition of Moreau, whose "half-faced fellowship" was the pivot on which it turned. He had long been a malcontent; and was marked out by temperament

and circumstances to figure as a marplot. The soundness of his principles had been more than doubted ever since the defection of Pichegru in 1797, whose correspondence with the enemy he kept a secret for several months, (when his silence might have been fatal to his country) and afterwards, when the correspondence was discovered by other means, affected to denounce and set it in the most glaring light, thus showing an equal disregard to public or private obligation. Nothing saved Moreau from general reprobation and contempt for his con duct on this occasion but the natural mildness and indolence of his disposition, it not being sufficiently considered that men without bad or mischievous passions themselves are often made the easiest and most dangerous tools of the sinister designs of others. He never relished Buonaparte. This was natural enough, both from the competition between them as to military reputation and from the opposition of their characters. Moreau had no pretensions out of the field of battle; and he hated and affected to condemn Buonaparte for having pushed on in a career, for which he himself possessed neither talents, acquirements, nor inclination. During the whole of the Consulate, his conduct was that of the dog in the fable. His cynical affectation of simplicity was wounded pride; and there was too much of petty spleen and sullen mortification in the ex-

pression of his dissent not to be attributed to personal pique and disappointment rather than to manly reason or public principle. Diogenes was said to trample on Plato's pride with greater pride. Moreau was one of those common-place characters who do not see beyond themselves or beyond certain vague generalities, who have not vigour enough to understand the departure from approved forms required on great occasions, or magnanimity enough to applaud the success. He had not sufficient attachment to the rule to reconcile him to the exception. He could sooner pardon those who had ruined the country by technical imbecility, than those who had saved it by boldness and decision. He could not adopt the words of the poet in addressing one who resembled the warrior and statesman who first suggested them—

> "Still as you rise, the state exalted too,
> Finds no distemper while 'tis changed by you:"

He would more willingly have it run to waste by incapacity, or trampled in the dust by the opposite party, than that one of his own should have the glory of delivering or reconstructing it. It was not the advancement or depression of the common weal that he cared about, but his own share in the event, or whether he occupied the top-most round in fortune's ladder. This is the case with the Moderates and Precisians in all times and places. They had endured Robes-

pierre, because he had not shocked their self-love; and on the other hand, that he did so, was with them Buonaparte's *sin against the Holy Ghost.* Moreau lent his assistance to the General of Italy on the 18th of Brumaire; but seemed soon sick of the success of that enterprize. His spleen broke out in spite of himself. On one occasion, Carnot had made the First Consul a present of a pair of pistols richly mounted: Moreau entered the room soon after, when Buonaparte said, "This is well; for here comes Moreau, who will honour me by accepting them." Moreau took them sullenly, and without a word of acknowledgment. Napoleon asked him to the public dinners, which he declined attending; so that at last the First Consul desisted from the attempt: "He has refused me twice," he said, "he shall not do so a third time. He will one of these days run his head against the pillars of the Thuilleries; but I wash my hands of him." When the Legion of Honour was established, and it was proposed to extend it beyond the military to men of science and merit of every description, Moreau said with a sneer, "Then I will propose my cook as a candidate; for he is very skilful and a person of great merit in the science of cookery"—thus by his very petulance and the narrowness of his views showing his unfitness to censure others. He was led away by his wife (a Mademoiselle Hullin), a

Creole, whom he had married at the recommendation of Josephine. Her mother (Madame Hullin) gave herself such airs afterwards, that Talleyrand was once actually obliged to interfere to prevent her taking precedence of Madame Buonaparte; and she used to say that the wife of the First Consul ought to have been a woman like her daughter and not a *ganon* like Josephine. It was a misfortune to Moreau, as Buonaparte shrewdly observed, to be governed in this manner; for in that case a man is neither himself nor his wife, but nothing. Both she and her mother were violent Royalists, full of intrigue, which they carried on with that fool-hardiness, which in women arises from a mixture of vanity, feebleness, and the sense of impunity. Independently of this circumstance, it may seem strange that Moreau, who quarrelled with Buonaparte for not being sufficiently republican, should have gone over to the Royalist side in revenge. But the truth is, that *Royalist* or *Republican* often signifies nothing more than the necessity of belonging to some party that has strong prejudices and large numbers to support it; and that the mind veers from one side to the other, according to circumstances, to save thought and exertion.

Moreau had for some time lived retired at his estate of Gros-Bois, which was the rendezvous of the discontented military or of intriguing royalists.

He affected to hold himself aloof from the actual government, but did not set up any particular claims of his own. It is however difficult for a man to remain long neuter who is courted by one party, and who is averse to the other. It was thought that he could give a turn to the sentiments of the military at the present juncture; and it was also conceived, that he and Pichegru could not better patch up their old friendship, which had been broken off by the untimely discovery of a former plot, than by concerting a new treason. Lajolais, an aide-de-camp and private secretary of Moreau at the time of Pichegru's correspondence with Kinglin, was made the go-between. He went to London with various overtures, where he saw the Count D'Artois at Pichegru's lodgings. Pichegru came over some time after. He had several meetings with Moreau by stealth and with considerable backwardness on the part of the latter. The first time was on the Boulevards. He went one evening in a hackney-coach with Georges, accompanied by Lajolais, and Picot, a trusty servant of Georges, to the Boulevard de la Madelaine, where Lajolais alighted, and went to fetch General Moreau from his house in the Rue d'Anjou close by; Pichegru and Georges then alighted and walked about with General Moreau for some time, while Picot and Lajolais waited in the coach. As they returned to the coach,

Georges's servant heard Pichegru observe to his master, speaking of Moreau—"It seems that fellow has ambition too!" This account which was at first given by Picot was confirmed by Lajolais. Georges's servant did not know who Lajolais or Pichegru was. It came out on the earliest examination of Georges's associates, that a tall, respectable-looking man, whom they did not know, bald and of the middle age, attended their meetings, that he was received uncovered, and treated with the greatest respect. It was conjectured that this must be one of the French Princes; and as from the age it could neither be the Count d'Artois nor the Duke of Berri, suspicion fell upon the Duke d'Enghien, who was on the nearest frontier, and whom other depositions stated to be busily occupied with similar transactions. This led to his arrest and death. The mysterious stranger afterwards turned out to be Pichegru, who was not known to Georges's people, from his having been landed at a different period and having come to Paris with Lajolais alone. In the interview with Moreau above described, it appeared the latter had agreed that the first thing to be done was to remove the First Consul; that after this something might be done with the army; but instead of wishing to restore the Bourbons, he talked of bringing back the Republican party and placing himself at the head of it. This curaged

Georges, who said that "*Blue* for *blue** he would prefer the one, who was already at the head of the government." Georges declared that his plan was ripe, and that he would take off the Chief Consul by such a day; but he would only do so as a preliminary step to the proclaiming of Louis XVIII. Moreau upon this broke off the conference, and told Pichegru "he would have no more to do with that brute." The instinct of the savage seemed in this instance truer than the reasonings of the renegade. When questioned on the trial as to the particulars of their meeting, Georges constantly answered---"I don't know what you mean," and Moreau denied having ever seen Georges. It was the death of Pichegru, whose evidence was wanted to prove this point, that saved Moreau. Pichegru also went once to see him at his own house, and had by mistake opened the door of a room full of company; but was recognised by Madame Moreau just in time to invent some excuse for the accident and to prevent his betraying himself. These delays and disagreements among the parties concerned gave time for the discovery of the extensive conspiracy that had been formed, and made it "like a devilish engine back recoil upon itself." There can be no doubt that Moreau was privy and had

* The Revolutionists were called *blues* and the Royalists *whites*.

lent his countenance to the design of overturning the existing state of things by the death of the First Consul; but with the nearer prospect of the removal of his rival, his own ambition rose on the fancied ruin of another, and his hesitation and lurking distaste to the Bourbons proved fatal to the whole scheme. Moreau had not courage to be a usurper; honesty to be a patriot; nor even sufficient loyalty to be a traitor!

Pichegru died in prison by his own hand. Buonaparte, when he heard of it, said—"This is a pretty end for the conqueror of Holland." Besides the First Consul's respect for his military talents, he had been his old tutor at Brienne—and yet, in the rage of heaping every kind of absurdity and atrocity on the character of the French ruler, nothing would serve but to charge him with having had Pichegru dispatched by his orders in prison—and this at the very time when he had shown equal magnanimity and moderation in pardoning the Polignacs and letting Moreau escape contrary to his deserts, whether we consider his conduct at this crisis or the use he made of his liberty afterwards. Even the pages that still record these acts of clemency are interlarded with alternate charges of open and secret murder, as if to let the ferment in the lees of ancient prejudice subside by degrees, and keep up an affected balance between calumny and candour. If Moreau

had been found dead in prison, something might have been said for it; for Moreau was set up as a rival to him and might be dangerous: yet he relinquished his hold of this man (and even furnished him with the sums necessary for him to repair to the United States*) to wreak his revenge, as we are told, upon one who neither had done nor could do him harm, and whose life (if he thirsted for it) was in a course of forfeiture by the law. Is it nothing that Pichegru contemplated this as the end of his career, death with infamy, and was willing to elude the stroke of the law by anticipating it? Suicide is so far from being improbable in such circumstances, that it is judged necessary to remove from felons and convicts the means of self-destruction. To say nothing of the remorse or sense of dishonour which Pichegru might have felt, he could not have been indifferent to the utter confusion and overthrow of schemes to which he had sacrificed every thing; and nothing leads sooner to a violent end than a strong purpose defeated. That several things of the same kind followed about the same time is naturally accounted for, from the circumstance that at this period of convulsion and civil strife, many

* Buonaparte bought Moreau's estate of Gros-Bois, and his house in the Rue d'Anjou; he gave the first to Berthier and the last to Bernadotte, in whose hands it still continued the focus of designs against him.

persons were placed in the most trying situations, where their minds being over-wrought by varying hopes and fears, could neither brook their own blighted prospects nor the triumph of their adversaries. More convincing evidence came out against Pichegru every day, and for some time he had sought for the consolation of books. He was a strong man and could not have fallen without a struggle; his body was publicly exposed, and there were no marks of violence upon it; his death was effected by petty, mechanical means, to which an assassin would not have resorted; Georges Cadoudal lay in the next room, who would have heard any unusual stir; a sentinel was placed in the outer passage, into which both their apartments opened, and another was stationed before Pichegru's window in the Temple-garden, so that a deed of this nature could not have been perpetrated without the knowledge of several persons, who would not have kept it long secret. However devoid of probability or common sense, the story strengthened our prejudices against Buonaparte, and that was sufficient to make it pass current. It had no other foundation whatever.

Captain Wright, while the trials were pending, was shipwrecked on the coast of Vannes, and brought to the Temple with some of his crew, when they were recognised as the same who

had landed Georges and the rest in Normandy. Captain Wright was examined before the Court, but declined answering any questions, as it might implicate his Majesty's Ministers; by that alone implicating them in a connexion with Vendeans and Chouans (taken over in vessels belonging to the Royal Navy) which they always disclaimed as lustily and modestly as they did all knowledge of Mr. Drake's transactions with Meheé de la Touche. Mr. Pitt was not a man who would ever think of pleading guilty to what could not be proved against him, or whose well-rounded and self-conscious style did not always leave him in convenient possession of some mental reservation which made the practical truth or falsehood of the statement a matter of perfect indifference. Captain Wright was detained not as a spy (as he might have been) but as a prisoner of war, in the hope that he might throw some light on the degree of understanding between the Vendeans and the English Government. He lingered in the Temple till the end of 1805, when he put an end to his existence (as it is asserted) after reading the account of the capitulation of Mack at Ulm. This was when Buonaparte was engaged in the campaign of Austerlitz; and he is accused of having sent secret orders from that field of glory, and from a distance of three hundred leagues, to dispatch an obscure English Lieutenant, from a

paltry grudge he bore him as the friend of Sir Sidney Smith and his companion at the siege of Acre. This was grossly to misunderstand the character of a man who always proportioned his esteem for an enemy to the valour he had shown, and who had a column of wounded Austrians drawn up before him, whom he saluted, saying, "Honour and respect to the unfortunate brave!" We attribute our own vindictive passions and narrow views to others, and then deduce the most villainous actions from motives which exist only in our own angry bosoms or morbid apprehensions. Buonaparte, in fact, instead of being that monster of cruelty and revenge that our fears or hatred had painted him, was of too easy and buoyant a temperament, not mindful of his danger, not straining his advantages, and relying too much on his own great actions and the admiration of mankind, to the neglect of those means of safety to which malice or cowardice might otherwise have prompted him.*

The only instance in which he struck a severe and stunning blow was one into which he was led

* Palm is another of the Saints and Martyrs of the new legitimate calendar, who was shot by order of Davoust for instigating the inhabitants of the district while under military occupation to assassinate the French soldiers. Buonaparte hardly knew of it: yet to judge from the accounts circulated, one would suppose he had superintended the execution in person, and was actuated by personal malice against the man.

in the outset by a mistake and by some studied management; and which would probably have never come to any thing but for an intercepted letter—I mean the arrest and condemnation of the Duke d'Enghien. I have no wish to qualify that affair, nor do I quail at its mention. If it were to do over again, and I were in Buonaparte's place, it should be done twice over. To those who think that persons of royal blood have a right to shed your blood by the most violent and nefarious means, but that you have no right to transgress the smallest form to defend yourself, I have nothing to say: to others, the question nearly decides itself. This was the third attempt to assassinate the First Consul in the space of two years; and it was high time that he should look to himself and assert his place and manhood, by bringing the question to an equal issue with those who thought to pour out his blood like ditch-water; and that he must perforce (under the spell of names and sacrilegious awe) bare his breast to the pogniards of hired stabbers and desperados sent to dispatch him without the possibility of retaliating on the principals. The indispensable blow was struck: a Bourbon fell; they found themselves vulnerable through the double fence of pride and prejudice; their dread of the repetition of any similar attempt upon themselves was as strong as their disregard of every other tie; and

from that time the annual flight of these bands of harpies, screaming and preparing to pounce upon their destined prey, ceased. The affair proceeded (it is true) under a cloud which has never been rightly cleared up, as to the degree or nature of the Duke's participation in Georges's conspiracy (for those who are involved in such sinister transactions cannot expect all the benefit of light): but the sentence rested upon a no less lofty though giddy height of justice and policy, and vindicated itself by the event. It was contrary to forms, I grant; but all forms had been previously and notoriously dispensed with by the opposite party, and an appeal shamelessly made to mere force, fraud, and terror.

Georges was of course known to be merely a principal instrument in the plot, its hand, not its head: and the question was, for whom or in whose name he would have acted the day following that on which he should have dispatched the First Consul. It was naturally concluded that a more important person was concealed somewhere, and waiting for the blow to be struck before he made himself known. Search was made everywhere, but in vain. At length, two of Georges's people being interrogated, (as we have already seen) declared that every ten or twelve days there came to their master a gentleman whose name they did not know, about thirty-four or thirty-five years of

age, with light hair, bald forehead, of a good height, and rather corpulent. They stated that he was always well dressed, and concluded him to be a person of consequence, as their master always went to the door to receive him; when he was in the room, every body, Messrs. de Polignac* and Rivière as well as the others, rose and did not sit down again till he had retired; and whenever he came to see Georges, they went together into a cabinet, where they remained alone till he went away, and then Georges attended him to the door. This afterwards turned out to be Pichegru; but nobody suspected him at the time. Curiosity and anxiety were raised to the highest pitch to learn who this stranger could be whom Georges and his accomplices treated with such respect. It was imagined it could be no other than one of the Princes. The search was renewed with redoubled ardour, and inquiries set on foot whether any scouring and cleaning were going forward in any of the apartments with gilt ceilings in the hotels of the Marais or the Fauxbourg St. Germain, which had long been uninhabited; but nothing was discovered. The description given answered

* It appears by this that the Polignacs (the confidential friends of Count d'Artois) were in the constant habit of seeing Georges at his own house; yet neither the Count d'Artois nor the English ministry (it is said) who had sent them over, knew any thing of the designs of this gang of cut-throats and banditti!

neither to the age of the Count d'Artois nor with the person of the Duke of Berri, whom, besides, Georges's people knew. The Duke d'Angoulême was at Mittau with the Pretender; the Duke of Bourbon in London. There remained only the Duke d'Enghien; and on him the bolt fell. The First Consul scarcely recollected the name when it was mentioned; but he was known to be a prince of daring and resolution, not likely to be inactive when "the chase" of kingdoms "was a-foot." He had been for some time residing at Ettenheim, on the right bank of the Rhine, whither since the late events numbers of emigrants had repaired daily. It was alleged that he went every week to the theatre at Strasburg, though he would hardly risk his life without some further object than a play; and it was calculated that he could just go and come to Paris and back again to his place of retreat, in the interval between the appearance and re-appearance of the stranger who visited Georges. This coincidence determined the First Consul. He immediately signed and issued the orders for the seizure of the Duke. "This," he said, "is beyond a jest. To come from Ettenheim to Paris to plot an assassination, and to fancy one's-self safe because one is behind the Rhine! I should be a fool to suffer it." This step was determined on in a Council where the two other Consuls, the Minister for Foreign Affairs, Fouché,

and the Grand-Judge were present, and where Cambacères opposed the forcible seizure in a neutral territory (that of Baden) saying it would be better to wait till the Duke repeated his alleged visits to the capital; but this objection was overruled by Talleyrand.

A long conversation ensued, in which the First Consul collected the voices which had supported the opinion of the Minister for Foreign Affairs; and leaving the Council, went to his cabinet, where he dictated the necessary orders to his secretary (Maret) for the apprehension of the Duke d'Enghien. The Minister at War in consequence ordered General Ordener to go to New Brisac; and on his arrival there, with the *gendarmerie* to be placed at his disposal, and a detachment of cavalry belonging to the garrison, to cross the Rhine at the ferry of Rhinau, to proceed expeditiously to the residence of the Duke d'Enghien at Ettenheim, to take him prisoner,* and to send him to Paris with all his papers, in hopes of finding amongst them some positive information concerning his connection with the present conspiracy. The order (which was dated the 10th of March) was forthwith punctually executed; and to meet the remonstrances which the Elector of Baden was likely to make, it was briefly intimated to him by

* The order included Dumourier, who was supposed to be with him.

Talleyrand that he must remove that band of emigrants which had once more made its appearance on the banks of the Rhine.

The Duke d'Enghien was seized on the 15th of March, 1804, and carried the same day to the citadel of Strasburg, where he remained till the 18th, when he set out for Paris under the escort of the *gendarmerie*. There he arrived on the 20th of March about eleven in the forenoon: his carriage, after being detained at the barrier till four o'clock, was driven by the outer Boulevards to Vincennes, where the Prince was kept prisoner. The Commission appointed to try him met that same evening. It consisted of seven Officers of regiments of the garrison of Paris, with the commandant General Hullin as their President, who were no otherwise prejudiced against the prisoner than from the general indignation which they felt in common with others against the late conspiracy and all those who might be supposed to have instigated or to be concerned in it. The Commission assembled late in the evening in one of the large rooms of the inhabited part of the castle, which was mostly in ruins, *viz.* the building over the gate of entrance on the side next the park. The trial was not secret, as has been pretended; it was open to all who could come at that hour of the night, and Savary, who was there to take command of the troops, remarks that there were many persons

present, as he could with difficulty get through the crowd. He had in the morning received a letter addressed by Napoleon to Murat (the governor of Paris) who gave him the necessary order to collect the detachments of infantry and cavalry of the garrison at Vincennes.

At the time that Savary entered, the reading of the examination was finished: the discussion upon it had begun and was very warm. The Duke d'Enghien had already answered so sharply that it was clear he had no notion of the danger in which he stood. "Sir," said the President to him, "you seem not to be aware of your situation; or you are determined not to answer the questions which I put to you. You shut yourself up in your high birth, of which you take good care to remind us; you had better adopt a different line of defence. I will not take an undue advantage of your situation, but observe that I ask you positive questions, and that instead of answering, you talk to me about something else. Take care, this might become serious. How could you hope to persuade us that you were so completely ignorant as you pretend to be of what was passing in France, when not only the country in which you resided, but the whole world is informed of it? And how could you persuade me that with your birth you were indifferent to events, all the consequences of which were to be in your favour? There is too much

improbability in this for me to pass it over without observation: I beg you to reflect upon it, that you may have recourse to other means of defence." The Duke d'Enghien replied in a grave tone, "Sir, I perfectly comprehend you: it was not my intention to have remained indifferent to them. I had applied to England for an appointment in her armies, and she had returned for answer that she had none to give me, but that I was to remain upon the Rhine, where I should soon have a part to act, and for that I was waiting. I have nothing more to tell you, Sir."

The Duke d'Enghien was tried and found guilty of the three several charges preferred against him; 1. of having served in the armies of the Prince de Condé (his grand-father) and other foreign corps against France; 2. of having been and being still in the pay of England; 3. of being privy to and waiting to avail himself of the success of the present conspiracy against the government and the life of the First Consul. The two first were proved by his confession, and were indeed notorious; of the third and last charge, though nothing showed the contrary, there was not sufficient proof; and indeed the chief ground on which it had rested fell to the ground when it was discovered soon after that the individual who visited Georges, and who had been imagined to be the Prince, was Pichegru. Before signing the paper containing

his sentence, he earnestly requested an interview with the First Cousul: a letter had been previously transmitted from the Duke which was not received till after his death. His sentence was carried into execution almost immediately after it was passed; he was shot in the castle-ditch at Vincennes, about six in the morning of the 21st.

There appears to have been something mysterious, hurried, and as it were preconcerted in the manner of his death. It is not improbable that Buonaparte would have pardoned him, had he received his letter in time; or had care been taken to inform him of the exact circumstances of the case. It is certain that the seizure of his person had been made under a strong impression that he was an active and prime-mover in the meetings and plans of the Chouans for taking the First Consul's life: and had this been proved to be the case, assuredly not twenty neutralities of Baden nor his being twenty times a Bourbon ought to have screened or saved him. Otherwise, a robber is safe who has escaped into a neighbour's garden; or if I see an assassin aiming at me from an opposite window, I am not to fire at him lest I should damage my neighbour's house. It is the more probable that an active and important share in the conspiracy (supposing the first step to have succeeded) was allotted to him, because the Duke of Berri was expected to land with Georges's crew just before,

and the same fate was prepared for him. But what in the former case was a dictate of natural and universal justice superior to forms or calculations, became without this a matter of state-policy and hard necessity. If the Duke had merely served in the former wars against France, that was an old story; or if he was about to engage in new attempts upon her soil, and these were to be carried on by the regular and approved modes of warfare, then there would have been no sufficient ground for Buonaparte to go out of his way to seek satisfaction from an enemy whom he could meet on equal and honourable terms elsewhere. But the persons with whom the Duke was confessedly still in league resorted to other means than those of open hostility, and he had no method of defending himself against them, or of wresting these unfair weapons from their hands, but by making reprisals and setting a dreadful example to show that such unprincipled conduct would come home to themselves. Not to retaliate when he could was to encourage them and give them impunity in the foulest practices; he had a hostage within his reach and in his hands, and to make him pay the forfeit of insulted honour and faith and restore in so far the balance of both, was not a murder but a sacrifice. The Duke was of illustrious blood, it is true, or he would not have been a Bourbon; he was said to be gallant and brave, but he was connected by a

common cause and by the ties of near relationship with those who did not scruple to call the bandit and the assassin to their aid: the blow was not aimed at him, but at pretensions which assumed a haughty paramountship to the laws both of nature and nations; and though the example might be a lamentable one, yet the guilt did not lie at the door of those who exacted the penalty, but of his own party, who had rendered it necessary by keeping no measures with those whom they chose to regard as outlaws and rebels. Why, if the Prince knew nothing of the secret machinations that were going on, or was not ready to avail himself of the catastrophe, was he found hovering on the borders, as it were dallying with temptation and danger? It will be said that it was a natural yearning to be near his native soil, as some have returned from banishment to lay down their heads on the block from an unutterable fondness for the place of their birth. It may be answered that the same desire to be near his country at the risk of his life might make him willing to return to it with the loss of personal honour as well as of his country's independence. The question seems to lie in a small compass and may be made clearer by being brought back to ourselves. A man is found lurking near a house while a gang of robbers, of whom he is one of the chiefs, enter it by stealth and are proceeding to murder the inmates. What does he do

there? Is his saying that he is a gentleman by birth, bold, or that he disapproves entirely of what is passing, to shelter him? Or is his having escaped into the adjoining premises to make him safe from pursuit? If I am attacked by main force, it is said I must appeal to the law; but if the law is not at hand to protect me, I take it into my own hands, and shoot a highwayman or housebreaker. Lastly, in all cases of reprisal, it is not the individual who is culpable or supposed to approve the original provocation; but he is made answerable for his party as the only way of putting a stop to the continuance of some flagrant injustice. There was an objection to the mixture of violence and law in the case, which gave a doubtful complexion to it; but the trial was of little other use than to identify the prisoner and take the public responsibility of the act. It was an extreme and deliberate exercise of a vigour beyond the law. It should be remembered also that this example was made while the examination of the conspirators was pending, and while the chiefs of the plot, Georges and Pichegru, were yet undiscovered. Terror and doubt hung over the decision; nor is it improbable that the dismay it excited and the energy it displayed prevented the blow which Buonaparte directed against the Duke d'Enghien from falling on his own head.

The death of the Duke d'Enghien caused a great sensation in Paris and Europe. Though it

might require strength of mind and iron nerves to withstand the first shock and the long-continued reverberations of calumny and misrepresentation, yet this was so far from being a reason against the measure, that it was its main object to dispel that very prejudice on which this outcry was founded, and which did not arise because the blood of a Prince had been shed unjustly, but because the blood of a Prince had been shed. It was necessary to "make these odds even" in the struggle which was at issue, or to give it up altogether. It was one among the few answers which have been given to the idle and insolent pretension that the blood of common men is puddle, and that of nobles and princes a richer flood, which cannot be weighed against the former any more than wine against water. Those who were principally interested in holding up this distinction, and had till now acted upon it to the most unlimited extent, finding it no longer avail them, took the hint and were more cautious in guarding so precious a deposit from being let out from noble veins. The Emperor Alexander, among others, assumed a lofty tone on the occasion, which was brought down by Talleyrand's asking him in an official note, "Whether if a set of English assassins had been hired to effect his father's death, the Russian Cabinet would not have thought itself authorised to seize and punish them though they had been lurking four leagues

from the Russian territory?" This home-thrust was never parried either by Alexander or by the standing retainers on that side of the question. Finally, let us hear what Buonaparte himself says on the point. The following appeal is frank and cogent.

"If I had not had in my favour the laws of my country to punish the culprit, I should still have had the right of the law of nature, of legitimate self-defence. The Duke and his party had constantly but one object in view, that of taking away my life: I was assailed on all sides and at every instant; air-guns, infernal machines, plots, ambuscades of every kind, were resorted to for that purpose. At last I grew weary and took an opportunity of striking them with terror in their turn in London; I succeeded, and from that moment there was an end to all conspiracies. Who can blame me for having acted so? What! Blows threatening my existence are aimed at me day after day, from a distance of one hundred and fifty leagues; no power on earth, no tribunal can afford me redress; and I am not to be allowed to use the right of nature and return war for war! What man, unbiassed by party-feeling, possessing the smallest share of judgment or justice, can take upon him to condemn me? On what side will he not throw blame, odium, and criminal accusations? Blood for blood; such is the natural, the inevitable, and

infallible law of retaliation: woe to him who provokes it! Those who foment civil dissensions or excite political commotions expose themselves to become the victims of them. It would be a proof of imbecility or madness to imagine and pretend that a whole family should have the strange privilege to threaten my existence, day after day, without giving me the right of retaliation; they could not reasonably pretend to be above the law to destroy others, and claim the benefit of it for their own preservation: the chances must be equal. I had never personally offended any of them; a great nation had chosen me to govern them; almost all Europe had sanctioned their choice; my blood, after all, was not ditch-water; it was time to place it on a par with theirs. And what if I had carried retaliation further? I might have done it: the disposal of their destiny, the heads of every one of them, from the highest to the lowest, were more than once offered me; but I rejected the proposal with indignation. Not that I thought it would be unjust for me to consent to it in the situation to which they had reduced me; but I felt so powerful, I thought myself so secure, that I should have considered it a base and gratuitous act of cowardice. My great maxim has always been that in war as well as in politics, every evil action, even if legal, can only be excused in case of absolute necessity: whatever goes beyond that is criminal.

31928

"It would have been ridiculous in those who violated so openly the law of nations, to appeal to it themselves. The violation of the territory of Baden, of which so much has been said, is entirely foreign to the main point of the question. The law of the inviolability of territory has not been devised for the benefit of the guilty, but merely for the preservation of the independence of nations and of the dignity of the sovereign. It was therefore for the Elector of Baden, and for him alone, to complain, and he did not; he yielded, no doubt, to violence and to the sense of his political inferiority; but even then, what has that to do with the merits of the plots and outrages of which I had been the object, and of which I had every right to be revenged." And he concluded that the real authors of the painful catastrophe, the persons who alone were responsible for it, were those who had favoured and excited from abroad the plots formed against the life of the First Consul. For, said he, either they had implicated the unfortunate Prince in them, and had thus sealed his doom; or by neglecting to give him information of what was going forward, they had suffered him to slumber imprudently on the brink of the precipice, and to be so near the frontiers at the moment when so great a blow was going to be struck in the name and for the interest of his family.

"To us, in the intimacy of private conversation,

the Emperor would say, that the blame in France might be ascribed to an excess of zeal in those who surrounded him, or to dark intrigues or private views; that he had been precipitately urged on in the affair; that they had as it were taken his mind unawares, and that his measures had been hastened and their result anticipated. I was one day alone, said he; I recollect it well; I was taking my coffee, half-seated on the table on which I had just dined; when sudden information is brought me that a new conspiracy is discovered. I am warmly urged to put an end to these enormities; they represent to me that it is time at last to give a lesson to those who have been day by day conspiring against my life; that this end can only be attained by shedding the blood of one of them; and that the Duke d'Enghien, who might now be convicted of forming part of this new conspiracy, and taken in the very act, should be that one. It was added that he had been seen at Strasburg; that it was even believed that he had been in Paris; and that the plan was that he should enter France by the East, at the moment of the explosion, while the Duke de Berri was disembarking in the West. I should tell you, observed the Emperor, that I did not even know precisely who the Duke d'Enghien was (the Revolution having broken out when I was yet a very young man, and I having never been at court); and that I was quite in the dark as to where

he was at that moment. Having been informed on those points, I exclaimed, that if such was the case, the Duke ought to be arrested, and that orders should be given to that effect. Every thing had been foreseen and prepared:* the different orders were already drawn up, nothing remained but to sign them, and the fate of the young Prince was thus decided. He had been residing for some time past, at a distance of about three leagues from the Rhine, in the States of Baden. Had I been sooner aware of this fact, and of its importance, I should have taken umbrage at it, and should not have suffered the Prince to remain so near the frontiers of France; and that circumstance, had it happened, would have saved his life. As for the assertions that were advanced at the time, that I had been strenuously opposed in this affair, and that numerous solicitations had been made to me, they are utterly false, and were only invented to make me appear in a more odious light. The same thing may be said of the various motives that have been ascribed to me; these motives may have existed in the bosoms of those who acted an inferior part on that occasion and may have guided them in their private views; but my conduct was influenced only by the nature of the fact itself and the energy of my disposition. Undoubtedly, if I had been informed in time of certain

* This account differs a little from Savary's, given above.

circumstances respecting the opinions of the Prince and his disposition, if, above all, I had seen the letter which he wrote to me, and which, God knows for what reason, was only delivered to me after his death, I should certainly have forgiven him." It was easy for us to perceive that these expressions of the Emperor were dictated by his heart and by natural feeling, and that they were only intended for us; for he would have felt himself much humbled, had he supposed that any body could think for a moment that he endeavoured to shift the blame upon some other person; or that he condescended to justify himself. And this feeling was carried so far that when he was speaking to strangers or dictating on that subject for the public eye, he confined himself to saying that if he had seen the Prince's letter, he should perhaps have forgiven him on account of the great political advantages that he might have derived from so doing; and in tracing with his own hand his last thoughts which he concluded will be recorded in the present age and reach posterity, he still pronounces on the subject, which he is aware will be considered as the most delicate for his memory, that if he were again placed in the same circumstances, he should again act in the same manner! Such was the man, such the stamp of his mind and the turn of his disposition.

"Napoleon one day said to me, with reference to

the same subject, 'If I occasioned a general consternation by that melancholy event, what an universal feeling of horror would have been produced by another spectacle with which I might have surprised the world! - - - - - - I have frequently been offered the lives of those whose place I filled on the throne, at the price of one million a head. They were seen to be my competitors, and it was supposed that I thirsted after their blood; but even if my disposition had been different from what it was, had I been formed to commit crimes, I should have repelled all thoughts of the crime thus proposed to me as seeming altogether gratuitous. I was then so powerful, so firmly seated; and they seemed so little to be feared! Revert to the periods of Tilsit and Wagram; to my marriage with Maria Louisa; to the state and attitude of Europe! However, in the midst of the crisis of the affairs of Georges and Pichegru, when I was assailed by murderers, the moment was thought favourable to tempt me, and the offer was renewed, having for its object the individual, whom public opinion in England as well as in France pointed out as the chief mover of all these horrible conspiracies. I was at Boulogne, where the bearer of these offers arrived: I took it into my head to ascertain personally the truth and the nature of the proposal. I ordered him to be brought before me—'Well, sir!' said I, when he appeared.—'Yes, First Consul, we will

give him up to you for one million.'—'Sir, I will give you two millions; but on condition that you will bring him alive.'—'Ah! that I could not promise,' said the man hesitating, and much disconcerted at the tone of my voice and the expression of my looks at that moment.—'Do you then take me for a mere assassin? Know, Sir, that though I may think it necessary to inflict a punishment or make a great example, I am not disposed to encourage the perfidy of an ambuscade:' and I drove him from my presence. Indeed his mere presence was already too great a contamination."—LAS CASES, vol. iv., p. 277.

Such were the real sentiments and line of conduct held by one who has been accused of nourishing a thirst for the blood of this unfortunate race, from the time that one of them refused (in answer to a pretended proposal to that effect) to waive their hereditary claims upon the throne of France:—a contrary supposition is more likely that his life was aimed at from the moment he had declined, in answer to a formal application to that effect, to proclaim Louis XVIII. as king. Talleyrand is roundly accused by Buonaparte and others of having instigated the designs against the Bourbons, and particularly of having had a principal hand in the seizure of the Duke d'Enghien and the holding back of his letter to the First Consul, from a desire to embroil him fatally with that family, whose re-

turn Talleyrand dreaded. He was met by Savary the morning of the Duke's arrival earlier than usual going to inform Buonaparte of the circumstance; and again he stumbled upon him the same evening coming out of Murat's door. Possibly it had been discovered while the Prince was detained in his carriage at the barrier that he was not Georges's visitor; and the trial had been hurried forward to prevent the chance of Buonaparte's relenting, when this particular should become known. Talleyrand is at present desirous of having the matter hushed up, or of exonerating himself by casting a double odium on others. He need not be alarmed. He would sooner be forgiven for having been accessory to the death of twenty Bourbons than for having spared the life of one of them when in his power. He never made royalty look little by great actions or elevated views; and that is the only crime which courts never pass over!

Buonaparte has himself chalked out the best line of conduct for him on this occasion, and which would have left no rubs or flaws in the work. "If I had acted right," he has been heard to say, "I should have followed the example of Cromwell, who on the discovery of the first attempt made to assassinate him, the plot of which had been hatched in France, caused it to be signified to the French king, that if the like occurred again, he, by way of reprisal, would order assassins to be hired to murder him

and a Stuart. Now I ought to have publicly signified that on the next attempt at assassination, I would cause the same to be made upon the Bourbon princes, to accomplish which last indeed I had only to say that I would not punish the projectors." This bluff, downright, plain-spoken Rowland for an Oliver of old Noll's was after all the best and safest footing to put the question upon, free from all affectation of legal forms or diplomatic *finesse*, which in such circumstances give either a false bias or prove impediments in the course of even-handed justice.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE ESTABLISHMENT OF THE EMPIRE.

THERE is something in the form of monarchy that seems vastly adapted to the constitution and weaknesses of human nature. It as it were puts a stop by a specific barrier to the tormenting strife and restless importunity of the passions in individuals, and at the same time happily discharges the understanding of all the labour and turmoil of its concern for the public good. The crown, the emblem of precedence and sovereignty, for which all are contending, is snatched from the reach of all to be placed on the brow of a baby yet unborn; the troublesome differences of right and wrong, which produce such infinite agitation of opinion and convulse the bosom of states, are set at rest by the maxim that the king can do no wrong; and a power whose origin is lost in the distance of time and that acts upon no other warrant than its own will, seems in a manner self-existent, and baffles alike resistance or censure. Once substitute the lineal distinctions of legitimacy and illegitimacy for those of right and wrong; and the world, instead of being turned upside down, runs on in a smooth and in-

variable course. That a thing *is*, is much easier to determine than whether *it is good or bad;* and the first question is the only one at stake in a monarchy; it is the last that is always pending in commonwealths, that makes them so difficult of establishment and so soon unhinges them. *Le Roi le veut* stops all mouths; and if we only admit that whatever is, is right, there is nothing more to be done, neither good nor harm; though there may be a great deal of the latter to be suffered. A name, a prejudice, a custom are self-evident things: the inquiry after truth and good is "long, obscure, and infinite." If a ray of light breaks in upon it, it does not penetrate the mass of ignorance and folly; or if the flame of liberty is kindled, it is extinguished by the sword. A hundred freemen only differ with and defeat one another; ninety-nine slaves follow one tyrant, and act all together. Whatever is great and good is seated on a steep ascent; the base and selfish is placed on an inclided plane below. If in this disadvantage of the ground on which the cause of improvement and emancipation rests, we can keep it suspended halfway down or from being precipitated with scorn and loud imprecations into the abyss, it is doing something.

Let any one look at those four men in the last chapter, the first of them one of the earliest defenders and earliest betrayers of the Republic, the

second who had formerly denounced him now courted by him to league with a third, an assassin, outlaw, and desperado in the Royal cause, whose ignorance and incapacity to conceive of any thing else made him true to his first engagements, against a fourth who excited the envy and resentment of the two first for having outstripped them in the career of popularity and power, and was obnoxious to the hatred and vengeance of the third for being a main obstacle to the return of the Bourbons. And then I would ask, in this state of things, when reason and patriotism was divided against itself and torn in a thousand pieces, when the blindfold and furious bigot was alone faithful, and when the great principle of the Revolution found its firmest support and most unflinching ally in personal aggrandisement and soaring ambition, that preferred grasping at the supreme authority itself sooner than let it revert into the old, impure channels: I would ask in this state of things what better could be hoped by the most sanguine than to gain time, to hurl back and set at defiance to the uttermost that abomination of abominations, the evils of an endless struggle with which had almost made the thing itself seem endurable, and to make a drawn battle for the present, a compromise between the establishment of a great principle in theory and the imperfect adherence to it in practice? Those who are most sincerely and unalterably attached to the

rule will not be most apt to take exception at the departure from it, for still it was in the nature of an exception, and not the admission of the opposite doctrine. "Entire affection scorneth nicer hands." Mr. Landor, whom I conceive to be capable of all the fervour and steadiness of the love of liberty and hatred of tyranny, says, that "the two worst crimes of the Revolution were the death of Malesherbes and the coronation of Buonaparte." I do not see that point with his eyes. I have nowhere in any thing I may have written declared myself to be a Republican; nor should I think it worth while to be a martyr and a confessor to any form or mode of government. But what I have staked health and wealth, name and fame upon, and am ready to do so again and to the last gasp, is this, that there is a power in the people to change its government and its governors. That is, I am a Revolutionist: for otherwise, I must allow that mankind are but a herd of slaves, the property of thrones, that no tyranny or insult can lawfully goad them to a resistance to a particular family, or impair in any possible degree the sacred and inalienable right of insolent, unmitigated controul over them;—and it is not in the power of mortal man to bring me to that acknowledgment on the part of myself and my fellows. This is the only remedy mankind have against oppression: if this is not enough, yet I am contented with it. While this right remains in

force, not written indeed in the preambles of acts of parliament but engraved in a nation's history, proved in the heraldry of its kings, a country may call itself free. The French changed from a monarchy to a republic, and from a republic to the empire, but they changed in either case; nor was the breach made in the doctrine of passive obedience and hereditary right any more healed or soldered up by this means, than if at the time of the beheading of Louis XVI. they had sent to a needy German Elector or to the Prince of Orange to succeed him with the same title and with certain conditions of their own. If the new dynasty ever became a race of *rois faineans,* existing only for themselves or to injure and molest the people, they would have the highest example and authority to expel and overturn them. The change of the form of government might be considered as an advance towards an accommodation with the old aristocracies; but they did not receive it so either at first or at last. On the contrary, if the reign of terror excited their fears and horror, the establishment of the Empire under Buonaparte seemed even a greater affront and encroachment on their pride and privileges; and so far from being an atonement for the ravages of Jacobinism, was the seal and consummation of them. The fellowship between him and the Allies was that between the panther and the wolf. If they did not consider

him as the legitimate successor of Louis XVI. and as having stopped up the volcano of the French Revolution, neither can I: if they still looked upon him as one of the people raised by their choice or who had usurped that power, so must I; for it was only by their triumph over him that that image of the "divine and human majesty", joined together and hallowed by prejudice and superstition could be restored, of which no efforts of his could produce more than a splendid and mortifying counterfeit—if mortifying to republican stoicism, how much more so to royal fortitude! The balance of the account, if not quite on our side, was not quite and forever closed against us.

The repeated attempts made against the life of the First Consul gave a handle for following up the design which had been for some time agitated of raising him to the imperial throne and making the dignity hereditary in his family. Not that indeed this would secure him from personal danger, though it is true that "there's a divinity doth hedge a king;" but it lessened the temptation to the enterprise and allayed a part of the public disquietude by providing a successor. All or the greater part were satisfied (either from reason, indolence, or the fear of worse) with what had been gained by the Revolution; and did not wish to see it launch out again from the port in which it had taken shelter to seek the perils of new storms and quick-

sands. If prudence had some share in this measure, there can be little doubt that vanity and cowardice had theirs also—or that there was a lurking desire to conform to the Gothic dialect of civilized Europe in forms of speech and titles, and to adorn the steel arm of the Republic with embroidered drapery and gold-tissue. The imitation, though probably not without its effect,* would look more like a burlesque to those whom it was intended to please, and could hardly flatter the just pride of those by whom it was undertaken. The old Republican party made some stand: the Emigrants shewed great zeal for it, partly real, partly affected. Fouché canvassed the Senate and the men of the Revolution, and was soon placed in consequence at the head of the police, which was restored, as it was thought that fresh intrigues might break out on the occasion. The army gave the first impulse, as was but natural; to them the change of style from *Imperator* to *Emperor* was but slight. All ranks and classes followed when the example was once set: the most obscure hamlets joined in the addresses; the First Consul received waggon-loads of them. A register for the reception of votes for or against the question was opened in every parish in France; from Antwerp to Perpignan, from Brest to Mount Cenis. The *proces-verbal* of all these votes was

* For instance, would the Emperor of Austria have married his daughter to Buonaparte if he had been only First Consul?

laid up in the archives of the Senate, who went in a body from Paris to St. Cloud to present it to the First Consul. The Second Consul Cambaceres read a speech, concluding with a summary of the number of votes; whereupon he in a loud voice proclaimed Napoleon Buonaparte Emperor of the French. The senators, placed in a line facing him, vied with each other in repeating *Vive l'Empereur!* and returned with all the outward signs of joy to Paris, where people were already writing epitaphs on the Republic.* Happy they whom epitaphs on the dead console for the loss of them! This was the time, if ever, when they ought to have opposed him, and prescribed limits to his power and ambition, and not when he returned weather-beaten and winter-flawed from Russia. But it was more in character for these persons to cringe when spirit was wanted, and to show it when it was fatal to him and to themselves.

Thus then the First Consul became Emperor by a majority of two millions some hundred thousand votes to a few hundreds. The number of votes is complained of by some persons as too small. Probably they may think that if the same number had been against the measure instead of being for it, this would have conferred a right as being in opposition to and in contempt of the choice of the people

* M. Cambaceres was said to be the first "*qui cira (Sir les bottes de Buonaparte*"—greased his boots or Sired him.

What other candidate was there that would have got a hundred? What other competitor could indeed have come forward on the score of merit? *Detur optimo.* Birth there was not: but birth supersedes both choice and merit. The day after the inauguration, Buonaparte received the constituted bodies, the learned corporations, &c. The only strife was who should bow the knee the lowest to the new-risen sun. The troops while taking the oath rent the air with shouts of enthusiasm. The succeeding days witnessed the nomination of the new dignitaries, marshals, and all the usual appendages of a throne, as well with reference to the military appointments as to the high offices of the crown. On the 14th of July, the first distribution of the crosses of the Legion of Honour took place; and Napoleon set out for Boulogne to review the troops stationed in the neighbourhood and distribute the decorations of the Legion of Honour among them, which thenceforth were substituted for weapons of honour, which had been previously awarded ever since the first war in Italy.

The Emperor arrogated nothing to himself in consequence of the change in his situation. He had assumed the mock-majesty of kings, and had taken his station among the lords of the earth; but he was still himself, and his throne still stood afar off in the field of battle. He appeared little more conscious of his regal style and title, than if he had

put on a masquerade-dress the evening before, of which if he was not ashamed (as it was a thing of custom) he had no reason to be proud; and he applied himself to his different avocations with the same zeal and activity as if nothing extraordinary had happened. He thought much less, it was evident, of all these new honours than of the prosecution of his operations at Boulogne, on which he laboured incessantly. The remoteness or doubtfulness of success did not relax his efforts; having once determined on the attempt, all the intermediate exertions between the will and its accomplishment with him went for nothing, any more than so much holiday recreation. Something more of the *vis inertiæ* would have allayed this inordinate importunity of voluntary power, and led to greater security and repose.

From Boulogne the Emperor went a second time to Belgium, where the Empress joined him; they occupied the palace of Lacken near Brussels, which had formerly belonged to the Archduke Charles. He this time extended his journey to the Rhine; and from Mentz he dispatched General Caffarelli to Rome to arrange the visit of the Pope to Paris. It was from Mentz likewise he sent orders for the departure of the Toulon and Rochefort squadrons as a first step towards carrying into effect the invasion of England; but owing to unforeseen circumstances, it was winter before they sailed.

Buonaparte returned from this tour at the end of October; his attention was engaged during the month of November with the preparations for the Coronation, the Pope having set out from Rome for the purpose of performing the ceremony. The court was ordered to Fontainebleau to receive him, the palace there which had fallen into ruins having been repaired and newly fitted up by Napoleon. He went to meet the Pope at Nemours; and to avoid formality, the pretext of a hunting-party was made use of, the Emperor coming on horseback and in a hunting-dress, with his retinue, to the top of the hill, where the meeting took place. The Pope's carriage drawing up, he got out at the left door in his white costume; the ground was dirty, and he did not like to tread upon it with his white silk shoes, but was at last obliged to do so. Napoleon alighted from his horse to receive him. They embraced. The Emperor's carriage had been driven up and advanced a few paces, as if by accident; but men were posted to hold the two doors open, and at the moment of getting in, the Emperor took the right door, and an officer of the court handed the Pope to the left, so that they entered the carriage by the two doors at the same moment. The Emperor naturally seated himself on the right; and this first step decided without negociation upon the etiquette to be observed during the whole time of the Pope's stay at Paris. This interview

and Buonaparte's behaviour was the very highest act and *acme* of audacity. It is comparable to nothing but the meeting of Priam and Achilles; or a joining of hands between the youth and the old age of the world. If Pope Pius VII. represented the decay of ancient superstition, Buonaparte represented the high and palmy state of modern opinion; yet not insulting over but propping the fall of the first. There were concessions on both sides, from the oldest power on earth to the newest, which in its turn asserted precedence for the strongest. In point of birth there was no difference, for theocracy stoops to the dregs of earth, as democracy springs from it; but the Pope bowed his head from the ruins of the longest-established authority in Christendom, Buonaparte had himself raised the platform of personal elevation on which he stood to meet him. To us the condescension may seem all on one side, the presumption on the other; but history is a long and gradual ascent, where great actions and characters in time leave borrowed pomp behind and at an immeasurable distance below them!—After resting at Fontainebleau, the Emperor returned to Paris; the Pope, who set out first and was received with sovereign honours on the road, was escorted to the Thuilleries and was treated the whole time of his residence there as if at home. The novelty of his situation and appearance at Paris excited general interest and curiosity;

and his deportment, besides its flowing from the natural mildness of his character, was marked by that fine *tact* and sense of propriety which the air of the ancient mistress of the world is known to inspire. Manners have there half maintained the empire which opinion had lost. The Pope was flattered by his reception and the sentiments of respect and good-will his presence seemed everywhere to create, and gave very gracious audiences to the religious corporations which were presented to him, and which were at this time but few in number. To meet this imposing display of pomp and ceremony, Buonaparte was in a manner obliged to oppose a host of ecclesiastics, of old and new nobility, and to draw the lines of form and etiquette closer round him, so as to make the access of old friends and opinions less easy. This effect of the new forms and ceremonies was at least complained of; but if they thus early kept out his friends, they did not in the end keep out his enemies.

The day fixed for the Coronation arrived. It was the 2d of December, 1804. Notwithstanding the unfavourableness of the weather, the assemblage of the deputations from all the Departments, from all the chief towns, and of all the regiments of the army, joined to all the public functionaries of France, to all the generals, and to the whole population of the capital, presented a fine and imposing sight. The interior of the church of Nôtre-Dame

had been magnificently embellished; galleries and pews erected for the occasion were thronged with a prodigious concourse of spectators. The imperial throne was placed at one end of the nave, on a very elevated platform; that of the Pope was in the choir, beside the high-altar. I am not averse to be thus particular in preserving "the memory of what has been, and never more will be." If these were false triumphs and false pomps of that cause which was ever next my heart (since a little child I knelt and lifted up my hands in prayer for it) they were better than the total ruin and grinning infamy that afterwards befel it. The Pope (who was made the antic of the day) set out from the Thuilleries, preceded by his chamberlain on an ass (which there was some difficulty in procuring at the moment), and who kept his countenance with an admirable gravity through the crowds of observers that lined the streets. The Pope arriving at the archiepiscopal palace, repaired to the choir of the cathedral by a private entrance.

The Emperor set out with the Empress by the Carrousel. In getting into the carriage, which was open all round and without panels, they at first seated themselves with their backs to the horses—a mistake which though instantly rectified, was remarked as ominous; and it had all the ominousness which hangs over new power or custom. The

procession passed along the Rue St. Honoré to that of the Lombards, then to the Pont au Change, the Palace of Justice, the court of Nôtre-Dame, and the entrance to the archiepiscopal palace. Here rooms were prepared for the whole of the attendants, some of whom appeared dressed in their civil costumes, others in full uniform. On the outside of the church had been erected a long wooden gallery from the archbishop's palace to the entrance of the church. By this gallery came the Emperor's retinue, which presented a truly magnificent sight. They had taunted us with our simplicity and homeliness: well then! here was the answer to it. The procession was led by the already numerous body of courtiers; next came the marshals of the Empire, wearing their badges of honour; then the dignitaries and high officers of the crown; and lastly, the Emperor in a gorgeous state-dress. At the moment of his entering the cathedral, there was a simultaneous shout, which resembled one vast explosion of *Vive l'Empereur*. The immense quantity of figures to be seen on each side of so vast an edifice formed a tapestry of the most striking kind. The procession passed along the middle of the nave, and arrived at the choir facing the high-altar. This part of the spectacle was not the least imposing: the galleries round the choir were filled with the handsomest women which France could boast, and

most of whom surpassed in the lustre of their beauty that of the rich jewels with which they were adorned.

His Holiness then went to meet the Emperor at a desk, which had been placed in the middle of the choir; there was another on one side for the Empress. After saying a short prayer there, they returned, and seated themselves on the throne at the end of the church facing the choir: there they heard mass, which was said by the Pope. They went to make the offering, and came back; they then descended from the platform of the throne, and walked in procession to receive the holy unction. The Emperor and Empress, on reaching the choir, replaced themselves at their desks, where the Pope performed the ceremony. He presented the crown to the Emperor, who received it, put it himself upon his own head, took it off, placed it on that of the Empress, removed it again, and laid it on the cushion where it was at first. A smaller crown was immediately put upon the head of the Empress; who being surrounded by her ladies, every thing was done so quickly that nobody was aware of the substitution that had taken place. The procession moved back to the platform. There the Emperor heard *Te Deum:* the Pope himself went thither at the conclusion of the service, as if to say, *Ite, missa est!* The Testament was presented to the Emperor, who

took off his glove, and pronounced the oath with his hand upon the sacred book. He went back to the episcopal palace the same way that he had come, and entered his carriage. The ceremony was long; the day cold and wet; the Emperor seemed impatient and uneasy a great part of the time; and it was dusk before the cavalcade reached the Thuilleries, whither it returned by the Rue St. Martin, the Boulevards, the Place de la Concorde and the Pont-Tournant. The distribution of the eagles took place some days afterwards. Though the weather was still unfavourable, the throng was prodigious, and the enthusiasm at its height; the citizens as well as the soldiers bursting into long and repeated acclamations, as those warlike bands received from the hands of their renowned leader (not less a soldier for being a king) the pledges of many a well-fought field.

The Cisalpine Republic at the same time underwent a change which was easily managed. The Emperor was surrounded by men, who spared him the trouble of expressing the same wish twice, though many of them afterwards pretended that they had sturdily disputed every word and syllable of it, opposing a shadow of resistance to fallen power instead of the substance to the abuse of it, and finding no medium between factious divisions and servile adulation. Lombardy was erected into a kingdom, and the Emperor put the Iron Crown

of Charlemagne upon his head. . Those who look upon this as a violent usurpation seem wilfully to forget all the intermediate steps which led to it, as though it were an effect without a cause. A crown resting on merit alone appears ridiculous, because there is no necessary connection between the two things; a crown worn without any merit in the wearer seems natural and in order, because no reason is even pretended to be assigned for it. If such things are to be at all, who so worthy of the distinction as those who achieve them as tokens of what they have done and are to do—if they are not to be at all, I am still better satisfied. The Pope, who had done all that was required of him, expected something in return: he asked for the restoration of Avignon in France, of Bologna and Ferrara in Italy, to the Holy See. The Emperor turned a deaf ear; and on the Pope's insisting, gave a flat refusal. This was the beginning of a great deal of petty disagreement and annoyance that was creditable to neither party. His Holiness went away not in the best humour, though Buonaparte made him magnificent presents of every thing but what he wanted. They bid farewell to each other, the Emperor leaving the Pope at Paris to set out for Italy, by way of Troyes and Burgundy, which he wished to visit. They met again at Turin, whence the Pope proceeded by way of Casal to Rome, and the Emperor through

Asti and Alexandria to be crowned at Milan. He stopped at Alexandria (the 14th of June 1805) to review the troops on the anniversary of the battle of Marengo. He on that day put on the same coat and laced hat he had worn in the field of battle. This dress, which was old and moth-eaten, was pierced in more than one place by the Austrian bullets. It was on the same occasion that he had a monument erected on the top of Mount St. Bernard to perpetuate the memory of that victory; and that the remains of Desaix, which were discovered with some difficulty in the same vault and in the same state in which they had been left five years before, were deposited with funeral pomp in the sacristy of the Convent.

A deputation of the Cisalpine Republic with Melzi (afterwards Duke of Lodi) at its head, had come to Paris to offer Buonaparte the Iron Crown of Italy, and they had returned in time to welcome him to Milan. The enthusiasm in this city was excessive; nor is it to be wondered at after the vicissitudes of surprise and disappointment, of hope and fear, of defeat and victory, to which they had so often been subjected and were still doomed to be so, the sport of fortune, not masters of their own fate! Buonaparte was a favourite with the Italians; he was their's by birth-right, by his knowledge of their language, by his intimate acquaintance with all the local circumstances of their history and in-

stitutions, no less than by the benefits he had conferred upon them and that brilliant career which had commenced upon their soil! Of the many great works he caused to be performed amongst them, the completing of the cathedral of Milan was not the least flattering to their pride. The ceremony of the coronation took place in this vast building. A detachment of the guard of honour at Milan went the day before to fetch the Iron Crown of the ancient kings of Lombardy, which was carefully preserved at Muntza; it became once more that of the kingdom of Italy. On this occasion, the Emperor instituted the order of the Iron Crown, and after the ceremony of the coronation went in state to the Senate, where he invested Prince Eugene Beauharnois with the vice-royalty of Italy.

While at Milan, the French read the accounts in the newspapers, published from the intercepted correspondence of Sir Arthur Wellesley, of the immense strides made by the English power in India, and could not help being struck with the different measure of moderation or aggrandizement, which we seemed to have for ourselves or our neighbours! This happened just at the time when the annexation of Genoa to the French Empire gave a severe shock to the political prudery of the English cabinet. Genoa however, as circumstances stood, was rather a burden than an ac-

quisition to France, so as to cause an increase in the public expenditure. Genoa had long possessed nothing but marble palaces, the relics of its former grandeur. During all this accession of honours and these multiplied transactions, the Emperor found time to transmit the most minute directions respecting the equipment and embarking of the still meditated naval expedition through one of his confidential agents at Boulogne. So little did the weight of two crowns press upon his brain or make it giddy! At Brescia he learned the return of Missiessy's squadron two months before its time, bringing the English fleets with it, which caused him a degree of chagrin, which he strove in vain to hide. Afterwards, the delay and incapacity of Villeneuve disconcerted the whole project, as has been already hinted. Buonaparte, after passing through Brescia, Verona, Mantua, and the other cities of Italy, to take possession of Genoa, returned to Paris by way of Fontainebleau towards the end of June, and hastened to the coast only to witness the disappointment of a series of calculations, which almost unavoidably fell to pieces from the number of links of which it was composed. Every thing was so far ready at the time that the signal to embark was looked for every hour, but it never came. Events of a different complexion opened a new career for his love

of enterprise and his ambition, if the repelling the unprovoked and unexpected aggressions of others is by any courtesy of speech to be called so.

Before proceeding to take up that part of the subject, it will not be amiss to give a few particulars of Napoleon's private habits and mode of life at this period of his history.

Every morning at nine o'clock regularly (when he was at home) the Emperor came out of the interior of his apartments, dressed for the day. The officers of the household were the first admitted. Napoleon gave them his orders for the day. Immediately after, the *grand entries* were introduced, consisting of persons of the highest rank, who were entitled to this privilege either by their functions or by special favour. This privilege was at that time considered as the highest possible distinction. Napoleon addressed each person in turn, and listened good-naturedly to all that was said to him. The round being made, he bowed and every one withdrew. Sometimes those who had any particular request to make remained alone with him a few moments after the others. At half an hour after nine, the breakfast was served. The prefect of the palace* went to apprise him of it and to go before him into the saloon where he was to breakfast, and there waited on him alone, assisted by the first *maître-d'hôtel*,

* At that time M. de Bausset, who gives the above account.

who performed all the details of the duty. Napoleon breakfasted on a small mahogany stand covered with a napkin. The prefect of the palace was in attendance, his hat under his arm, standing near the little table. Temperate as ever man was, the breakfast of the Emperor often lasted not more than eight or ten minutes. But when he felt an inclination to close the doors, as he said sometimes laughing, the breakfast lasted long enough, and then nothing could surpass the easy gaiety and grace of his conversation. His expressions were rapid, pointed, and picturesque. Those who had the good fortune to be about his person found these the most agreeable hours of their lives. He often received during breakfast-time a few individuals in whose society he had the greatest pleasure, among whom might be mentioned particularly the names of Monge, Bertholet, Costaz, Denon, Corvisart his physician, and the celebrated David, Gerard, Isabey, Talma, and others. The satisfaction of all parties was mutual and complete. Endowed with abundant resources, a superior understanding and extraordinary quickness, it was in moments of the most unguarded confidence and intimacy that Napoleon, by the common consent of all who knew him, shone the most.

Having returned to his cabinet, Napoleon applied himself to business, and received the Ministers and Directors-General, who attended

with their port-folios; these different occupations lasted till six in the evening, and were never broken in upon, except on the days of the Councils of the Ministers or the Councils of State. The dinner was regularly served up at six o'clock. At the Thuilleries or at St. Cloud, their Majesties dined alone, except on Sundays, when the whole of the Imperial family were admitted to the banquet: the Emperor, the Empress, and the Emperor's mother were seated in elbow-chairs, the rest had common chairs. The dinner consisted but of one course, prolonged by the dessert; the simplest dishes were those which Napoleon preferred. The only wine he drank was Chambertin, and he seldom drank it pure. The attendants were the pages, the *maîtres-d'hôtel*, and other servants out of livery. The dinner lasted ordinarily from a quarter of an hour to twenty minutes. Buonaparte never tasted spirits or *liqueurs*. He usually took two cups of coffee pure, one in the morning after breakfast, and the other directly after dinner. All that has been said of his abuse of this beverage was at that time false and ridiculous.

Having gone back to the drawing-room, a page presented to the Emperor a silver-gilt waiter on which were a cup and a sugar-basin. The principal servant poured out the coffee; the Empress then took the cup from the Emperor; the page and the head-servant withdrew, the prefect of the palace

still remaining till the Empress had poured the coffee into the saucer and handed it to Napoleon. It happened so often that this prince forgot to take it at the proper time, that the Empress Josephine and after her the Empress Maria-Louisa had hit upon so complaisant a mode of remedying this slight inconvenience. Shortly after, the Emperor returned into his cabinet to resume his labours, for *rarely* (as he observed) *he put off till to-morrow what he could do to-day*. The Empress descended to her apartments by a private stair, which had a communication with both suites of rooms: on entering the drawing-room, she there found the ladies of honour in attendance, some other privileged ladies, and the officers of her household: card-tables were set out for form's sake and to break the constraint of a circle. Napoleon sometimes came there through the Empress's apartments, and talked with as much simplicity as freedom with the ladies of the court or the rest of the company. But in general he stayed only a short time. The officers on duty prepared to attend the evening *levée*, and to receive their orders for the next day. Such was the life habitually led by the Emperor at the Thuilleries. Its uniformity was interrupted only when there was a concert, a play, or by the chace. During his stay at St. Cloud, the manner of living was the same, with the exception of the time employed, in fine weather,

in rides in the neighbourhood. The Council of Ministers was held every Wednesday; the members were always invited to stay dinner. At Fontainebleau, Rambouillet, or Compiègne, where Napoleon went to hunt, there was always a tent set up in the forest for breakfast, to which all the party was invited: the ladies followed the chace in their carriages. It was usual for eight or ten persons to be asked to dine. Napoleon's mode of life when he was with the army or on a journey of course varied according to the nature of the circumstances. The whole economy of the household was regulated with the exactest care by the Grand-Marshal Duroc (Duke of Frioul) under the superintendance of the Emperor himself. Nevertheless, we are not to suppose that there was an appearance of any thing mean or niggardly. Napoleon's own tastes were simple and modest; but he liked to see display and magnificence around him. His court was always brilliant and in the best taste. There was order and not waste.

It sometimes happened that Napoleon, pre-occupied with affairs of state, rose from breakfast or dinner for days together without a word having been said. But such occurrences, it is to be noted, were rare; and even when his brow was serious and his lips silent, he still showed himself just, polite, and kind. Few persons (according to the best testimony) have in private possessed

more equability of temper, and greater gentleness of manners. In political discussions indeed he did not willingly give ground; but even when his features were kindled into warmth and his expressions betrayed anger, he had often too much reason for it; and his indignation was more than once roused by ingratitude, which sprang up in the very height of his prosperity. Two instances may be given here to explain the difference of the tone of sentiment and etiquette in the new and the old court. M. Victor de Caraman (since the return of the Bourbons Ambassador to the Court of Vienna) had been arrested and put in prison in the time of the Consulate. His wife, encouraged by the Empress Josephine, whose extreme goodness was known to all France, had the boldness to make her way through the guard and mount on the steps of Napoleon's carriage to make an affecting appeal in behalf of her husband. She was listened to with attention and without any marks of impatience; but she did not obtain a favourable answer. In her hurry and distress, Madame de Caraman forgot her work-bag in the carriage, which was sent to her the next morning. On seeing it, she expected to find her husband's pardon in the work-bag. It is certain that in the days of romantic chivalry, or in a case less grave, this trait of gallantry might have suggested itself. Josephine declared that the Emperor was at first tempted to do so; but

that he fancied the oversight had been voluntary and premeditated, and then he altered his mind, the statesman getting the better of the courtier. Some months afterwards, M. de Caraman was sent to reside at Ivrea in Piedmont, under the eye of the police. Another illustration to the purpose is the circumstance that at a later period it was debated whether the Emperor should not dine in public as the Princes of the House of Bourbon had formerly done; but this was negatived on the ground that the mere act of eating or drinking was one that concerned the individual alone; and though it was proper and of a piece to make a state-ceremony of this with regard to the former family, as all that they did was for their own sakes, and supposed by that alone to be worthy of the homage and wonder of the people, yet in the new dynasty and upon modern principles it was a paralogism and an impertinence to obtrude the Imperial family upon general notice, except as servants of the public, and in cases where the latter were primarily and ostensibly interested. This distinction, which was not merely in words, but acted upon at the time,* is worth volumes as a comment on the character and uses of the two governments.

About the period at which we have arrived, the Abbé de Pradt, Cardinal Maury, the old

* In the time of Maria Louisa.

academician La Harpe, and Chateaubriand, became a sort of appendages to the Imperial Court. Buonaparte's youngest brother, Jerome, was out of favour with him for having married an American lady, whom he refused to divorce in order to wed a continental princess. He afterwards yielded to his brother's solicitations. Madame de Stael (who had been banished to Geneva on account of her eloquence and intrigues) had just given new umbrage by her declamations against the Catholic religion, in her romance of *Delphine*, and was not allowed to come to Paris to enjoy the success of it. Buonaparte is accused of having intermeddled too much and too harshly with literature; but not till it had first meddled with him. He was fond of the theatre and often criticised the new pieces that came out (some of them of a political tendency) with the spirit of a statesman and the acuteness of a philosopher. Some persons have complained that he criticised the plan and style of a tragedy with the same confidence as if it had been the order of a battle. Surely, he who had overcome and seemingly reconciled all parties (besides being a mere soldier) must be allowed to have possessed some knowledge of mankind, as he who had risen to the summit of power could not be altogether a stranger to aspiring and lofty sentiments. The Cid of modern Europe had earned a right to admire Corneille.

CHAPTER XXXV.

BATTLE OF AUSTERLITZ.

Towards the end of 1804 a memorial by one of the Austrian Ministers roused Mr. Pitt from the state of inaction, in which he had so long remained supine but writhing under the sense of disappointment, to dream once more of Coalitions which had hitherto been and were still to be formed during his lifetime only to be broken in pieces again. Marengo had staggered, Austerlitz gave the finishing blow to the schemes of pride and arrogance which filled up the whole measure of his perverted capacity. In the month of January 1805, he gave orders to the English legation to feel the pulse of the Cabinet of St. Petersburg; and on the 11th of April following, the treaty of concert was signed between England, Austria, and Russia, the two latter powers engaging to bring large armies into the field, while England was to furnish proportionable subsidies, in prosecution of the old nefarious object. Austria being the nearest was in the field first, and commenced operations according to the legitimate privilege by an attack on Bavaria, a neutral power, in order

to force her into the Coalition; but the tide of war soon turned, and Bavaria became the ally of France. In the June of the same year, Baron Vincent, the Austrian General, had gone out of his way to visit Napoleon at Verona, and had paid him sovereign honours by a salute of artillery. No declaration of war was issued, and Count Cobentzel, the Austrian Plenipotentiary, still remained at Paris, so that every thing concurred to lull Buonaparte into a false security; but a spark was sufficient to rouse him into action, and the thunderbolt fell on those who thought to take him by surprise. He was so little apprehensive on the subject at first, that he would not for some time credit the rumours of a rupture with Austria, and sent Savary to Frankfort-on-the-Maine to learn the truth of the matter, and to buy the best maps of the German Empire. Certain news, however, soon came of the advance of General Mack upon Munich, and of the arrival of the Russians in the Austrian territory. The Emperor now lost no time in raising the camp at Boulogne and in pushing the troops forward by the shortest routes to the banks of the Rhine, so that they might arrive there by the time that the Austrian army reached the Danube.

General Marmont received orders to make the best of his way from Holland. Bernadotte, who was in Hanover, had to cross part of the territory

of Prussia, with whom France was at peace, and the sovereigns of the two countries had only lately exchanged honorary distinctions. At the same time, therefore, that the Emperor sent Bernadotte orders to march, he dispatched the Grand-Marshal Duroc to Berlin to apprise the king of Prussia of the critical situation in which he was placed by an attack without any previous declaration of war, to express his extreme regret at being obliged on the sudden to march his troops over certain portions of the Prussian dominions, and to excuse himself on the ground of absolute necessity alone. Duroc's reception was not so cordial as it had been on a former occasion. The King said little, digested the affront inwardly as well as he could; but long after his chagrin broke out on more than one occasion, when he could only resort to complaints, saying to Napoleon—"But why did you violate my neutrality of Anspach and Bareuth?" Baron Hardenberg spoke out more plainly in an official note on the subject, and there is little doubt that a war would have been the result, had it not been for the battle of Austerlitz. Prussia had just about the same time refused a passage through Polish Prussia to the Russian army, which was however consented to in consequence of the dissatisfaction of the court with Bernadotte's movement; and the Emperor Alexander soon after came to Berlin, under

pretence of a visit to his sister, the hereditary Princess of Saxe-Weimar, but in truth to draw over Prussia to the Coalition.

Napoleon had already made all his calculations. The maps of England had disappeared, and given place to those of Germany, which was more debateable ground. Not sorry to exchange his bridge of boats for firm land, he made those about him follow the intended march of the troops, and explained his own designs in these words: "If the enemy," he said, "comes to meet me, I will destroy him before he has regained the Danube; if he waits for me, I will surprise him between Augsburg and Ulm." And so it happened. He issued his last orders, and set out for Paris; where having arrived, he repaired to the Senate, informed them of the circumstances which led him to give a new destination to the troops and to call for fresh supplies, and proceeded next day to Strasburg. He reached that city while the French army was passing the Rhine at Kehl, Lauterburg, Spires, and Manheim. He inspected the establishments of the fortress, and gave orders for the reconstruction of the fort of Kehl. He had sent proposals to the Prince of Baden and to the Landgrave of Hesse-Darmstadt to join him: the first did so a little before the battle of Austerlitz; the other thought it best to wait till it was over. On the approach of the different troops to the foot of the

mountains situated in the country of Wurtemberg, the Duke had drawn up his little army near Ludwigsburg, his summer-residence, and was preparing to make a formal resistance, when the Emperor's aide-de-camp appeared to request permission to pass. This mark of courtesy satisfied him; and the Emperor met a magnificent reception from the court of Wurtemberg, sleeping two nights at the palace of Ludwigsburg. It was on this occasion the Princess-Royal of England (who had been married to the Duke of Wurtemberg) sent home word to express her surprise at finding Buonaparte so polite and agreeable a person and not at all the hideous caricature he had been held up in this country, lest John Bull should not be sufficiently terrified to answer the purposes of those who wanted to goad him to madness. During his stay here, hostilities commenced on the road from Stutgard to Ulm between Marshal Ney's corps and the Austrians commanded by the Archduke Ferdinand and Field-Marshal Mack. Buonaparte directed Marshal Ney to debouch by the high Stutgard road, making the enemy believe that the whole army were following him, when he suddenly wheeled round with the rapidity of lightning to Nordlingen, where shortly after arrived the corps of Davoust from Manheim by the valley of the Necker, that of Soult from Spires by Heilbron, and lastly, that of Marshal Lannes who reached Donawort just

in time to prevent an Austrian battalion, who had appeared on the right bank of the Danube, from destroying the bridge, and drove them back to the other side of the river.

The Emperor then caused the country to be scoured as far as the Lech; and placed himself in communication with General Marmont, who had passed the Danube at Neuburg, and also with the Bavarian army which was leaving Ingolstadt to join him. He ordered Augsburg to be occupied, which is forty miles in the rear of Ulm, where the Austrian head-quarters were; and sent Soult forward to blockade Memmingen, a small town to the south of Ulm, which was the only line of retreat the enemy had left, and into which they had thrown six thousand men. He then went and fixed his head-quarters at Augsburg to observe what course the Austrian army was about to take, round whom he had drawn a circle by the movement he had made in advance with his different corps, as completely as with the foot of a pair of compasses. From Augsburg he proceeded to Zumnershausen, and caused Ulm to be hemmed in on all sides. It was difficult to understand why the Austrian generals had remained here so long (as if spell-bound) in the midst of all these complicated preparations to surround them, neither attempting to escape nor offering battle to the French. At length, as the Emperor approached

by Guntzburg within sight of Ulm, he learned that a strong detachment under the Archduke Ferdinand had escaped from the place, and was making its way into the mountains of Bohemia in spite of the attempt of one of Marshal Ney's divisions to stop it. The same day a second column left the place, but was met by another division of Ney's corps and driven back into Ulm. The corps of Marshal Lannes was ordered to support that of Marshal Ney, and that same evening the two corps slept on the heights which overlook Ulm on the left bank of the Danube, while Marmont approached it on the right. The Emperor took post at Elchingen, which was the key of Bohemia. Ulm was closely invested, and its outposts driven in.

The Austrians remained in this situation four days without making any overture. In the mean time, Memmingen had surrendered with its garrison of six thousand men, the news of which was brought the Emperor in a wretched bivouac, where it was necessary to procure a plank for him to keep his feet out of the water. He had just received the capitulation, when Prince Maurice Lichtenstein came with a flag of truce from Marshal Mack. He was led forward on horseback with his eyes bandaged. When he was presented to the Emperor, his look showed that he did not expect to find him there. Mack, not suspecting

his presence, had sent to treat for the evacuation of Ulm and for permission for the army which occupied it to return to Austria. The French themselves allow that it was the constant practice of the enemy's generals to attempt to outwit their own, whenever Buonaparte was not on the spot. The Emperor could not help smiling at the proposal, and said, "What reason have I to comply with this demand? In a week you will be in my power without conditions. You expect the advance of the Russian army, which is scarcely in Bohemia yet; and besides, if I let you go, what guarantee have I that your troops will not be made to serve when once they are united with the Russians? I have not forgotten Marengo. I suffered M. de Melas to go; and Moreau had to fight his troops at the end of two months, in spite of the most solemn promises to conclude peace.* There are no laws of war to appeal to, after such conduct as that of your government towards me. Most assuredly, I have not sought you; and then again I cannot rely on any engagements into which your General might enter with me, because it will depend on himself alone to keep his word. It would be a different thing if you had one of your Princes in Ulm, and he were to bind himself; but

* This was what was called ambition in Buonaparte; because he had to put down these continual breaches of faith and ever-springing hopes of the subjugation of France.

I believe the Archduke is gone." Prince Maurice replied in the best manner he could, and protested that the army would not leave the place without the conditions he demanded. "I shall not grant them," rejoined the Emperor; "there is the capitulation of your General who commanded at Memmingen; carry it to Marshal Mack, and tell him I will grant no other terms. Besides, I am in no hurry; the longer he delays, the worse he will render his situation and that of you all. For the rest, I shall have the corps which took Memmingen here to-morrow, and we shall then see."

Prince Lichtenstein was conducted back to Ulm. The same evening General Mack wrote a letter to the Emperor, in which he plainly stated that the only consolation which was left him in his misfortunes was his being obliged to treat with him; that no other person should have made him accept such mortifying conditions; but since fortune would have it so, he awaited his orders. Next morning Berthier went to Ulm and returned in the evening with the capitulation, by which the whole army surrendered. It was to march out with the honours of war, file off before the French army, lay down its arms, and set out for France, with the exception of the generals and officers, who had permission to return home on condition of not serving till a complete exchange. For eight days that the French troops had passed before Ulm, it had rained in-

cessantly: all at once the rain ceased, and the Austrian army filed off in the finest weather imaginable. That was a day glorious to France, and that threw back once more to a perilous distance the ever-returning, undismayed hope of tyrants to set their feet once for all upon the necks of mankind! Mack has been loudly accused of treachery on this occasion, without any positive grounds. He was probably under the influence of that species of fascination which takes place in the intellectual as well as the physical world from an apprehension of superior power; and which rendered him incapable of summoning resolution to meet the danger when it came, as it had before deprived him of the faculty of locomotion to avoid it. The outrageous revilers of Mack will hardly include the Archduke Ferdinand in the same censure, who yet suffered the Austrian force to be cooped up in this precarious position from the same want of decision, and left it to its fate a few days before. Mack was, however, guilty of a greater offence than even the surrender of Ulm; he paid Buonaparte a visit after the signature of the capitulation at the Abbey of Elchingen, who drew from him (as men are communicative in calamity) the secrets of the Allies, as it respected their new engagements and ulterior objects. Mack was afterwards confined in an Austrian dungeon; where it was not known for a long time what became of him.

General Mathieu Dumas had it in charge to accompany him back to Ulm and to make the necessary dispositions for the ceremony of the following day. The French army was drawn up in order of battle on the neighbouring heights; the dress and accoutrements of the soldiers being put into the best state that circumstances would admit. The drums beat—the bands played; the gates of Ulm opened; the Austrian army advanced in silence, filed off slowly, and went, corps by corps, to lay down its arms at a certain spot which had been previously agreed upon. This day put into the power of the French thirty-six thousand men; six thousand had been taken at Memmingen, and about two thousand at the battle of Wertingen; so that the total loss of the Austrians could be estimated at little short of fifty thousand men, with seventy pieces of cannon and about three thousand five hundred horses, which served to mount a division of dragoons, which had come from Boulogne on foot. The ceremony lasted the whole day. The Emperor (who flung more glory into one day then, than would fill up whole years now) was posted on a little hill in front of the centre of his army; a large fire had been lighted, and by this fire he received the Austrian generals to the number of seventeen. He complained of the iniquitous proceeding of their Government "in coming without any decla-

ration of war to seize him by the throat;" and said that "the Aulic Council would have done better if instead of mixing up Asiatic hordes in European quarrels it had joined with him to repel Russian encroachment." Thus early did the dread of Russian power haunt him; and so clearly did he think it the policy of the other Continental states to make head against it. But it was not the irruption of barbarism which they feared, but the progress of light and civilisation! A trifling circumstance occurred during this interview, which sets Buonaparte's character in a just light. An officer, more remarkable for his petulance than his wit, repeated aloud an expression as coming from one of the soldiers, tending to throw ridicule on the vanquished. Napoleon, whose ear caught up every thing, was highly displeased; and sent one of his aide-de-camps to tell that general officer to retire, saying to those near him, "He must have little respect for himself who insults men in misfortune!"

The Emperor slept at Elchingen, and set out next day for Augsburg, where he lodged at the Bishop's palace. He stayed there only time enough to arrange a new set of marches for the troops, and then departed. He had learned fresh particulars of the approach of the Russians. Travellers from Lintz had seen the first troops of that nation enter the town, and place themselves

in carts and waggons collected beforehand, hastening forward to the Rhine. The news of the capture of Ulm soon after reached their commander-in-chief, Kutusow, and made a change in his plans. These same Russians who were now pressing on in the full confidence of their brutality and ignorance to the frontiers of France (like a herd of filthy swine snuffing another Poland) and for the third time compelled to turn back, made a sad outcry when some years after the French returned the intended compliment—they revenged it too by accident—God knows not by right, unless failure in wrong constitutes a right!—From Augsburg Buonaparte set forward for Munich, where, though the Elector had not yet returned, he was well received by the Bavarians; and the city was illuminated. The French army now crossed the Iser over all the bridges from that of Munich to that of Pläding, and approached the Inn. The Emperor, with a large portion of the army, took the road to Mühldorf, where the Russians had just been. Beyond this, there was not a single bridge which they had not burned, thus giving a foretaste of their dexterity at the work of devastation and an intelligible warning what sort of customers they were. From Mühldorf the Emperor proceeded to Burkhausen and thence to Brannau. A garrison of two thousand Russians left in the latter place would have occasioned considerable inconvenience and

delay, but they had only burned the bridge over the Inn. The bridge at Lintz was also burned: the troops here crossed to the left bank of the Danube, and were pushed forward by slow and cautious marches into Bohemia, following the track of the Russians. At Lintz, Buonaparte received a visit from the Elector of Bavaria and his son; and Duroc, who had been dispatched on a mission to Berlin, rejoined him in that town. He brought back nothing satisfactory: it appeared pretty certain that the conduct of Prussia would be governed by events, or in other words that Napoleon would have to reckon that power too among his enemies, should fortune prove unfavourable to him. He seems to have drawn the natural inference that should fortune prove favourable to him, this would give him at least an equal right to use his discretion with respect to Prussia—an inference (unavoidable as it is) which has been aggravated into the most wanton cruelty and injustice!

At Lintz also the Emperor received accounts of the army of Italy and of the retreat of the Archduke Charles towards Vienna, after a sanguinary but indecisive action with Massena. General Giulay, one of the officers included in the capitulation of Ulm, came with a flag of truce to propose an armistice; but as the object evidently was to gain time and to allow the Archduke

and the Russians to form a junction at Vienna, which might save the Austrian monarchy from the danger which threatened it, Buonaparte would not listen to it, and said they might fight and treat at the same time. He also observed that General Giulay had no power to treat for the Russians; and sent him back, if his intentions were serious, to have them included as parties in the armistice. Buonaparte therefore set out for Vienna and arrived at St. Polten, where he was detained a day or two by a severe check which one of Marshal Mortier's divisions had received from the Russians. This with the loss of three eagles vexed the Emperor; and by no means put him into a better humour for agreeing to General Giulay's proposals, which were renewed here. On the contrary, the troops were urged on to Vienna, and Marshals Lannes and Murat entered that capital by a stratagem of war which showed a good deal of spirit and adroitness. General Giulay was still with the Emperor, and for the last fortnight there had been much talk of an armistice, so that the usual strictness of discipline was relaxed. The Austrians, placed on the left bank of the Danube, had however made the necessary dispositions for burning the bridge of the Tabor, and had merely covered it by a post of hussars. Marshals Lannes and Murat, anxious to save this means of communication so important to the army, went themselves

accompanied by a few officers, to the Austrian piquet; entered into conversation with them on the rumours of an armistice; and while their attention was thus drawn off, a column of Lannes's grenadiers, headed by an intelligent officer, advanced through the suburbs of Vienna in the island of the Prater, gained the bridge in double-quick time, and after throwing into the water all the fire-works prepared for blowing it up, seized upon the cannon, and established themselves on the opposite bank of the river. This surprise, which was executed in a moment, was of the utmost consequence, as it prevented the junction of the Archduke with the Russians, and put Vienna with all its stores and the advantages it possessed into the hands of Napoleon. He was much pleased with the success of this bold stroke, and fixed his head-quarters at the palace of Schönbrunn, where he prepared to manœuvre with all his forces, (which were pouring into Vienna from every quarter) either upon the Russians or the Archduke Charles, according as either one or the other should be most within his reach.

The army of General Kutusow, which had recrossed the Danube at Stein (and which if it had proceeded in the first instance to Vienna might have given a different turn to affairs) was marching by Znaim to rejoin the main Russian army at Olmutz, where the Emperor Alexander was. The

Archduke Charles, instead of advancing to protect the capital, was obliged to turn to the right so as to gain Hungary, and troops were instantly marched upon Presburg, to remove still further off the possibility of his effecting a junction with the Russians. Mortier and Marmont outside the walls of Vienna watched the roads to Italy and Hungary. Ney was still in the country of Saltzburg before Kuffstein, which had a strong garrison. Napoleon was somewhat dissatisfied that Massena had not come up in time to join him before he gave battle to the Russians. He set out for Znaim; and on the day of his departure, the advanced-guard overtook the Russian rear-guard under Prince Bagration, and had a severe action with it at Hollabrunn. Both parties behaved like men, and General Oudinot was wounded. Buonaparte in consequence gave the command of the grenadiers to Duroc, being desirous that he should distinguish himself during the campaign. The French picked up a number of stragglers and sick in the rear of the Russian march. They appear to have imbibed thus early an overweening contempt for their doughty antagonists from the stupidity of their countenances. But stupidity has its advantages as well as wit. If a man strikes his hand against a piece of wood or stone, he will be the sufferer.—At Znaim the Emperor was informed that the Russians had marched by the road

to Brunn; and he made the army take the same road. In that city he was joined by Bernadotte's four regiments of light cavalry under Kellermann; they had come by the Budweis road, and had left Bernadotte and his corps with the Bavarian cavalry under General Wrede (which was worn out with fatigue in its pursuit of the Archduke Ferdinand) at Iglau in Bohemia. On his arrival at Brunn, Buonaparte found the citadel evacuated and the magazines full of stores, as if a friend had just quitted the place; and pushed on that same evening with all the cavalry to Olmutz. At the first post they fell in with the enemy's rear-guard, and a sharp action ensued, in which the horse-grenadiers of the guard succeeded in cutting the Russian line in two.—It was dark before this smart affair was over. The Emperor returned to Brunn, and came next day upon the ground, where it had occurred to him to place his army, which was coming up in different directions. He moved on the cavalry of the advanced-guard to Vichau; went thither himself, and on his return walked his horse over all the sinuosities and inequalities of the ground in front of the position which he had ordered to be taken. He paused at every height, had the distances measured, and frequently said to his attendants, "Gentlemen, examine the ground well; you will have a part to act upon it." It was the same on which the battle of Austerlitz was

fought, and which was occupied by the Russians before the battle. He passed the whole day on horseback, inspected the position of each of the corps of his army, and remarked on the left of General Suchet's division, a single hillock overlooking the whole front of that division. The Centon was there, as if for the express purpose: here he had brought the same night fourteen Austrian pieces of cannon, part of those found at Brunn. As *caissons* could not be placed there, two hundred charges of powder were piled up behind each of them; the foot of the Centon was then cut away as an escarpment, so as to secure it from assault. The Emperor returned to sleep at Brunn.

After the occupation of Vienna and the affair of Hollabrunn, Napoleon was strongly solicited by all about him to make peace. The difficulty was, after he had made it, to make others keep it. He was nevertheless himself disposed to it; but the Russians were in presence, and it was first requisite to measure his strength with them. Two envoys arrived from the Emperor of Austria, M. Stadion and another, announcing the arrival of a third from the Emperor Alexander; but the Emperor contented himself with referring them to M. Talleyrand, who was expected at Vienna, of which General Clarke had just been appointed governor. It was at this period that Buonaparte re-

ceived the news of the battle of Trafalgar, with which Nelson closed the career of his triumphs and his life. The French fleet, though superior in force, was not only beaten but destroyed by the courage of the English sailors and the skill of their daring and high-spirited commander; and has remained from that time a mere wreck of itself. The Spanish Admiral Gravina, who was wounded in the fight, died in consequence; and Villeneuve soon after put an end to himself, unable to bear the disgrace of so many defeats and disasters. This event took place on the 21st of October, 1805. Buonaparte seeing all his hopes of naval victory thus at once "in the deep bosom of the ocean buried," probably thought it necessary to do something to parry the blow, and immediately set himself about it.

He had been several days at Brunn, when he ordered the corps of Bernadotte to draw nearer. This augured the approach of something decisive: but he wished first to try the effect or to gain the credit of an act of courtesy. He sent for one of his aide-de-camps (Savary, afterwards Duke of Rovigo) at day-break: he had passed the night over his maps: his candles were burnt down to the sockets; he held a letter in his hand, and after being silent some moments, he abruptly said, "Set out to Olmutz; deliver this letter to the Emperor of Russia, and tell him that having

heard of his arrival in his army, I have sent you to salute him in my name. If he questions you, added he, "you know what answer to give under such circumstances."—Savary left the Emperor and proceeded to the French advanced-posts at Vichau, where he took a trumpeter, and so repaired to those of the Russians, only about a league distant on the road to Olmutz. He was detained at the first post of Cossacks, till notice could be given to Prince Bagration, who sent him on to Olmutz to Kutusow, the commander-in-chief: this journey was performed through the whole Russian army, which he saw assembling and taking arms, as the morning rose. Kutusow asked him for the dispatch which he had brought for the Emperor; observing that he slept in the fortress, and that the gates could not be opened at present. He went away, leaving Savary with an officer belonging to the Russian staff, among whom were a great many young men who crowded round and talked loudly of the ambition of France and of the means of curbing it. At ten in the forenoon a bustle took place in the street, and on inquiring the cause of it, the aide-de-camp was told, "It is the Emperor." He had but just time to throw off his cloak, and take his dispatch out of his pocket-book, when Alexander entered the room where the envoy had been waiting. He made a motion for all present to retire, and they were left alone.

Savary was struck with the nobleness of the Czar's figure: he was at this time six-and-twenty. He was already hard of hearing with his left ear, and turned the right to hear what was said to him. He spoke in broken sentences, slowly, and laying a stress upon the last syllables, but in the best French, without any accent. After hearing Savary's message and taking the letter, he said, "I duly appreciate the proceeding of your master: it is with regret that I have armed against him, and I shall seize with great pleasure the first opportunity of giving him that assurance. He has long been the object of my admiration." Then changing the subject, he said, "I will go and peruse this letter, and bring you an answer to it." In half an hour Alexander returned; and holding his answer with the address turned downwards, entered into a long conversation with Savary, in which he laid it down in a dictatorial but good-humoured tone, that France to show her moderation and good faith could do no less than restore all she had been fighting for during the last ten years, being contented with the honour of beating the Allies, who would not from that time (as they could lose nothing in the end) stand in the same awe of her encroachments and ambition. When this conversation was over, the Emperor gave Savary his answer to the letter he had brought from Napoleon, still holding the address down-

wards, and adding—"Here is my answer; the address does not express the title he has of late assumed. I attach no importance to such trifles:" —the address was—"To the Chief of the French Government." Nevertheless, it was for such trifles that Europe had been at war for the last ten years, and continued so for the next ten.—Savary was then conducted back to the advanced posts; and on his way saw the Russian guards pass by, which had just come from St. Petersburg to join the army. They were composed of men of great stature, and who seemed insensible to fatigue. M. de Novosilzow wished to accompany the French aide-de-camp back to Brunn, as he had particular business with M. de Haugwitz, who was expected there from Berlin, but this wheedling proposal M. Savary declined. He found Napoleon at the post-house at Posorzitz, three quarters of a mile from the last out-posts, and gave him the letter and an account of all that had passed. He appeared thoughtful for some time, connecting what he now heard with the hints which Mack had dropped at Ulm and with the reported defection of Prussia. At length, he desired Savary to return with all speed and propose an interview with the Emperor Alexander for the morrow. He did so accordingly, and the Russian Emperor seemed disposed to grant it; but on a report that the French were retreating, Napoleon having fallen

back purposely to the position he had previously chosen for the battle, Alexander was persuaded to send Prince Dolgorouki in his stead. When Buonaparte heard of his arrival, he was walking in the bivouacs of the infantry, where he had slept upon some straw. Such was his desire for peace, that scarce hearing the message, he mounted his horse, and hastened to the spot, his piquet being hardly able to keep up with him. He alighted, walked alone with Prince Dolgorouki on the high road; but the latter gave some offence by what he said, for Buonaparte replied sharply—"If that is what you have to say to me, go and tell the Emperor Alexander that I had no notion of these expectations when I asked to see him; I would only have shown him my army, and referred to his equity for the conditions of a peace: if he will have it so, we must fight: I wash my hands of it." The Prince then took leave, and when he was gone, the Emperor made his aide-de-camp repeat over and over all that had passed, exclaiming at every pause—"But those people must be mad to insist on my giving up Italy, when it is impossible for them to take Vienna from me. *What plans had they then, and what would they have done with France, if I had been beaten?* Let it end as God pleases; but by my faith, before eight-and-forty hours are over, I shall have given them a sound drubbing!"

While thus speaking, he returned on foot to the first post of infantry of the army; it was the carbineers of the 17th. The Emperor was irritated, and he vented his impatience by striking with his switch the lumps of earth lying on the road. The sentinel, an old soldier, overheard him; and having placed himself at ease, he had his gun between his knees, and was filling his pipe. Napoleon as he passed close by, looked at him and said, "Those Russians fancy they have nothing to do but to swallow us up!" The old soldier immediately joining in the conversation—"Oho!" replied he, "that won't be such an easy job—we'll stick ourselves right across!" This sally made the Emperor laugh; and resuming his composure, he mounted his horse, and returned to head-quarters.

He now thought of nothing but preparations for the battle, which he resolved to put off no longer. Bernadotte had joined him with two divisions of infantry; Soult had three; Lannes two; the grenadiers formed a strong one; the foot-guards one. Marshal Davoust had one within reach; the Emperor, besides the light cavalry, had three divisions of dragoons, two of cuirassiers, and the two regiments of carbineers, with the horse-guards. He caused abundance of provisions and ammunition of all kinds to be brought upon the ground from Brunn. It was the last day of November, 1805; the next day, the 1st of December, he

himself stationed all the divisions of the army, seeming to know the ground as well as the environs of Paris. Marshal Davoust occupied the extreme right, being in communication between Brunn and Vienna. One of his divisions was commanded by General Friant. Marshal Davoust was separated by ponds and long narrow defiles from Marshal Soult, who was opposed to the left of the Russian army, the division of General Legrand forming his right, with that of St. Hilaire to the left of Legrand's, and Vandamme's division to the left of St. Hilaire's. In the second line, behind Marshal Soult, was the division of grenadiers, and on their left were Bernadotte's two divisions. On the left of Soult, Lannes was posted with his two corps on a ground rather in advance on the road to Olmutz, near the Centon. The light cavalry were placed between Lannes and Soult, with an open ground in front, the dragoons behind, and the cuirassiers with the horse-guards at a short distance. The Emperor passed the whole day on horseback, speaking to the soldiers, viewing the artillery, and inspecting all the appurtenances of the war. He dined at his bivouac, where he was met by all the marshals, to whom he enlarged on what might happen the next day. The Russian army was seen arriving the whole afternoon, and taking up a position to the right about a quarter of a mile off.

In the evening of the 1st of December there was an irregular firing of small arms to the right, which was kept up so late as to give the Emperor some uneasiness. He sent to see what it was; and it turned out to be a skirmish between General Legrand's advanced-guard and the Russians, who wished to gain possession of a village at the foot of their position for the purpose of attacking the right of the French army the next day. The moon at first shone bright; but the night becoming overcast, they desisted, and merely collected their force together on that point. The aide-de-camp, who had been sent to reconnoitre, on his return found the Emperor lying on some straw in a hut which the soldiers had made for him, and so fast asleep that he was obliged to shake him in order to awake him. When he had heard the report, he desired it to be repeated; sent for Marshal Soult and mounted his horse to go himself and inspect his whole line and see this movement of the Russians on his right: he approached as near to it as possible. On his return through the bivouacs, he was recognised by the soldiers, who spontaneously lighted torches of straw: this spread from one end of the army to the other; in a moment there was a general illumination, and the air was rent with shouts of *Vive l' Empereur!* It was very late before he returned; and though he continued to take repose, it was not uninterrupted by

uneasiness as to what might be the object of the movement on his right on the following day. He was awake and stirring by day-break, to get the whole of the troops under arms in silence.

There was a thick fog which enveloped all the bivouacs, so that it was impossible to distinguish objects at any distance. This was an advantage to the French, and gave them time to form their ranks. As it grew light, the fog seemed disposed to clear off. An unbroken silence prevailed to the very extremity of the horizon: no one would have suspected that there were so many men and so many noisy engines of destruction crowded together in so small a space. Buonaparte sent again to reconnoitre the position of the Russians to the right: they were already in motion; but the remains of the fog made it difficult to distinguish what they were about. It was scarcely seven in the morning: at length, the fog cleared off, and the sun rose in splendour. The two armies appeared almost close upon one another.

The Emperor saw his whole army, infantry and cavalry, formed into columns. He was surrounded by his marshals, who teazed him to begin: but he resisted their importunities till the fire of the Russians on the right became brisker; he then dismissed all the marshals, and ordered them to commence the attack. The onset of the whole army at once had something appalling in it: you

might hear the words of command of the different officers. It marched, as if to exercise, to the very foot of the Russian position, halting at times to rectify its distances and direction. General St. Hilaire attacked the front of the Russian position, called in the language of the country the hill of the Pratzer. He there sustained for two hours a tremendous fire of musketry, which might have staggered any one but himself: he had not a battalion that was not engaged in the thickest of the fight. Vandamme, who had more space to traverse, came up at this point of time, attacked and overthrew the enemy's columns, and became master of their position and artillery. The Emperor immediately marched one of Bernadotte's divisions and a part of the grenadiers to the aid of Vandamme and St. Hilaire, while he ordered Marshal Lannes to lose no time in falling upon the right of the Russians, that they might not come to the relief of their left, who were wholly occupied in defending themselves. They would have fallen back, and re-ascended the Pratzer: but were followed so closely by General Legrand and by Friant's division (detached from Marshal Davoust) that they were obliged to stand at bay, neither advancing nor retiring. General Vandamme then, under the superintendance of Soult and supported by a division of Bernadotte's, made a sudden change of direction by the right flank for the purpose of

turning and enclosing all the troops engaged with St. Hilaire's division. This movement succeeded; and the two divisions, united on the Pratzer itself by this manœuvre, made a second change of direction still wheeling to their right, and descended from the Pratzer to attack in the rear all the troops opposed to General Legrand, thus following the steps of the Russians the night before and making a complete semicircle. Buonaparte, seeing how things went, ordered up the rest of the grenadiers and the foot-guards, to complete the enemy's disorder, and thus decided the battle. He instantly dispatched his aide-de-camp, Lebrun, to Paris with the news, and sent off messengers to the Electors of Bavaria and Wurtemberg.

General Vandamme had received a check at the commencement of his first change of direction, the fourth regiment of the line losing one of its eagles in a charge of Russian cavalry; but the accident had no bad consequences from the timely succour of the *chasseurs* of the Guard and the grenadiers on duty about the Emperor. He had ordered Bernadotte's division, instead of turning round upon the enemy with Vandamme's the second time, to go right forward upon the infantry of the Russian guard. It did so; broke it, and drove it fighting a full league; but it returned back, no body knew why, to its first position, where to his great astonishment Buonaparte found it in the

evening. The left of the French army under Lannes, and the cavalry of Murat had in the meantime broken and put to flight the whole right of the Russian army, which at night-fall took the road to Austerlitz, to join the relics of that part with which Marshal Soult had been engaged. Had Bernadotte's division continued marching in the direction prescribed to it, instead of falling back, it would have been posted across the road from Austerlitz to Hollitsch, by which the Russian army was retreating, and thus have completed its destruction. Bernadotte's want of good-will to the work began about this time to lead him into repeated blunders; and probably his blunders helped to increase his ill-will. All the Russian troops that had descended from the Pratzer were taken prisoners on the spot. There were left on the field of battle one hundred pieces of cannon, with forty-three thousand prisoners of war, exclusively of the wounded and slain who remained on the ground. This was one of Buonaparte's great battles. No wonder if in the end he became swoln and as it were choked up with victories! He came back in the evening along the whole line, where the different regiments had fought. It was already dark: he recommended silence to those who accompanied him that he might hear the cries of the wounded; he immediately went to the spot where they were, alighted himself, and ordered a

glass of brandy to be given them. In this manner, he remained till very late upon the field of battle; his escort passed the whole night upon it, taking the cloaks from the Russian dead to cover the wounded with them. He himself ordered a large fire to be kindled near each of them, sent for a muster-master, and did not retire till he arrived; and having left him a picket of his own men, enjoined him not to quit the wounded till they were lodged in the hospital. These brave men loaded him with blessings, which found the way to his heart much better than all the flatteries of courtiers. He thus won the affection of his soldiers, who knew that when they suffered it was not his fault, and who therefore never spared themselves in his service. It was so late when they arrived at Brunn, that there was only time to issue the order to Marshal Davoust to collect his corps and pursue the Russians the following day.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE TREATY OF PRESBURG.

On the 3d of December, the day following the battle, Prince John of Lichtenstein arrived at the castle of Austerlitz charged with a message from his master to solicit an interview with Napoleon, to which the latter assented. The Emperors both of Austria and Russia were in a precarious situation, there being no escape left for their troops in the line of retreat on which they had been driven but the bridge of Göding at Hollitsch, to which the corps of Davoust was nearer than the wrecks of the Russian and Austrian army. Napoleon alone knew that Davoust was inferior in numbers to the Allies, and that they might therefore still force their way through him; he also apprehended the accession of Prussia to the Coalition, and had just learned by intercepted dispatches from M. Stadion, that the Archduke Charles had arrived on the Danube, while Massena was still on the other side of the Julian Alps. He therefore granted the interview which had been solicited, in the hope of concluding peace and avoiding fresh hazards.

On the 4th at nine in the morning, the Emperor

set out with his suite and guards, and proceeded along the high-road of Hollitsch to a mill in front of the advanced posts of Bernadotte, about three leagues from Austerlitz. Napoleon arrived first, and ordered two fires to be made; the horse-guards were drawn up in order of battle, two hundred paces in the rear. It was not long before the Emperor of Austria was announced. He came in a landau, accompanied by Princes John and Maurice Lichtenstein, the Prince of Wurtemberg, Prince Schwartzenberg, Generals Kienmayer, Bubna, and Stutterheim, and two superior officers of Hulans. There was with the Emperor of Austria an escort of Hungarian cavalry, which halted, as the French had done, about two hundred paces from the spot where the interview was held. The Emperor Napoleon, who was on foot, went to meet the Emperor of Austria from the place where the fire was as far as the carriage, and embraced as he accosted him. Prince John of Lichtenstein alighted from the same carriage, and followed the Emperor of Austria to the Emperor's fire: there he remained during the whole interview, as did Marshal Berthier near the Emperor. All the other persons in the suite of the two Sovereigns were together at one and the same fire, which was separated only by the high-road from that of the Emperors. The conversation here turned on the events of the battle, the French studying to say nothing that might be

galling to the feelings of their adversaries; but no one could make out what was passing at the other fire: At any rate, the parties seemed to be in excellent humour; they laughed, which was construed into a favourable omen, and accordingly in about an hour the two Sovereigns separated after a mutual embrace. The attendants then ran to do their duty, and as they approached, Napoleon said to the Emperor of Austria, "I agree to it; but your Majesty must promise not to make war upon me again."—"No, I promise you I will not," replied the Emperor of Austria, "and I will keep my word." He did so—after the manner of princes!

The day was drawing to a close, when the two Emperors parted, and took the road to their respective armies. Napoleon rode his horse at a foot-pace, musing on what had just been said and on what he meant to do. He called to General Savary, and said, "Run after the Emperor of Austria: tell him that I have desired you to go and wait at his head-quarters for the adhesion of the Emperor of Russia, as far as he is concerned, to what has just been concluded between us. When you are in possession of this adhesion, proceed to the *corps d'armeé* of Marshal Davoust, stop his movement, and tell him what has happened." But the wily Tartar had taken the affair into his own hands. Savary, according to the instructions of the Austrian Emperor, found Alexander at Göding the

next morning, where though it was only four or five o'clock, he was already up; and his sappers were busy in preparing to destroy the bridge, as soon as his army should have passed, which it did shortly after, to the number of twenty-six thousand men, without cannon, without baggage-waggons, many without arms, the greater part without knapsacks,* a great many wounded, but still with the countenance of men resigned to their fortune and marching intrepidly in their ranks. At the interview with the French aide-de-camp, Alexander paid a number of compliments to the talents displayed by his master in the battle a few days before; saying at the same time that it was the first battle he had been in; and he gave his word to comply with all that the King of the Romans had stipulated for him. On this understanding, he received an assurance that he and his troops should retire unmolested. After the Russians had filed off, the bridge of Göding was destroyed to prevent pursuit, and Savary returned in search of Davoust. He had arrived the day before within a short half-league of the bridge of Göding, and was preparing to force his way to it through an Austrian detachment, when he received a note from the Emperor Alexander to inform him of the interview between

* Till 1806, the Russian infantry laid their knapsacks on the ground before they began to fire; so that when they were repulsed, they lost all their baggage.

the Emperors of France and Austria, and that an armistice had taken place, leaving it to be supposed that he himself was included in it. Davoust deemed it his duty to defer to the positive assurance of Alexander; he in consequence suspended his movement, and accordingly Savary found him on the morning of the 5th in the same place where he was the day before, and the Russians at a safe distance, whereas on the preceding day he might in half an hour have been master of Göding and of the bridge over the Marche, when the Russian army was still two or three leagues off on the Austerlitz road, facing Bernadotte. It was at the moment when the Emperor Francis parted from the Emperor Alexander to go to the interview with Buonaparte that Marshal Davoust was on the point of forcing Göding, the only retreat of the Russian troops; and in this critical situation the Emperor of Russia thought fit to write that note, to which Marshal Davoust, out of respect for the veracity of the monarch, judged it right on his part to give credit, not entertaining the least idea of a trick. As there are some characters on whom no reliance can be placed because they are sunk below contempt, there is another class whose word is not to be taken because they are raised above censure. Savary ventured to drop a hint of what he suspected to some Austrians who were with him, who only smiled. His eyes were then opened,

and it was clear enough why the Emperor of Russia had absented himself from the interview of the preceding day, and why the Emperor of Austria had come to it. They had divided between them the two parts, which were to extricate them from the dilemma in which each found himself. When Buonaparte afterwards sent General Junot to the Russian army to treat for peace, the Emperor Alexander had set off for Petersburg; and Junot not thinking it his business to follow him, brought back the letter entrusted to him by the Emperor, who was on his return to Vienna. He stopped a few days at Brunn, which he spent in disposing his army in cantonments, causing its losses to be ascertained, inspecting the hospitals, and sending by some of his aide-de-camps a gratuity of a Napoleon to each wounded soldier, and larger sums to the different officers in the same situation. There is no need to say that this bounty was gratefully received. He also took an opportunity one day of rating Murat soundly for having suffered himself to be deceived by a false report and losing the chance of enclosing the Russian army on the 3d by not pushing forward with his cavalry to Olmutz. These *sound ratings* he afterwards paid for at a dear rate. Inferior or vain minds see no distinction between just and unjust blame; and suppose that it is not reason, but passion and petulance that speaks in their reproof.

He then set out for Schönbrunn to accelerate the conferences for peace, which were held at Vienna, and also to see how he stood with Prussia. For several days M. Haugwitz had been near M. Talleyrand; but he had kept aloof from him, hoping that events would have taken a different turn, as his mission was not to make peace but war. The Emperor received him the day after his arrival at Schönbrunn. At first he abstained from reproaches, but he let him see that he was not the dupe of the designs of Prussia. He asked the meaning of the Russian army at Breslau, and of another in Hanover, communicating by the Prussian territory with the main army. At last, he began to grow warm and spoke out: "Sir," said he, "is this conduct of your master's towards me frank and sincere? It would have been more honourable for him to have made war openly upon me, though you have no motive for it: you would have served the Allies, because I should have looked twice before I had given battle. You wish to be the allies of all the world: that is not possible: you must choose between them and me. If you are resolved to throw yourselves into the arms of those gentlemen, I shall not oppose your doing so; but if you remain with me, I wish for sincerity, or I will separate myself from you. I prefer open enemies to false friends. If your powers are not sufficient to treat on all those questions, qualify

yourself to do so: for my part, I shall go and march upon my enemies wherever they are." This address was delivered with great warmth. The Emperor looked down on M. de Haugwitz from the elevated position on which he had been placed by victory: he looked down too on baffled spite and detected duplicity. It was this malice at once smothered and laid bare which afterwards burst forth into that prodigious flame of patriotism and loyalty, of which we have heard so much, and of which (for what will not folly and madness do in the affairs of men?) we have seen the effects. Because Prussia was foiled in her design to crush and betray France then, it was to give her the right along with the inclination to do so afterwards. The debt of enmity, not paid, accumulates both principal and interest. Buonaparte had Prussia at this time at his mercy, and spared her. Of course, this was not a thing to be soon forgotten or forgiven.

Circumstanced as Buonaparte then was, with the Austrians held in check and the Russians gone, he might in a few marches have turned the whole Prussian monarchy. In this situation, M. Haugwitz, though contrary to his instructions, thought it best to patch up a treaty with France, by which Hanover was ceded to Prussia in lieu of the Margravates, and he was in hopes that this bait would sweeten the bitter alternative to his master. But

while he was signing the treaty with France at Vienna, M. Hardenberg, ignorant of the events at Austerlitz, had signed another at Berlin with the Ambassador of England. M. Haugwitz met the bearer of this intelligence half-way between Vienna and Berlin, to which latter place he was hastening to procure the ratification of the King to the convention with Napoleon. But that monarch loudly expressed his disapprobation of what had been done: nevertheless, unable to go to war and as ill brooking peace, not knowing how to fulfil or disentangle himself from so many opposite engagements, he hit upon a middle course between his interest and his honour, which was to keep Hanover as a pledge till the peace. Austria obtained such a peace as in her disastrous condition she might expect. She lost the old Venetian States, which were annexed to the kingdom of Italy. She also had to give up to Bavaria the Tyrol and the country of Saltzburg, with some possessions in Suabia, and lastly, the Brisgau to the Grand-Duke of Tuscany. By the same treaty, the Electors of Bavaria and Wurtemberg were made kings, and the Margrave of Baden Grand-Duke. Had Junot followed the Emperor Alexander to St. Petersburg, it is possible peace might have been concluded that year. England too might have been included in it, had it been possible for England to submit to peace!

Before his departure from Vienna, Napoleon learned the news of the joint entry of the Russians and English into Naples. He had an old quarrel with the Queen of Naples, who conceived herself privileged both as a queen and a woman to do whatever she pleased. The interference of this double and uncontrolled sway in the affairs of mankind is too much to be borne; nor is there any cure for it but the taking away the power to indulge in its caprices. "As for her," exclaimed Napoleon, on hearing of this new breach of faith, "I am not surprised at her conduct: but woe betide her if I enter Naples—never shall she set foot there again!" He sent officers from his staff to compose that of the army about to assemble on the Neapolitan frontiers; and ordered his brother Joseph (whom he had left at Paris to preside over the Council of Ministers in his absence) to go and take the command of that army. He also received some unpleasant intelligence of another description from Paris. There had been a considerable run upon the national bank; and the funds had fallen suddenly. This caused him some anxiety and increased his impatience to be at home. On investigating the matter, he found that the panic had arisen from sinister reports, with which some of those harbingers of mischief who had been suffered to return and infest their old haunts in the Fauxbourg St. Germain (and who wished their country ill

because they deserved ill of it) had chosen to fill up the pause that precedes the signal of defeat or victory; and also from an indiscreet (and as it might have proved, ruinous) appropriation of eighty millions of the public revenue to purposes of private speculation.* This temporary withdrawing of the public money, which was concerted by persons immediately employed by government and well affected to it, might, if Buonaparte had met with reverses in Moravia, have been fatal to him. Such is the rash and incontinent activity of the French character! It is singular enough that the Austrians were obliged to pay the first instalments of the contributions levied upon them out of the subsidies sent over from England, and that the French commissioner, M. Bourienne, went to Hamburgh to receive them.

A circumstance occurred at this period, which places the character of the Emperor in a true and amiable light. During his residence at Vienna, between the battle of Austerlitz and the signature of the peace, he had occasion to remark a young female who pleased him. As chance would have it, she had herself taken a particular fancy to the Emperor, and she accepted a proposal made to her to go one evening to the palace of Schönbrunn.

* This alludes to a transaction between the members of the French Victualling-office and the Prince of Peace to supply the Spanish navy with provisions at a certain profit.

She spoke only German and Italian; but as the Emperor himself spoke the latter language, they easily became acquainted. He was surprised to learn from this young woman, that she was the daughter of respectable parents, and that in coming to see him she had been swayed by an admiration which had excited in her heart a sentiment she had never yet felt for any other person. This, though a rare circumstance, was ascertained to be a fact: the Emperor respected the innocence of the young lady, sent her home, had arrangements made for her settlement in life, and gave her a portion. Another interview was talked of with a celebrated German countess, the favourite of an English nobleman, which, it is said, had it taken place, might have ended more tragically. Buonaparte was put on his guard, and the assignation was dropped. A few days before his leaving Vienna, the Archduke Charles, for whom the Emperor had a great esteem, solicited an interview with him. They met at a hunting-seat, called La Venerie, near Schönbrunn, and conversed together for a long time in an apartment by themselves.

The Emperor on leaving Vienna passed through Scharding and Passau, where he met General Lauriston, whom he sent as governor to Venice. He arrived at Munich a few days before new-year's day, 1806. The Empress was there, having come to witness the marriage of her son, the

Viceroy of Italy, with the Princess Augusta of Bavaria. It was celebrated with great pomp, and the festivities lasted for a week. A match had been talked of between the Princess Augusta and the Prince of Baden; but this was broken off, and the Prince gave his hand soon after to Mademoiselle Stephanie Beauharnois, a niece of Josephine. The Viceroy returned to Milan; and Buonaparte to Paris, where he arrived towards the end of January. Shortly after the Emperor's return, accounts were received of the occupation of Naples by the French troops. The remainder of the winter was spent in *fêtes* and amusements. Murat was invested with the sovereignty of the grand-duchy of Berg, which Bavaria had ceded to France. M. Talleyrand received the principality of Benevento, and Marshal Bernadotte (contrary to the expectation of many people) that of Ponte-Corvo, both in the kingdom of Naples. The Prince of Baden came to Paris to conclude his marriage, which was celebrated in the chapel of the palace. On this occasion magnificent entertainments were given at the Thuilleries. The ladies of the court, most of whom were distinguished for grace and spirit, danced in character at the balls; and these *fêtes*, independently of the immediate interest attached to them, presented all the elegance and splendour of enchanted pageants. 'Tis gone like a fairy revel; nor in the round of ever-rolling

years will the like be seen again to humble and to exalt all that there is of pride in the heart of man. Yet why complain of the void that is left? If such things happened every day, there would be nothing in them: it is enough that they survive in poetry and history. If a Buonaparte or a Charlemagne appears once in a thousand years, it gives the world something to think of in the interim! During the same winter, he determined to place the crown of Naples on the head of his brother Joseph; and twelve senators were deputed to invest him with the sovereignty. The Emperor also resolved to change the government of Holland, by substituting the monarchical for the elective form (not a change for the better); and the choice of the leading men of the country, who were at this time favourable to France, fell on Prince Louis, the Emperor's brother, who accepted with some reluctance the crown that was offered him. Thus the battle of Austerlitz had the effect of creating three new kings and matching plebeian with princely blood. Such was the commencement of that system by which Buonaparte "made kings his sentinels and thrones his Martello towers;" led youth and beauty as a sacrifice or a lure to the shrine of his ambition or policy, and stood on the ground of the Revolution to clasp the hand of its old and natural enemies in close and hollow fellowship. If all this was but a

masque, it was a gorgeous one: those who were the most nearly concerned and the best judges, felt it to be something more, and resolved to make another effort to dispel "the horrible shadow!"

Several medals and other trophies were executed to commemorate the battle of Austerlitz. Soon after his return to St. Cloud, M. Denon, who had the chief superintendance of works of art, came to the Emperor while at breakfast, bringing with him a series of medals on this subject. It commenced with the departure of the army from the camp at Boulogne to proceed towards the Rhine. The first represented on one side a head of Napoleon, and on the other a French eagle holding fast an English leopard. "What does this mean?" said Napoleon. "Sire," said M. Denon, "it is a French eagle strangling in its talons the leopard, one of the emblems of the coat-of-arms of England." The attendants were astonished to see Napoleon throw this gold medal with the utmost violence to the other end of the room, thus addressing M. Denon: "Vile flatterer! how dare you tell me that the French eagle strangles the English leopard, when I cannot send out to sea the smallest fishing-boat that the English do not seize upon? It is indeed the leopard that strangles the French eagle. Let this medal be instantly destroyed, and never present any of the same kind to me again." Looking over the rest

of these medals, and taking up the one relating to the battle itself, he found fault with the design, and desired M. Denon to have it re-cast. "Put only on one side, *Battle of Austerlitz*, with the date, and on the opposite side the eagles of France, Austria, and Russia; trust me, posterity will be at no loss to distinguish the victor." This simple idea of Napoleon's was nevertheless not completely carried into effect; instead of the eagles, were introduced the heads of the three Emperors. It is easy to perceive from this account that the greater part of those pompous inscriptions, of those extravagant compliments, set forth with so much *éclat* and displayed on so many public monuments, were not to the taste of Napoleon, much less of his suggesting. Few men in his place would have manifested the same moderation and simplicity. It was the same sentiment of delicacy which made him refuse Marshal Kellermann, who had been deputed by a large body of his fellow citizens, permission to erect at their proper cost a monument expressly in honour of him. This trophy Napoleon could only hope to merit by the course of his whole life. Such was his reply; and if his statue was afterwards fixed at the top of the pillar in the *Place Vendôme*, it was originally intended that the column should be solely in honour of the French armies, and the statue was to have been one of Peace. The architect Poyet had also proposed

to raise a triumphal pillar in honour of the Emperor, but could not obtain his consent. If the brazen column built of the cannon won by victory excited admiration, the sixty-five fountains which in the same year first poured their waters through the capital, inspired the public gratitude, and proved beyond dispute that the Chief of the State was much more occupied in setting on foot works of public utility than those of a vain glory. In the course of his administration, all that was really great and useful came from himself; while what appertained to luxury and outward show, was the indirect result of the powerful impulse that had been given to the Fine Arts, and of the passionate admiration due to one who had achieved so many victories and so many titles to renown.*

In the spring of 1806, Russia had made no declaration of her intentions; Austria had but ill executed the conditions of the treaty; Prussia

* The cannon taken at Austerlitz were not all made use of to erect the column in the *Place Vendôme*. M. Gaudin, Minister of Finance, came one day to Napoleon to demand a score of these cannon for his own use. "What then!" exclaimed the Emperor, "is our Minister of Finance going to make war upon us?"—"No," replied the Duke de Gaëta, "not upon you, but on some villainous old machines that kill the workmen in the mint; and if your Majesty will give me twenty of these cannon to reconstruct the beams of the engines, I will have the name of Austerlitz engraved upon them." This appeal prevailed; M. Gaudin had the cannon placed at his disposal; and these engines are still used to stamp the heads on the coin of the present kings of France!

was restless and uneasy, and England was at her old work. The Emperor, uncertain of the future, sought to strengthen his interests in the East, and sent General Sebastiani, who was just recovered of a severe wound received at the battle of Austerlitz, as his ambassador to Constantinople. In the beginning of that year, however, Mr. Pitt died, and Mr. Fox succeeded him, which gave a short deceitful gleam of hope to the world. While Mr. Pitt lived, war was certain; his death offered a bare chance of peace. He had long been the mouth-piece of the war-party, and the darling of that part of the aristocracy who wished to subdue the popular spirit of English freedom, to get the whole power of the country into the hands of a few borough-mongers, and of course to crush and stifle the example and the rising flame of liberty everywhere else. The perverse schemes of this party, the rooted instinct of power in the hearts of kings, Mr. Pitt clothed with a drapery of words, an everlasting tissue of rhetorical commonplaces, not to express, but to disguise them, and to make it impossible ever to disentangle them from the dark recesses of pride and passion in which they lurked. Without a heart or natural affections, without a head to conceive of good or a hand to execute even the bad he meditated, this parliamentary automaton was a sort of lay-figure to hang a waving tapestry of gaudy phrases

upon, so as to screen the designs of Ministers and baffle Opposition. Engaged in a quarrel that was never to have an end, and for an object that must be kept in the back-ground, it was necessary to have a set of plausible excuses always ready, that applied to every thing because they really meant nothing, and to find out an orator to ring the changes on them in measured and lofty periods, to whom no fact, feeling, or image in his own breast ever suggested the reality of any thing but words, and to whom the shriek of death or the cries of despair were lost in the sound of his own voice. If we were at war, it was for "the existence of social order," a term that included between its extrémes the highest liberty or the worst despotism: if we did not make peace, it was because "existing circumstances" would not permit us—no matter whether those circumstances were prosperous or adverse, whether it was we who would not make peace with the enemy or the enemy who would not make peace with us. It was impossible to drive the Minister out of his routine of verbiage or to force an explanation from him that admitted of being either verified or disproved; and with these and a few more phrases of the same stamp he served the ends of his employers, deluded Parliament, and brought the country to the brink of ruin. He died when the power, which he had pledged himself to destroy

or to be destroyed by it, had nearly attained its utmost height; and the best thing that can be said for him is that the defeat of all his plans and predictions, either from pride or shame, probably caused his death.

Mr. Fox would no doubt have tried to save both countries from the alternative to which Mr. Pitt's policy wished to force them, but with what success or degree of firmness is not so certain. He had always been Mr. Pitt's ablest and most strenuous antagonist in that ruthless career of ambition and servility to which his rival lent himself; and the debates between them on the question of peace or war, (particularly in 1797 and 1798, before Mr. Pitt went out of office) were some of the most equally sustained, the most animated and characteristic in the records of our parliamentary eloquence. The great leader of Opposition was a man of impulse and feeling, generous and sociable to a fault, sanguine in the cause of liberty and truth, and a man of a plain, straightforward, but strong and well-stored understanding. He had not been the dupe of Mr. Burke's romantic and fanciful view of the French Revolution, with his high-coloured descriptions of the Queen of France and the rest of his apparatus for theatrical effect; for Mr. Fox, with that justness of thought which is the result of goodness of heart, saw or felt that the whole drift of Mr. Burke's theory went

to make politics a question or department of the imagination, and that this could never be true, because politics treat of the public weal and the most general and wide-extended consequences, whereas the imagination can only be appealed to by individual objects and personal interests, and must give a false verdict in all other cases. It would never do, he saw, to make choice of half a dozen *dramatis personæ*, to adorn them with tropes and figures, and sacrifice to this paltry foreground and meretricious embellishing the welfare of millions, who because they were millions could never be brought forward by the imaginative faculty and could only be weighed in the balance of abstract truth and reason. Neither did he suffer himself to be entangled in the mazes of Mr. Pitt's verbal sophistry. He shook off with honest indignation the trammels of words which were attempted to be thrown over him like an enchanter's web; cleared away the obvious facts from the cloud of technical distinctions rolled over them, strove hard (Antæus-like) to keep the question on the ground of common sense and feeling, which the other wished to resolve into airy generalities and lofty assumptions; and in reality, Mr. Fox succeeded as far as it was possible with so disingenuous and artful an opponent, and with the prejudices of his hearers against him. Even those on the ministerial side confessed that Mr. Fox often

convinced them while he spoke, by his forcible and manly appeals, till Mr. Pitt rose and clouded over their apprehensions again with a flimsy arrangement of stately but undefined topics.

Mr. Fox on his accession to office on the death of his predecessor, had a difficult task to perform—neither to forfeit his popularity nor to offend power. He had hardly nerve for both. His virtue was more owing to constitution than principle; and though an honest man, he was not incorruptible. He had a great deal of good-nature in his composition, and good-natured men are seldom qualified to be martyrs. He was a patriot, but liable to be led away by the weaknesses of party or friendship; he was a friend to truth and freedom, but his very impatience of the least wrong might make him a dangerous auxiliary to those who wished to bring about the greatest. There is no medium in such cases, except for the lookers-on; and if he did not take a decided part against the Government, he must go all lengths with it. His life was deficient in three great points, the beginning, the middle, and the end. He had set out a Tory and went over to Opposition from some juvenile pique against Lord North: he then coalesced with Lord Shelburne, and lastly with Lord Grenville, whose well-known principles and influence could hardly leave him master of his own opinions. Several

circumstances concur to indicate that he came into office with a determination to remain in it, such as his tone of reprimand to those who complained of some abuses of ministerial influence (which he had been doing nearly all his life) and the quackery of such professions as that "if he were an artist and could paint, there were no colours he could use black enough to depict the baseness of Buonaparte's conduct to Prussia"—as if Prussia had been the most innocent creature breathing. He however (to his eternal honour be it spoken) redeemed while in office one of the great pledges of humanity, by abolishing the Slave-trade. While he held the reins, hopes also continued to be entertained of peace, and Buonaparte, with Talleyrand to assist him, strained every nerve to urge it forward, first by an overture through Lord Yarmouth and then in the conferences with Lord Lauderdale, who was commissioned to go over to Paris—but at his death things reverted into their old and natural course (as it seemed, unless when some severe constraint was put upon the inclinations of the King and his Ministers) and a new Coalition was in the field before the end of the year, which had witnessed the dissolution of the last. This time it was Prussia and Russia that were leagued against France, and England as usual that was to pay the cost.

During the late conferences, Buonaparte had

endeavoured to bribe the English Government to peace by offering to restore Hanover. This was resented as a deep indignity by Prussia, though she professedly held Hanover only as a pledge *ad interim;* and by her double-dealing with both parties, gave each a right to make her the scape-goat. When the conferences were broken off, however, this project fell to the ground; but Prussia, though she kept Hanover, also kept her ill-humour. This did not prevent a cordial union and a thorough good understanding shortly after between England and Prussia; for there are stronger ties between princes than mere interest or territory—mutual hatred of the unauthorised intruders on their power. Prussia indeed stood in an awkward situation, and was bound to do something to recover her character. She had neither the pride of success nor the dignity of misfortune. Her hand had been arrested, as she had prepared to strike an insidious blow: she had followed the war hitherto only as a sutler to pick up what she could get; and from the mercenary, she had to pass suddenly to the chivalrous and heroic part. Perhaps some disjointed recollections of manifestos and marches in the year 1792 haunted her dreams; nor was that old wound well healed. There was a great deal of ill-blood from a sense of provocation given, but without any blow struck: the ferment became extreme

throughout the country, and assumed a very melodramatic appearance indeed. It was reported from Paris that France held Prussia cheap, and this gave birth to the most tragic scenes of loyalty and patriotism. The example of Frederic the Great was held up to the imitation of the King, and he was reminded of the battle of Rosbach. The Queen and Prince Louis of Prussia did all they could to fan the flame. Letters were circulated filled with invectives against the French. It was said that the Prussian cavalry had sharpened their sabres on the threshold of the French Ambassador. Some young men at Berlin had indeed thrown stones at his windows; and there was no insult or offensive allusion of which he had not been made the object.

In the mean time, the war-party at Paris were not idle in fomenting the quarrel. They were exceedingly pleased at the rupture of the negociations with England. Murat, whose new honours had turned his head, was the leader of this party, and let slip no opportunity of instigating Buonaparte to war, and of giving him an unfavourable opinion of Talleyrand and all those who inclined to peace. This Minister (whose sagacity was not far behind his want of principle) contended that the Emperor's power could only be consolidated by peace, and that "all his victories could only be designated by an algebraic series, of which the first term was *a*

and the last *y* or zero." The Grand-Duke of Berg, on the contrary, was for carrying things with a high hand, and thought he had nothing to do but to march from battle to battle, from possession to possession, like the leader of a band of Condottieri, consulting only his arrogance and his personal prowess, his plume of feathers and his sword being the only ideas in his head. Having been just created Grand-Duke of Berg, he intimated his design of taking possession of the three abbeys of Etten, Essen, and Werden, in the county of Marck. The Prussians resisted; high words passed, and a few musquet-shots were exchanged. The Princess Caroline also, not satisfied with her husband's good fortune or her brother's renown, wished with the petulance belonging to her sex and youth, to make conquests of her own, and to fire the ambition of all those who had to endure her caprices. There soon appeared on the scene therefore a troop of young admiring courtiers, eager to march to new fields of glory, and to humble still more the insolent pretensions of the clownish Prussians before the accomplished cavaliers of the saloons of Paris. Thus the desire of place and distinction, the moment it is attained, uses its power only for its own private gratification, and plays the game of vanity or interest with equal temerity and forgetfulness. There is something too in the tone of French assumption

and defiance peculiarly offensive to other nations. We can bear pride in a superior, for there is something serious and dignified in it; but self-conceit (to those in misfortune) jars through every fibre of the frame. French impertinence has perhaps done more than the horrors of the Revolution or Buonaparte's strides to power to rivet the chains of Europe. It was that air of making light of their enemies, which whetted so many daggers against them, more than any other given cause, and which till they get rid of it (which they will do when they get rid of the air they breathe) will never allow them to be respected in adversity nor safe in the lap of conquest. Buonaparte was as little swayed as possible by these petty cabals and idle boastings or by any thing but the necessity of the case or his own views of policy; but they had a tendency to inflame the irritation between the two countries and to precipitate the war. The ultimatum of the cabinet of Berlin was a challenge rather than an expostulation; and Berthier wrote from Munich to express his apprehensions that the Prussians would commence hostilities, without any previous declaration, as had been done in 1805.

The Emperor quitted Paris on the 21st of September 1806; to which he had returned on the 26th of the preceding January. The Empress accompanied him as far as Mentz. The Imperial Guard which had returned to Paris after the battle

of Austerlitz (and where Buonaparte in his simplicity had promised they should stay in future) once more began its march. Orders were sent to Strasburg for embarking on the Rhine all the troops from that fortress and the neighbourhood, and to Holland to direct that the Dutch army should without delay enter Munster and advance towards the Weser. After receiving the visits of several German princes, the Emperor continued his journey through Aschaffenburg to Wurtzburg, where he arrived in the evening of the same day on which he left Mentz. He stopped at the palace of the Grand-Duke, and here he awaited news of the enemy. The different corps of the French army were assembled at their respective positions, and approached the frontiers of Saxony. This was the first error of the Prussians, who having the start in point of time ought to have attacked the scattered corps of the French before they had time to effect a concentration of their force; or at least have come to dispute the more difficult passages of the Oder and the Elbe with them; instead of which (as men not knowing what to do) they remained motionless at their positions at Erfurt and Weimar, suffering the invading army to debouch by Saalfield, where Marshal Lannes defeated the corps of Prince Louis of Prussia, who was killed in the action. The Emperor himself marched by the valley of the Maine, having

with him the corps of Bernadotte and Ney, and being flanked on his right by Soult and Davoust. Having passed the Saale at Saalburg, he learned the day after that the enemy had abandoned his position at Erfurt and was coming to the Saale to meet him. He also learned from a Saxon convoy that part of the Prussians were gone to Naumburg and from the letters captured at the post-office at Gera that another part was still at Weimar. The Emperor then formed his resolution, which was to march on Jena with the corps of Lannes, Ney, and Soult; the rest of the army he ordered to continue its march on Naumburg and to attack the enemy if they were found at Weimar. By this movement the Emperor turned the Prussian army, having arrived by a road which they should have taken to meet him, while they were advancing to force the passage of the Saale by a road into which they should have driven the French, had they manœuvred with more skill. On the 13th of October, a little before sunset, the Emperor arrived at Jena, with Marshall Lannes and the foot-guards. He was near Marshals Soult and Ney, whom he ordered to join him. Bernadotte, Davoust, and the Grand-Duke of Berg had on their part also arrived at Naumburg.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

BATTLE OF JENA AND ENTRANCE INTO BERLIN.

The Emperor had sent forward from Gera one of his orderly officers, M. Eugene Montesquieu, as the bearer of a letter to the king of Prussia, which he gave into the hands of the first Prussian troops whom he encountered about a league above Jena. On entering Jena, the French had certain news of the Prussian army. It had left Weimar in two great corps; the largest, under the immediate command of the King and of the Duke of Brunswick, had taken the road from Weimar to Naumburg; the other under the orders of the Prince of Hohenloe, had directed its march on Jena. In fact, the advanced-guard of the French had no sooner reached the summit of the hill which looks back upon Jena, than they discovered the enemy's line almost in front of them. The Emperor alighted from his horse and went to reconnoitre. The sun had not quite set; and he advanced till some musket-shots were fired at him. He returned to hasten the march of the columns to their positions, which he recommended to the generals not to take up till it was dark. He slept in the bivouac amidst the

troops, having made all the generals sup with him. Before he lay down to sleep, he descended the hill towards Jena on foot to see that nothing was left behind, when to his surprise he found the whole of Marshal Lannes's artillery which was to begin the fight next day, sticking fast in a ravine which in the obscurity of the night had been mistaken for a road. He was exceedingly vexed; but instead of wasting time in reproaches, he set to work himself to do the duty of an artillery-officer. He collected the men, made them take their park-tools, and light the lanterns, one of which he held himself for the convenience of those whose labours he directed. In this manner the ravine was sufficiently widened, and the extremities of the axle-trees cleared of the rocks. The Emperor did not leave the spot till the first waggon had passed through, which was late at night. He did not return to his bivouac till he had issued fresh orders. There was a hoar frost upon the ground, accompanied with fog, which prevented the dense masses of the French troops, crowded together on the top of the hill, from being distinguished by the enemy, or they might have annoyed them with their fire.

The French were under arms by day-break; but the fog was still so thick, that advancing towards the enemy on an open ground in front, they missed their way, and came upon a wood where the Prussian left was posted. At nine, the fog cleared up,

the sun shone out, the two armies found themselves close together, and the cannonade commenced in the centre, with the greatest sharpness on the Prussian side. Ney, who was on the right of Marshal Lannes, attacked the extreme left of the Prussians, repeatedly taking and being driven from a village where it was lodged; and would have lost a great number of his men, had not a division of Soult's coming up at the time (though fatigued after a long march) joined in the action, turned the Prussian left, and compelled them to evacuate the village. The Emperor blamed Ney, though gently, for persisting in his attack, instead of waiting for the expected reinforcement. While this movement was operating on their left, Marshal Lannes made a vigorous attack on the Prussian centre. The boldness of his advance made them shift their whole position. The action then recommenced, and a new incident decided the fortune of the day. The Emperor had left Marshal Augereau at Mentz to collect the regiments which had been sent back from Austerlitz to France, and to follow with what haste he could. He made such good speed that he arrived at Jena while the battle was going on. He did not pause a moment, but advanced through a fir-wood in such a manner as to appear in the rear of the Prussian right, at the instant that Lannes was attacking it in front, commencing a discharge of musquetry before the Prussians had time to re-

connoitre. Buonaparte's columns seemed to meet together at the scene of action as we sometimes see the clouds assembling from the different points of heaven before a thunder storm. This attack being as determined as it was unexpected made the enemy's line waver. The Emperor had but few cavalry with him, the main body being on the road to Naumburg; but as soon as the oscillation was observed in the Prussian ranks, they were sent forward and ordered to charge with desperation. This movement succeeded in preventing the Prussian army from rallying; and the head of Murat's cavalry just then coming up completed the disorder, and united with the rest in pursuing the routed enemy on the road to Weimar, along which they were escaping.

The Emperor from the spot where he stood, saw the flight of the Prussians, and the French cavalry taking them by thousands. Night was approaching; and here, as at Austerlitz, he rode round the field of battle. He often alighted from his horse to give a little brandy to the wounded; or placed his hand on the breast of a soldier to feel if his heart beat or there was any chance of life. His joy on such occasions was only checked by the recollection of those he could not succour. If he found a greater number of dead in one part of the field than another, he looked at the buttons to ascertain the number of the regiment; and afterwards at the

first review he would question the men as to the manner in which they had been attacked, and how the loss had happened. He returned to pass the night at Jena, where he received the professors of the University and rewarded the vicar of that place for the attention he had shewn to the sick and wounded.

On the same day (the 14th of October) on which Napoleon overthrew the Prince of Hohenloe in front of Jena, Davoust and Bernadotte, in pursuance of their instructions, marched from Naumburg by the Weimar road, on which the Prussian army under the command of the King was advancing. Davoust was in a great measure ignorant of the position of the enemy, but he had no sooner reached the summit of the hill, which it is necessary to ascend after passing the stone-bridge over the Saale, about a league from Naumburg, than he descried the Prussian army below. He immediately dispatched a messenger to Bernadotte who was close behind him, and requested he would support him. Bernadotte insisted on taking the lead; and this not being acceded to by the other, contrived not to act at all, pretending to be in search of a passage somewhere higher up the river. Marshal Davoust attacked with an inferiority in numbers of one to four. Scarcely was his line formed when he was assailed by a cannonade and discharge of musquetry, which were the more fu-

riously maintained, as the enemy thought they were sure of destroying him: had it not been for his great courage and firmness under fire, his troops must have been completely disheartened. By three o'clock in the afternoon he had lost one-third of his force. He could only retain his me in the field by shewing himself everywhere. In vain his aide-de-camps hurried to and fro to Bernadotte to urge him to move: he spent the whole day in seeking a passage where none was to be found, and would thus have allowed Davoust to be crushed. He also contrived to keep back the cavalry, over which he had no right of controul. Davoust was indebted to his great valour and to the confidence placed in him by his troops, for the glory he won on this day, which was to him the most honourable that could be. Notwithstanding the loss which he sustained, he took from the enemy seventy pieces of cannon, and compelled him to a retreat. Had he been supported by a body of cavalry, he might have taken a great number of prisoners; but that he had been able to keep the field under such disadvantages, obtained him the admiration of the whole army. The loss of the Prussians was considerable. The Duke of Brunswick who was wounded, hastily retired to Altona, where he soon after died. The King, on learning what had befallen the Duke, made a movement to regain the Oder; nor could Davoust from the want

of cavalry, obstruct the monarch's retreat. Adjutant-General Romœuf, who brought the report of the affair to the Emperor at Jena, said nothing of the absence of the cavalry nor of Bernadotte's refusal to participate in the action. When he had done, Buonaparte asked him what those troops had been doing during the conflict. Receiving no explanation, he bit his lips, and was at no loss to understand that something was amiss. Yet after this he made this man a sovereign. It would seem that as the world goes, magnanimity contains the seeds of its destruction in its own bosom!

Prisoners poured into Jena the whole of the night; and among them was almost the whole of the Saxon infantry with several generals. The Emperor had the officers assembled in a hall of the University, and thus addressed them by his interpreter: "Saxons! I am not your enemy, nor the enemy of your Elector. I know that he has been obliged to aid the designs of Prussia. You have fought; and ill fortune has deprived you of your liberty. If you have sincerely espoused the interests of Prussia, you must share her fate; but if you can assure me that your sovereign has been constrained to take up arms against me, and that he will seize this opportunity of resuming his natural policy, I will overlook the past, and will henceforth live on friendly terms with him." M. Pfuhl, a Saxon officer, undertook to go to Dresden

with this proposal, and to bring an answer in two days; and on receiving an assurance that it would be favourable, Buonaparte gave the Saxon prisoners their liberty, who immediately set out home by way of Leipsic. The Emperor then departed in an open carriage for Weimar; and at the top of the mountain, called the Snail, met a Prussian officer bearing a letter from the King with a proposal for an armistice. This offer was not complied with, because its only object was to remove the war from his own dominions into those of the allies of the French. Either from the date of the King's letter, or by some other means, the French general learned the situation of the Prussian army, and directly ordered Bernadotte to force the passage of the Essen defended by the Prince of Wurtemberg, and made Lannes march upon Erfurt where the Prince of Orange commanded, which shortly after capitulated with a garrison of eighteen thousand men. This town was also of importance, as it was a thoroughfare from the army to Mentz. While at Weimar, the Emperor had an interview with the Prussian general, Schmettau, an old aide-de-camp of Frederic II. who had been wounded in the late battle, and died in consequence soon after.

At Naumburg Buonaparte learned from Davoust (with whom he expressed his high satisfaction) the whole extent of Bernadotte's misconduct just be-

fore. He said, "If I were to bring him to a court-martial, it would be equivalent to ordering him to be shot. The best way is to overlook it. I do not think him so devoid of honour as not to feel the shamefulness of his behaviour, respecting which I shall not fail to let him know my mind." Buonaparte could hardly have been a physiognomist to trust Bernadotte twice; for he must have seen him with stealthy eyes looking over his high-arched nose, watching his own opportunities, and equally indifferent to principle or sentiment! On the road between Naumburg and Halle, the Emperor passed over the field of Rosbach. He knew the ground so well that on approaching Rosbach, he said to one of his aide-de-camps, pointing with his hand, "Gallop on in that direction, and half a league off you will see the column which the Prussians erected in commemoration of their victory over us." When the whole of Europe was spread out in this manner before Napoleon as in a map, it is not surprising he thought he could lay his hands on it so easily. The column was where he had pointed it out, but no higher than a common-sized door-post; and the next thing was to order up some of Suchet's sappers to have it conveyed on carriages to Paris. The whole army was now approaching the Elbe. The bridge at Dessau had been burnt by the Prince of Wurtemberg, whom Bernadotte was pursuing. The Emperor thought it possible to repair it; but

finding it would be a work of time, preferred crossing at Wittenberg, by which a day was lost.

Half-way between Dessau and Wittenberg, Duroc who had been sent on a secret mission to the King of Prussia, came to meet the Emperor. The latter remained at Wittenberg two days, while the French effected the passage of the Elbe; which they did before the Prussians. Ney was charged with the blockade of Magdeburg. Napoleon with the rest of the army advanced towards Berlin by the Potsdam road, in order to dispute the passage of the Spree with the enemy, who were one or two marches behind. It was about one in the afternoon when the army left Wittenberg; and in passing through the suburbs, a storm of hail came on. The Emperor alighted to obtain shelter, and entered a house belonging to the keeper of the forests. He thought he was not known; and regarded merely as ordinary civility the respectful manner in which he was received by two young women in the apartment where he was. They appeared much surprised and embarrassed, and one of them exclaimed aside, "Heavens! it is the Emperor." On inquiry, it turned out that she was the widow of an officer who had been killed in Egypt, and that she recollected Buonaparte perfectly well, as he was not much altered, as well as General Savary and General Berthier, who were with him. She had been left with one son; and in answer to a question put to

her on the subject, she ran upstairs and brought down her marriage-contract. The Emperor was much pleased, and exclaimed, "*Par Dieu!* this is a curious meeting." He then ordered Berthier to take down the names both of the mother and the son. The storm being now over and the Emperor about to depart, he said, "Well, Madam, as a memorial of this day, I grant you an annual pension of 1200 francs, with the reversion to your son." He then mounted his horse and set off; and in the evening signed the order for the widow's pension.

Napoleon passed the night within a short march of Potsdam. He here learned that the Prussians had re-crossed the Elbe and were making every exertion to regain the Oder towards Stettin. He ordered Soult and Bernadotte to give them no rest. Ney remained on the left bank of the Elbe to watch Magdeburg, and to see that the enemy, pressed hard by Soult and Bernadotte, did not turn short that way. Spandau surrended to Marshal Lannes at the first summons; so that his corps, being left disposable, was sent forward to the other side of the Spree. The Emperor arrived at Potsdam in broad day, and went immediately to visit the two palaces of Sans-Souci. He admired the beauty of the larger palace and made some remarks on the site chosen for it, which is so bleak and ungenial that the growth of every thing is stunted. The little palace of Sans-Souci greatly interested him

He examined the apartment of Frederic the Great, which is kept with religious care. None of the furniture had been displaced; and certainly splendour constituted no part of its value. The writing-table resembled those which may yet be seen in the offices of the old French notaries: the inkstand and pens were still upon it. Buonaparte opened several of the books which Frederic was fond of reading, and which contained marginal notes in the king's own hand, apparently written in no very good humour. He ordered the door to be opened by which Frederic used to go down to the terrace in the garden; and also that which he passed through, when he went to review his troops on the great sandy plain near the palace. Every thing about this monarch appears to have been dry and arid. He returned to Potsdam for the night, where he forbade any one to occupy the private apartments belonging to the Queen. At Charlottenburg they found in a drawer in one of her dressing-rooms a memorial drawn up by Dumouriez for subduing the power of France. Certainly, there is no containing the mercurial vivacity of the French character within given bounds, except by mixing it up with the *caput mortuum* of legitimacy!

On the 21st of October, a month after his departure from Paris, Buonaparte entered Berlin. He was on horseback, accompanied by the guard and the whole of Davoust's corps, whom he chose

to be the first to enter the Prussian capital. The weather was fine. Almost all the inhabitants of the city seemed to be out of doors; and the windows were filled with ladies, who, though they evinced considerable curiosity on the occasion, yet expressed the profoundest grief in their countenances, and many were bathed in tears. Pride, passion, patriotism, loyalty, all are human, and have tears for their dearest loss: truth and freedom alone see theirs with dry eyes! The Emperor alighted at the King's palace, where he took up his abode. The troops were stationed on the Custrin and Stettin roads, with the exception of the guard which was quartered in Berlin. Buonaparte was up at four in the morning, sending out scouts and parties of skirmishers in every direction. One of these parties captured a flag of truce, from whom it was discovered that he had left Prince Hohenloe at New-Rupin preparing to depart for Prentzlau, on which the Emperor directed the dragoons and the corps of Lannes to proceed thither by forced marches up the Havel. They reached the bridge at Prentzlau a few hours before the head of the Prussian column appeared on the opposite bank of the river. Both sides being very much fatigued, a parley ensued. The Prussian troop which was most in advance was a regiment belonging to the King's-guard, which supposing all lost, was very glad to return to Berlin. An arrangement was

proposed and concluded on the spot. Prince Hohenloe surrendered with all the troops that were with him, transferring to General Blucher the command of those which were too distant to be included in the capitulation. The others were sent back to Berlin. Prince Charles of Mecklenburg, a younger brother of the Queen, having been taken prisoner at Strelitz, was dismissed on his parole. Blucher had rallied the wrecks of the Prince of Hohenloe's corps, and added them to what remained of the army that fought against Davoust. The King had withdrawn from this army, as soon as the armistice had been refused. He took Magdeburg in his way to Berlin, and thence directed his course to the Oder and afterwards to Graudentz, where he ordered the bridge of boats over the Vistula to be removed. He here learnt the surrender of his army at Lubeck. Blucher had manœuvred so as to draw Soult and Bernadotte from Berlin; and afterwards succeeded in giving them the slip from the field of Wharen. He escaped from them so completely that they did not reach till evening the positions he had quitted in the morning. He passed through Schwerin and gained Lubeck. He would have defended the bridge of that place, but was overpowered. Driven to the last extremity and destitute of ammunition, he at last capitulated and surrendered his troops prisoners of war.

On the arrival of the French at Berlin, posses-

sion was immediately taken of the post-office. The examination of the intercepted correspondence was so skilfully managed that at first no suspicion was entertained of the circumstance. In this way, a letter forwarded to the care of the postmaster and addressed to the King, was stopped. This letter was written and signed by the Prince of Hatzfield, who had remained at Berlin. It contained a detailed account of every thing which had occurred in the capital since the King's departure, with a minute description of the French force, corps by corps. As the letter was written by a prince, it was laid before the Emperor, who appointed a court-martial to be held to try the writer on a charge of giving secret information to the Prussian government. On the order for the court-martial being issued, the Prince was arrested. The court-martial met; but as the Emperor had not returned the original letter, the only document on which the charge was founded, an application was made for it through the major-general in the usual way. It so happened that the Emperor had gone to some distance from Berlin to review one of Davoust's divisions. It was another fortunate circumstance that on his return he stopped to pay a visit to the old Prince Ferdinand, brother to Frederic II., so that it was late before he got home. These lucky incidents afforded the Princess of Hatzfield time to see Marshal Duroc, whom she had known during his

former visits to Berlin. The Marshal knew nothing of the business; and not being able to leave the palace, sent General Savary to learn the particulars. He hastened back to inform Marshal Duroc, that the life of the Prince was at stake, and that it was necessary to procure the Princess an immediate audience of the Emperor. He had just then returned, and meeting Duroc at the top of the stair-case with the Princess (who had never quitted the spot) holding by his arm, he said, "What, has something new occurred, Grand-Marshal?"—"Yes, Sire," said Duroc, and followed the Emperor into his cabinet. He soon came out, and introduced the Princess. She knew not why her husband had been arrested; and in the simplicity of her disposition demanded justice of the Emperor for the wrong which she supposed was done him. When she had finished, he handed her the letter written by her husband. Having run it over, she stood motionless, and looked as if she had lost all sensation, but uttered not a word. The Emperor said, "Well, Madam, is this a calumny? I leave you to judge." The Princess, more dead than alive, was going to answer with her tears, when Buonaparte took the letter from her and said, "Were it not for this letter, there would be no proof against your husband."—"That is very true," she replied, "but I cannot deny that it is his writing."—"Well," said

the Emperor, "there is nothing to be done but to burn it;" and threw the letter into the fire. The Princess of Hatzfield knew not what to do or say; but she spoke more feelingly by her silence than the most eloquent orator could have done. She retired quite happy, and soon saw her husband who was set at liberty. The Emperor, say those who knew him best, was on this day as happy as the Princess of Hatzfield. Such was the man, whose character venal writers laboured to cover with the slime and poison of their pens, in order to sink a cause which he upheld by the sword, and which in itself was unassailable.

Prince Paul of Wurtemberg had joined the Prussians without his father's consent; and was made a general and a prisoner almost at the same instant. Buonaparte took no other revenge of him than not to receive him, and to send him back to Stuttgard. Custrin and Stettin surrendered, as if they had fallen down before a name; and at the same time Magdeburg with a garrison of twenty-three thousand men, commanded by General Kleist, surrendered to Ney, whose force was not much larger. It was only in Silesia that a Prussian corps kept the field, where it was opposed by Prince Jerome, to whom Buonaparte having been lately reconciled with him had given the command of an army-corps of Bavarians, Wurtemburghers, and other Confederate troops. The diplomatic

body now flocked to Berlin, in the train of victory; but did little to bring about a peace. M. Talleyrand in particular by a note which he presented (in which he took a lively bird's-eye view of the whole political horizon) offended the King of Prussia by requiring him to do what was not in his power, namely, to compel England and Russia to make peace. As men often grow desperate in desperate circumstances, the more imperious the necessity became for coming to terms with Napoleon, the more he seemed to shrink from it; and when Duroc found him at Osterode on the other side of the Vistula, he rejected the idea of an armistice altogether, alleging that "it was now too late, and that he had thrown himself into the arms of the Emperor of Russia, who had offered him his support." Buonaparte gave up all further attempts at negociation, and forthwith put himself into a condition to seek peace wherever he could find the Russians. While at Berlin, the Emperor received a deputation from the French Senate, complimenting him on his astonishing success, but recommending him to put a period to his victories by a peace. This vexed him: and he returned for answer that before they recommended him to make peace, they might at least have inquired on which side the obstacles to it lay, or have sent the means along with the flattering hope of forcing the Prussians or the Russians, with whom the former had

now leagued, to conclude it with him. This was the first manifestation of that spirit of idle cavilling or of what Buonaparte afterwards denounced as the spirit of *ideology*, which began to take a surfeit of success in which it did not play a principal part, and which was looking at abstract principles when it should have been attending to circumstances, and at circumstances when it should have been guided by abstract principles. The Emperor had sent to Italy for the Polish general Dombrouski to join him at Potsdam. It was not till after the refusal of Prussia to sign the armistice, that he thought seriously of creating a diversion in his favour in Poland. Fresh troops arrived from France, with which Marshal Mortier marched against the Hanse-towns; and was master of the shores of the Baltic before the Emperor was ready to commence operations in Lithuania. The two remaining fortresses of Hameln and Nieuburg also fell into the hands of the French by a kind of giddiness or vertigo, by which strong-places at this time took it into their heads to surrender almost at discretion, and without striking a single blow. The commanders have been accused of treachery and collusion, without attending to the effect which a general panic and course of disaster has on the mind. A great authority has said, "Men's judgments are a parcel of their fortunes;" and the example of cities surrendering, armies beaten, and

kings flying from their capitals, might relax the sinews of war into a very ague-fit, even in a veteran soldier, without the imputation of bribery, indifference, or premeditated treachery. Cowardice is epidemic as well as courage; and the spark of patriotism is either kindled or extinguished by common consent. In Hameln were found fifteen stand of colours embroidered by the fairest hands that Prussia could boast, adorned with martial emblems, and presented to their lovers in the hope of a different fate. Have the women in France no embroidering frames? Neither lovers nor a country?

Buonaparte was on this occasion longer absent from Paris than on any other since his return from Egypt (being detained by the two campaigns, first with Prussia in 1806 and then with Russia in 1807)— and it may not be an improper place to describe his manner of life when with the army. It was simple and without show. Every individual, of whatever rank, had permission to approach and speak to him of his affairs. He listened, questioned, and gave an answer on the spot: if it was a refusal, there was a reason assigned for it, and it was done in a way to soften the pain of a denial. It was a spectacle to excite the highest admiration to see the common soldier quit the ranks, when his regiment was drawn out before the Emperor, and advancing with a grave, measured step, and presenting arms, come close up to him.

Napoleon never failed to take his petition, read it through, and granted its just demands. This noble privilege which he afforded to fidelity and courage gave each soldier a strong sense of his rights and of his duties, while it served as a curb to check the humours of the superior officers who might be tempted to abuse their trust. The simplicity of the manners and character of the Emperor was chiefly remarkable on those marching-days when the cannon were for a short time silent. Constantly on horseback in the midst of his generals and of his aide-de-camps, of the officers of his household, or of the youthful and valiant *elite* of the officers of artillery, his gaiety and good-humour had an influence on all around him. Often he gave directions to halt, and would seat himself under a tree by the road-side with the Prince of Neufchâtel. The provisions for the march were spread out before him; and every one, from the page to the highest officers, found by one means or other what was necessary for his refreshment. It was a sort of *fête* for the whole party. Napoleon by banishing from his private concerns any shadow of intrigue, and by judging always for himself, had inspired all those belonging to him with sentiments of affection, of union, and zeal in his service which rendered their intercourse extremely agreeable. Such was the frugality of Napoleon that he gave the preference

by choice to the simplest viands and to those which were least highly seasoned—as for example: eggs *au miroir*, beans dressed as a sallad. Either of these two dishes, with a small quantity of Parmesan cheese, was what his breakfast generally consisted of. At dinner he ate little, seldom tasting made-dishes, and always choosing the wholesomest. He used to repeat that "however small a quantity of food we took, we always took more than enough." By this means, his head was always clear, and his work easy to him, even after rising from table. Gifted by nature with a sound and excellent stomach, his nights were calm as those of an infant; and his constitution agreed so well with his situation, that a single hour of sleep repaired the exhaustion occasioned by four-and-twenty hours of fatigue. In the midst of emergencies the most critical and urgent, he had the power of going to sleep voluntarily; and his mind recovered the most perfect calm, from the instant that the measures which the actual circumstances required were determined on. All the hours of the day were devoted to employment, even when he was with the army. Did he cease for a moment to consult his maps, to meditate the plan of his battles, and to study the immense combinations which it was necessary to arrange in order to put in motion (with mathematical precision) masses of

four or five hundred thousand men, then he busied himself with the interior administration of the Empire. Several times in the week an auditor from the Council of State arrived at head-quarters, charged with the portfolios of the different Ministers: never was the labour deferred till the morrow; in the course of the same day the whole was examined, signed, and sent off: every thing marched abreast. The days that followed a battle were devoted to receiving the reports of the different corps of the army, connecting together the detached circumstances, allotting to every one the share of glory to which he was entitled, and drawing up those masterly bulletins which are a model of military eloquence. It was singular enough that these bulletins, sent to Paris to be published, were read and admired by all France, before they reached the army, who knew nothing of their contents till the arrival of the newspapers from the capital. They have been accused of exaggeration: but events sufficiently proved their truth. Armies do not fly nor cities fall down before the columns of a gazette. The personalities against the Queen of Prussia have been complained of as showing a want of gallantry; but the provocation was extreme, and the opportunity not to be missed for paying off the abuse and contumely of which Buonaparte was himself the unceasing

butt for twenty years. Still it would have been better, had he abstained from recriminating, in a moment of victory, on a woman and a queen—a handsome and a spirited one too; but perhaps the air of the palaces of Potsdam and Berlin was not very favourable to sentiments of gallantry.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

BATTLES OF EYLAU AND FRIEDLAND, AND PEACE OF TILSIT.

It was from Berlin that Buonaparte dated the famous decrees of the 21st of November, 1806, interdicting all commerce between Great Britain and the rest of Europe, which was the commencement of the well-known Continental System, which he resorted to as the only means of crushing the power and hostility of England, and the attempt to enforce which (almost as it were against the nature of things) in the end proved fatal to himself. Buonaparte reasoned in this manner with himself—that it was incumbent on him to destroy the power and influence of Great Britain—that there was no other way of doing it but by excluding her completely from the ports of the Continent—and that therefore this was the means to which it was necessary to have recourse in order to arrive at that indispensable object. But nothing is necessary in human affairs, that is not possible; and to attempt a remedy for that which is placed out of our reach by fortune, is only to *make bad worse*. Nothing could alter the moral condition of England but the striking at her physical resources; and these from

her insular situation were invulnerable in the ordinary course of events. *There*, however, England was in the map; and there let her remain to do all the mischief she could! If his armies could not march across the sea, neither could her fleets come upon the land. This was enough: any thing beyond was will, not reason. If he could get all the states of Europe to come into his system, and only one held out, that would be sufficient to defeat it; if they all could be prevailed on to come into it (which would be difficult considering the privations and losses it must occasion) would they all keep to it? Even if this were the case with the governments, no advance would be made towards the grand object: a single harbour, a smuggler's cave, a creek, a crevice would serve to let in so subtle a thing as commerce, just as the smallest leak lets the water into the hold of a vessel. The means were disproportioned to the end. The whole power and resources of France must be strained to their utmost pitch, and called forth not against an imposing mass and once for all, but must be brought to bear at every moment, and in every point of the compass, against the most petty, harassing, and evanescent opposition. After throwing the net of his policy and the ramifications of his vast system of restraint and exclusion over the Lion of British commerce, a mouse, a Norway rat would bite the cords in

two. It was only his immense influence, his prodigious energy, and a resolution steeled against remonstrance or disappointment, that could have made his scheme at all feasible or formidable to others: yet, in spite of these, it failed. Nothing short of absolute power could have carried it into practical effect; and with respect to moral or political causes, absolute power is a mere name. As to the complaints urged by the French ruler against the encroachments, the insolence, and rapacity of England as a maritime power, nothing could be more just; but they need not have excited any surprise, except in contrast with the high character which we give of ourselves, and which makes others a little sore and impatient when they find out the truth. On the other hand, with respect to the inconsistencies between the maritime and military codes of warfare, though glaring and revolting, they seem in a great measure to arise out of the nature of the service itself (the one having to do with fixed masses, the other with floating fragments) though not altogether so. Thus there seems no reason why a merchant-vessel in an enemy's harbour should be confiscated the instant war is declared, while a convoy of merchandise by land is suffered to go free and return to enrich that very enemy. The property here is not fixed and at any time accessible, but moveable, as in the other case. Again,

if the property of the private citizen at sea is made lawful spoil, as the only means which the stronger party has of gaining an advantage over the weaker, yet there is no reason why the unarmed citizen should be made prisoner in his own person, which can only be prejudicial to himself, except under the idea of his being held to ransom, according to the obsolete custom of barbarous warfare. If it be with a view to exchange the peaceful prisoner with the soldier taken in battle, then there is the same ground for detaining travellers in a country, or others whom we have in our power, to increase the number of hostages. There is no doubt that the state of the maritime code (which either for good or bad reasons approaches nearer the usages of barbarous times than the military) might admit of revision and amelioration in many respects; and if Buonaparte may be supposed from circumstances or peculiar irritation to have taken a prejudiced view of the subject, we can hardly set ourselves up as impartial judges of the question.

Hamburgh was the first place that felt by anticipation the blow that was about to be aimed at British commerce. Marshal Mortier, towards the middle of November, formally re-occupied Hanover; and marching upon Hamburgh, took possession of that ancient free-town, so long the emporium of the commerce of the north of Europe. The strictest search was made for British commo-

dities and property, which were declared the lawful subject of confiscation—with what success it is difficult to make out between the outcries of the English merchants at the meditated injury (as if they were the most aggrieved set of people upon earth) and their subsequent boastings of having outwitted their adversaries. Hesse-Cassel was taken from the Elector, who was known to be decidedly hostile to France; and with various provinces of Prussia and the conquered territories of the Duke of Brunswick was erected into the kingdom of Westphalia, and given to Jerome Buonaparte. Much has been said of Buonaparte's treatment of the Duke of Brunswick, who died about this time at Altona; and it seems to have been agreed by certain writers that the French bullets ought to have spared him; first, because he was the father-in-law of the heir-apparent of the British crown; and secondly, as being the author of the memorable Manifesto against the French nation in the year 1792. On the contrary, if there was any one reproach, any one indignity more galling than another that could be heaped upon his tomb or on his death-bed, that one ought to have been heaped upon it. Oh no! let not the outrage and contumely be all on one side—the forgiveness and forbearance all on the other. What! we are to be treated with the cold, defecated malice of fiends, and we are to return it

with nothing but the milk of human kindness and the pitying smiles of angels. Those who have cherished but one feeling all their lives, that of hunting down the liberties and happiness of mankind, cannot come with their latest breath to beg a little charity and mercy. To give no quarter to human nature is to expect none from it. But his son never forgave his father's death, and revenged it by the Black Brunswickers in 1815. But *his* father was not the only one by many millions who fell victims in that ruthless struggle which the Duke of Brunswick's Manifesto proclaimed to the world, and to the spirit that animated it. Buonaparte is blamed for having alluded to this. He would have been a dastard if he had not. So! 1806 was to be paid home, but 1792 forgotten. There is no equality in that. Let the circle of revenge go round: only let it be understood that the hatred is reciprocal, deadly, and implacable on both sides!

Buonaparte had a fine opportunity at this time of rebutting the odium and cavils to which he exposed himself by his treatment of the petty princes of Germany, and of establishing his popularity, had he made common cause with Poland. That name "pleaded trumpet-tongued" against the iniquity of the old governments of Europe, and laughed to scorn all their affected appeals to moderation and justice. A light went before it, a

flame followed after it; from which Buonaparte shrunk, as the one pointed out and the other embraced consequences of which he could hardly controul the issues. He hesitated to lay his hands on that engine of power which was contained in the degradation and oppression of Poland, and to give it full scope, because though it was a means to crush his antagonists, it might in the end recoil upon himself. Honesty would probably here, as in so many cases, have been the best policy; and the broad principles of liberty and justice the safest ground for him to tread upon. But Buonaparte was fonder of organizing than of emancipating; and even if he had restored to Poland the inheritance of freedom, would have liked to retain the management of it in his own hands. His lukewarmness or circumspection cost him dear; but it was not his most prominent characteristic to trust with implicit faith to those moral tendencies which act by their own spontaneous and expansive force; or in other words, the greatness of his capacity consisted rather in combining numberless positive means to the same end than in wielding the simplest elements to the production of the most widely-extended results. Besides, he was implicated with Austria on one side, and averse to provoke the lasting enmity of Russia on the other; and all he did was to erect Prussian Poland into a sort of independence under the title of the

Duchy of Warsaw with the newly-created King of Saxony at its head, and to talk from time to time of the liberation of the Poles.

"The partition of this fine kingdom by its powerful neighbours" (says a great and admired writer, whose testimony in behalf of liberty is the more to be valued as it is rare) "was the first open and audacious transgression of the law of nations which disgraced the annals of civilized Europe. It was executed by a combination of three of the most powerful states of Europe against one too unhappy in the nature of its constitution, and too much divided by factions, to offer any effectual resistance. The kingdom subjected to this aggression had appealed in vain to the code of nations for protection against an outrage, to which, after a desultory and uncombined and therefore a vain defence, she saw herself under a necessity of submitting. The Poles retained too a secret sense of their fruitless attempt to recover freedom in 1791, and an animated recollection of the violence by which it had been suppressed by the Russian arms. They waited with hope and exultation the approach of the French armies; and candour must allow, that unlawfully subjected as they had been to a foreign yoke, they had a right to avail themselves of the assistance not only of Napoleon, but of Mahomet or of Satan himself, had he proposed to aid them in regaining the in-

dependence of which they had been oppressively and unjustly deprived." This, if not elegant, is full and plain, and goes to prove that if the Poles had a right to call in Buonaparte for the recovery or maintenance of their independence, the French must at all times have had a still greater right to do so.

Buonaparte had obtained by a decree of the Senate in the month of October 1806, a new levy of eighty thousand men; and was in a condition to push the war with vigour and to a decisive termination. The French, having made themselves masters of the Prussian provinces to the east of the Oder, had laid siege to the fortresses of Glogau, Breslau, and Graudentz, and were advancing to occupy Poland. The Russian General, Benigsen, had on his side come as far as Warsaw in the hope of aiding the Prussians; but finding that they had scarcely the remnant of an army to bring into the field, he had re-crossed the Vistula, leaving the capital of Poland to be entered on the 28th of November by Murat at the head of the French vanguard. About the same time, Napoleon leaving Berlin had fixed his head-quarters at Posen, a centrical town in Poland, which country was beginning to manifest considerable agitation. The Poles in many instances resumed their ancient national dress and manners, and sent deputies to urge the decision of Buonaparte in their favour.

The language in which they entreated his interposition, resembled that of Oriental idolatry. "The Polish nation," said Count Radyiminski, the Palatine of Gnesna, "presents itself before your Majesty, groaning still under the German yoke, and hails with the purest joy the regenerator of their beloved country, the legislator of the universe. Full of submission to your will, they offer you their homage, and repose on you with confidence all their hopes, as upon him who has the power of raising empires and of destroying them and of humbling the proud." The address of the President of the Council-Chamber of the Regency of Poland was equally sanguine and high-flown. "Already," he said, "we see our dear country saved; for in your person we revere the most just and most profound Solon. We commit our fate and our hopes into your hands; and we implore the mighty protection of the most august Cæsar." Napoleon received these hyperbolical compliments, which Freedom poured forth in its anguish and in its abject state, with complacency; but they drew from him no direct or explicit declaration of his final intentions. For my own part, his equivocal and calculating policy with regard to Poland gives me a worse opinion of him than all he did to Spain. The one indicated a want of virtue or of any love for freedom; the other only showed a contempt for

vice and for the dotage of slavery and superstition. The last might be pardonable in the philosopher and the politician; the first was neither consistent with the character of the philanthropist nor the sage.

Meanwhile, Warsaw was put into a state of defence; and the auxiliary troops of Saxony and the new confederates of the Rhine were brought up by regular marches, while repeated reinforcements from France repaired the losses of the former part of the campaign. The French army at length advanced in full strength, and crossed successively the Vistula and the Bug. Benigsen, whose object it was not to give battle to numbers superior to his own, retreated behind the Wkra, where he was joined by the troops of Generals Buxhowden and Kaminskoi, the latter of whom, a contemporary of Suwarrow, assumed the chief command. On the 25th of December, 1806, the army of Benigsen took up a position behind Pultusk; their left, commanded by Count Osternann, resting upon the town which stands on the river Narew, the bridge of which was well-defended. The right under Barclay de Tolly, was strongly posted in a wood; the centre was under the orders of General Zachen. A plain between the town of Pultusk and the wood was filled with cavalry. On the 26th, the Russian position was attacked by the divisions of Lannes and Davoust, together with all the French guards. After

skirmishing for some time, the French assembling in great force on their left made a determined effort to overwhelm the Russians by turning their right wing. Barclay de Tolly was obliged to fall back on his reserve, while the French seized upon the wood and took several guns. Benigsen, however, in spite of Kaminskoi's order to retreat, resolved to abide the brunt of the battle; for which purpose, desiring Barclay de Tolly to continue his retreat, he suffered the French to advance in pursuit, till the cavalry, who had covered the manœuvre, suddenly withdrawing, a battery of a hundred and twenty guns, extending along the whole Russian front, played on the advancing columns of the French. The Russian line now coming forward occupied the ground from which they had been before driven. The approach of night ended the combat, which was both obstinate and bloody. Great numbers were killed on both sides: Marshal Lannes was wounded in the action.

The battle of Pultusk raised the reputation of Benigsen and the spirits of the Russians, who thought it a great thing to have checked the advance of the French. Both Benigsen, however, and Prince Galitzin, who had fought the same day at Golymin, were compelled to unite their forces and fall back on Ostrolenka, for fear of being surrounded. Kaminskoi, whose conduct had for some time been capricious and unaccountable, now

shewed evident signs of derangement, and was superseded by Benigsen. This general made a demonstration towards Graudentz and Königsberg, where the King of Prussia was cooped up and menaced with the gradual approaches of Ney and Bernadotte. He succeeded so far by this diversion as to enable the Prussian general L'Estocq to throw reinforcements and provisions into the former place. On the 25th of January, 1807, Buonaparte left his winter-quarters at Warsaw, and collected his army at Willenburg, in the rear of Benigsen's corps, who was then at Mohringen, watched by Bernadotte on the other side, to whom Buonaparte had sent orders to bring him to action and draw him on to the Vistula, thus intending to turn the Russians here as he had done the Austrians at Ulm and the Prussians at Jena. Napoleon was advancing close upon the Russian rear, when a dispatch intercepted by a troop of Cossacks betrayed his design; and Benigsen, alarmed in time, fell back precipitately upon Allenstein, which place he evacuated at night to avoid a battle. He then proceeded by Deppen and Landsberg to Preuss-Eylau, where he arrived after various skirmishes on the evening of the 7th of February, and where he waited on the outside of the town to give the French army battle the next day. It was intended by the Russian general to leave a guard to occupy the town; but this having been neglected, it was

resolved to send a detachment to drive the French from it who were come up by this time, and in whose possession after a severe and doubtful conflict it remained for the night. Barclay de Tolly was wounded while leading his troops to the assault.

The position of the two armies the next day may be described as follows:—The Russian troops occupied a space of uneven ground, about two miles in length and a mile in depth, with the village of Serpallen on their left; they were in front of the town of Preuss-Eylau, situated in a hollow and in possession of the French. Napoleon had fixed his head-quarters here. Davoust with the third corps had proceeded three leagues to the right to engage a Russian column which was on the Alle, and to turn the left of the enemy's line. The fourth corps bivouacked in advance to the right and left of the town:—the Guard in the second line, the seventh corps under Augereau and the reserves of heavy cavalry in the third line. The space between the two armies was open and flat, and intersected with frozen lakes, on which the watch-lights threw their pale gleams the whole of the preceding night. On the following day (the 8th) at day-break, the Russians commenced the attack on the French centre, by endeavouring to carry Eylau; but were repulsed with a dreadful carnage on both sides. The Guard maintained its position and kept up an

unabated firing during the day. About noon, a heavy storm of snow began to fall, which the wind drove right in the faces of the Russians, and which added to the obscurity caused by the smoke of the burning village of Serpallen. Buonaparte was on the top of the church of Eylau; and amidst a shower of grape and balls that fell on every side, ordered Augereau to advance with the seventh corps, which it did by taking a diverging direction, and was close upon the enemy before it was perceived, owing to the thickness of the atmosphere. Benigsen brought up his reserves in person to oppose it, when a sanguinary conflict ensued, in which Augereau's troops suffered more that day than all the rest of the army. At this time the third corps, commanded by Davoust, came up (following a Russian column that had retreated fighting all the way from the Alle) and formed nearly at right angles with Benigsen's troops. On the arrival of Davoust, that general commenced his retreat, though in good order, and abandoned the field of battle, which the third corps occupied about five in the evening. Ney was not in the engagement, but about two leagues off, at the village of Sloditten, on the road to Königsberg. Both he and Bernadotte came up in the course of the night, and were ready to have taken part in the battle, had the Russian General been disposed to renew it the next day. A council of war was held to

deliberate on the point without dismounting from their horses; the more sanguine among the leaders, Tolstoy and the Prussian L'Estocq who had come up with reinforcements towards the close of the day, were for attacking the French again on the morrow: but Benigsen did not think himself warranted in risking a second action with an army diminished by twenty thousand men in killed or wounded, short of ammunition and totally destitute of provisions. The Russians acccordingly that very night commenced their retreat on Königsberg, where the King of Prussia was. Buonaparte did not move after them: his own loss was enough to give him pause, which he estimates at eighteen thousand men. The Russians had certainly made the utmost resistance that unshrinking hardihood could oppose to skill and valour united. It was a new kind of warfare, and they had shewn that they were only to be beaten, by being hewn in pieces like logs of wood. The victor had triumphed over the civilized part of Europe: he had now to consider what obstacles barbarism had in store for him. An army that had the power of inflicting all the mischiefs of war on others, but was utterly insensible to them itself, regarding neither suffering, danger, nor death, must be very formidable; and to this description the Russian troops approached as nearly as could well be desired. This first encounter with them might have taught greater caution:

but the reasons for caution, as they thwart the will, are often only motives to temerity. To shew that Buonaparte was aware of the new difficulties he had to grapple with, in his next battle (that of Friedland) he used all his resources of art and stratagem to secure the advantage to himself before he commenced it.

The battle of Preuss-Eylau was claimed as a victory by both parties, though it was only comparatively that it was not a defeat to the Russians. Buonaparte remained for eight days on the field of battle, in the course of which he dispatched a messenger to the King of Prussia, proposing an armistice on terms more favourable than had been offered after the battle of Jena. But favourable terms were not those to which the sovereigns of Europe were disposed to accede: they could only be compelled to sign the most desperate ones, in circumstances the most desperate. The King therefore remained firm to his ally, the Emperor of Russia; and refusing to listen to any offers of a separate peace, determined once more to try his fortune to the utmost. On the 19th of February, Napoleon evacuated Preuss-Eylau, and retired upon the Vistula. The first thing he did, preparatory to a new campaign, was to order the siege of Dantzic, from whence very dangerous operations might take place in his rear, should he again advance into Poland without reducing it. The siege was there-

fore formed without delay. The place was defended by General Kalkreuth to the last extremity. After many unsuccessful attempts to relieve it, Dantzic finally surrendered towards the end of May, 1807, trenches having been opened before it for fifty-two days. This event enabled Buonaparte to unite the besieging troops, twenty-five thousand strong, to his main army, and to prepare, as summer advanced, to resume offensive operations. He also raised the siege of Colberg, drew the greater part of his forces out of Silesia, ordered a new levy in Switzerland, urged the march of bodies of troops from Italy; and to complete his means, demanded a new conscription for the year 1808, which was instantly complied with by the Senate. A large levy of Poles was made at the same time; and they, with other light troops of the French, were employed in making bold excursions, often exchanging blows with straggling parties of Cossacks. The Russian army had, in the mean time, received reinforcements, though they were still deficient in numerical force, their whole strength not amounting to more than ninety thousand men; while Buonaparte, by unparalleled exertions, had assembled upwards of two hundred thousand between the Vistula and Memel. This negligence on the part of the Russian government to recruit its force is said to have been owing to the poverty of its finances; and (what is still more remark-

able) to the refusal of the British Ministry to negociate a loan of six millions, and advance one million to account, thereby giving great offence to the Emperor Alexander.

The Russians were the assailants, making a combined movement on Ney's division, which was stationed near Gustadt. They pursued him as far as Deppen; but upon the 8th of June, Napoleon advanced in person to extricate his Marshal, and Benigsen was obliged to retreat in his turn. As to the share which the Cossacks had in these skirmishes it was as yet very trifling. The Russian army fell back upon Heilsberg, where concentrating their force, they made a very desperate stand. A very hard-fought action here took place, the battle continuing till the approach of midnight; and when the morning dawned, the space of ground between the Russian and French lines was not merely strewed, but literally choked up with the bodies of the dead and wounded. The Russians retired unmolested after the battle of Heilsberg; and crossing the river Aller, placed that barrier between them and the army of Buonaparte, which though it had suffered considerable losses, had been less affected by them than the Russian army. On the 13th Benigsen with his Russians arrived opposite Friedland, a large town on the west side of the Aller, communicating with the eastern or right bank of the river by a long wooden bridge. It was the object of Napoleon to

induce the Russian general to pass by this narrow bridge to the left bank, and then to draw him into a general action, in a position where the difficulty of defiling through the town and over the bridge must render retreat almost impracticable. For this purpose he shewed such a proportion only of his forces as induced General Benigsen to believe that the French troops consisted chiefly of Oudinot's division, which had been severely handled in the battle of Heilsberg, and which he now hoped altogether to destroy. Under this deception he ordered a Russian division to pass the bridge, defile through the town, and march to the assault. The French took care to offer no such resistance as should intimate their real strength. Benigsen was thus led to reinforce the first division with another—the battle thickened, and the Russian general at length transported all his army, one division excepted, to the left bank of the Aller, by means of the wooden bridge and three pontoons, and drew them up in front of the town of Friedland, to overwhelm, as he supposed, the crippled division of the French, to which alone he conceived himself opposed.

But no sooner had he taken this irretrievable step than the mask was dropped. The French skirmishers advanced in force, heavy columns of infantry began to shew themselves from a wood that had hitherto concealed them; batteries of cannon

were got into position; and all circumstances concurred, with the report of prisoners, to assure Benigsen that he with his enfeebled troops was in presence of the whole French army. His position, a sort of plain, surrounded by woods and rising grounds, was difficult to defend: with the town and a large river in the rear, it was dangerous to attempt a retreat, and to advance was out of the question from the inferiority of his force. Benigsen now became anxious to resume his communication with Wehlau, a town on the Pregel, which was his original point of retreat, and where he hoped to join the Prussians under General L'Estocq. To secure this object, he found himself obliged to diminish his forces still more by sending six thousand men to defend the bridge at Allerberg, some miles lower down the river; and with what he had left, resolved as well as he could to maintain his position till night. The French advanced to the attack about ten in the forenoon. The broken and woody country which they occupied, enabled them to continue or renew their efforts at pleasure, while the Russians, in their confined situation, could not make the slightest movement without being observed. Yet they fought with the most determined bravery, insomuch that towards noon the French seemed sickening of the combat and about to retire. But this was only a feint, to repose such of their troops as had

been most warmly engaged and to bring up fresh succours. The cannonade continued till about half-past four, when Buonaparte brought up his full force in person for the purpose of one of those desperate and overwhelming efforts to which he was wont to trust the decision of a doubtful day. Columns of enormous power and extensive depth appeared partly visible among the openings of the wooded country; and seen from the town of Friedland, the hapless Russian army looked as if surrounded by a deep semi-circle of glittering steel. The attack upon the whole line, with cavalry, infantry, and artillery, was general and simultaneous, the French moving on with shouts of assured victory; while the Russians, weakened by the loss of not less than twelve thousand killed and wounded, were obliged to attempt that most dispiriting and hazardous of all movements—a retreat through encumbered defiles in front of a victorious army. The principal attack was directed on the left wing, where the Russian position was at length forced. The troops which composed it streamed into the town, and crowded the bridge and pontoons; the enemy thundered on their rear; and it was only the desperation with which the soldiers of the Russian Imperial Guard turned and charged at the point of the bayonet the corps of Ney, which led the French van guard, that prevented the total destruction of the left wing.

At the same time, the bridge and pontoons were set on fire to prevent the French who had made their way into the town, from taking possession of them. The smoke rolling over the combatants increased the horror and confusion of the scene; yet a considerable part of the Russian infantry escaped by a ford close to the town, which was discovered at the moment of defeat. The Russian centre and right, which remained on the west bank of the Aller, effected a retreat by a circuitous route, leaving the town of Friedland on their right, and passing the Aller by a ford a good way lower down the river. The two divisions of the Russian army which had been separated were thus enabled to unite once more on the right of the Aller, and pursue their disastrous flight towards Wehlau. Either the destruction of the bridge or perhaps motives of policy prevented Buonaparte from pursuing the remains of the Russian army.

The most important consequences resulted from this victory, not less decisive in the event than admirable in its conception. Königsberg was evacuated by the King of Prussia and his forces, as it was evidently no longer tenable. Benigsen retreated to Tilsit on the Russian frontier. But what was the object most desired by Napoleon, it had the effect of disposing the Emperor Alexander to peace. A door to reconciliation had been

studiously kept open by Napoleon between the Czar and himself, towards whom he abstained from every kind of indiscreet personality, throwing out more than one hint that a peace which should divide the world between them, was at any time at Alexander's option. The time had at last arrived when the latter seemed inclined to listen to terms of accommodation with France. He had been previously dissatisfied with his allies, who were either feeble or unfortunate. Unlike most monarchs too, he was not without some compunction for the extreme sufferings of his subjects. His army had been a favourite object of his attention; and he was shocked to see his fine regiment of guards (proud as he had been of them) retain scarcely a vestige of their former numbers or appearance. The influence of Napoleon's name, coupled with corresponding deeds, might also have had its effect on the youthful imagination of the Russian Emperor, who was not himself without pretensions to the heroic character, and therefore might be supposed to esteem it in others; and who might feel his pride soothed to find that the predestined victor who had subdued so many princes was willing to acknowledge an equality with him.

The Emperor of Russia's wish for an armistice was first hinted at by Benigsen on the 21st of June, was acceded to on the 23d, and was soon after followed not only by peace with Russia and Prussia on a

basis which bid fair to preclude the possibility of future misunderstanding, but by the formation of a personal intimacy and apparent friendship between Napoleon and the only sovereign in Europe who had the power necessary to treat with him upon a proper footing. The armistice was no sooner agreed upon than preparations were made for an interview between the two sovereigns. It took place upon a raft moored in the middle of the river Niemen, and on which was fixed a large tent or pavilion fitted up for the occasion. At half-past nine, 25th of June 1807, the two Emperors, in the midst of thousands of spectators, embarked at the same moment from the opposite banks of the river. Buonaparte was attended by Murat, Berthier, Bessieres, Duroc, and Caulaincourt; Alexander by his brother the Archduke Constantine, Generals Benigsen and Ouwarrow, with the Count de Lieven, one of his aides-de-camp. Arriving at the raft, they disembarked and embraced amidst the shouts and acclamations of both armies; and entering the pavilion which had been prepared, held a private conference of two hours. Their officers, who remained at some distance during the interview, were then reciprocally introduced; and the fullest good understanding seemed to be established between the sovereigns who had at their disposal so large a portion of the universe. It is not to be doubted

that on this momentous occasion Napoleon exerted all those powers of personal attraction for which he was so remarkably distinguished, and which never failed to throw a spell (when he chose it) on all around him. If the courtly writers dwell with a certain complacency on this scene, caught by the glare and parade of royalty, I cannot say that I (with feelings totally opposite) either shrink from or grudge it. If Buonaparte here rose to a height imperial, and thought it no robbery to be equal with Kings and Cæsars, neither should he: he rose to that height from the level of the people, and thus proved that there was no natural inferiority in the one case, no natural superiority in the other. He confounded and annulled the distinction between the two classes of men, which it has been wished to keep sacred, making unsparing war upon and arrogating to himself with a high hand their proudest claims and prerogatives. It was a satisfactory and noble demonstration that greatness was not the inheritance of a privileged few, and that kings and conquerors sprung from the earth, instead of being let down from Heaven to it. What showed Buonaparte in the most imposing light was the borrowed lustre that he reflected on Alexander, who merely served as a foil to him: he seemed to raise him up as an antagonist power necessary (in the absence of every other) to poise his own; and to impart vitality

and interest to his remote and barren dominions. The frozen regions of the north might be said once more to stir and rouse themselves, "as life were in them." Russia hung suspended over and ready to fall upon the rest of Europe; and Buonaparte (looking at the map which they held trembling between them) might think it politic to add Spain to his end of the beam, to make the balance steady or even. The artificial mediums of knowledge, which spread out the universe of things to our curiosity or cupidity, while they extend the limits, do not always give just proportions to our ideas: the human Brobdignagian, standing over the mimic globe reduced to a nutshell, retains his own dimensions and importance, and thinks it easy to bestride the world like a Colossus. Ambition and self-interest ever draw rash and unwarrantable conclusions. In like manner, "our *king* and *country*" are two words that sound as well the one as the other; and hence are made use of to imply equal things. This is false arithmetic, politics, morality, though it is nearly inseparable from the nature and imperfection of language, which suits well enough with the purposes of sophists and declaimers, and falls in with the grossness of mankind, who seem incapable for the most part, and in what concerns them most, of counting beyond units.

The town of Tilsit was now declared neutral. Entertainments of every kind followed each other

in close succession; and the French and Russian and even the Prussian officers seemed so delighted with each other's society, that it was difficult to conceive that men so courteous and amiable had been for so many months drenching trampled snows or sandy wastes with their blood. The two Emperors were constantly together in public and in private; and their intimacy approached to that of two young men of rank, who are companions in frolic and in sport as well as accustomed to be associates in affairs and upon occasions of graver import. On the more public occasions, there were guests at the imperial festivities, for whom they contained small mirth. On the 28th of June, the King of Prussia arrived at Tilsit, and was presented to his formidable rival. Buonaparte did not admit him to the same footing of familiarity with which he treated the Emperor Alexander; and intimated that it would only be to oblige the latter, that he should consent to relax his grasp on the Prussian territories. Those in the King's own possession were reduced to the petty territory of Memel, with the fortresses of Colberg and Graudentz; and it was soon plain that Prussia would obtain peace only by resigning nearly all the acquisitions she had made by fraud or violence since 1773. The Queen, who had in a great measure provoked the war, was anxious to diminish the calamities of the peace. As the quarrel had

been personal to herself, she felt the mortification of her present situation the more deeply, yet submitted with the best grace she could to the ascendancy of the conqueror. "Forgive us," she said, "this fatal war—the memory of the Great Frederic deceived us—we thought ourselves his equals, because we are his descendants—alas! we have not proved such!" Desirous also to pay his court, Napoleon on one occasion offered her a rose of great beauty. The Queen who at first seemed to decline the courtesy, at length accepted it, adding—"At least, with Magdeburg." Buonaparte answered, "Your Majesty will be pleased to recollect that it is I who offer, and that your Majesty has only the task of accepting." This reply, it must be confessed, was by no means well-turned. The disastrous consequences of the war with France and the little influence she was able to exert in softening their severity are said to have hastened her death.

The part of Poland acquired by Prussia in the partition of 1772 was disunited from that kingdom, and erected, as has been already stated, into a separate government or Grand-Duchy, with the King of Saxony at its head, and a military road across Silesia leading to it. By the new Constitution of the Grand-Duchy slavery was abolished, and the equality of rights established among all ranks of citizens. The Grand-Duke held the

executive power; and a Senate of eighteen members with a Lower House of Deputies, amounting to a hundred, passed into laws or rejected at pleasure such propositions as he laid before them. But the Poles were disappointed in the hopes either of the restoration of some of their ancient privileges or of the establishment of their independence as a nation. Dantzic was recognised as a free city under the protection of Prussia and Saxony. The Emperor of Russia and the King of Prussia ratified as a matter of course the changes which Napoleon had wrought in Europe and acknowledged the thrones he had set up, while out of deference to Alexander, he consented that the Dukes of Saxe-Coburg, Oldenburgh, and Mecklenburg-Sworin, German princes allied to the Czar, should retain possession of their territories, France keeping the sea-ports till a peace with England. By the treaty of Tilsit also, Russia offered her mediation between France and England, but it was understood that in case of a refusal by the latter, Russia would lend herself to enforce the Continental System, and shut her ports against British commerce. It is also believed that Buonaparte was at this time apprised of the war shortly after waged against Sweden, by which Alexander deprived that kingdom of her frontier province of Finland, and thereby obtained a covering territory of the utmost importance to his own capital. This

violent seizure never appears to have troubled the amicable relations or to have caused the interchange of an angry word between the cabinets of St. James's and St. Petersburg. The boasted flame of justice and morality which rages with such vehemence in the breast of the English nation seems to light on wet or dry straw, as legitimacy or illegitimacy is concerned. The treaty of Tilsit ended all appearance of opposition to France upon the Continent. The British armament which had been sent to Pomerania too late in the campaign, was re-embarked; and the King of Sweden, evacuating Stralsund, retired to the dominions which he was not very long destined to call his own. After remaining together for a fortnight, during which they daily maintained the most friendly intercourse and held long and secret conferences together, the two Emperors parted with demonstrations of the highest personal esteem, and each heaping on the other all the honours which it was in his power to bestow. The peace between France and Russia was signed on the 7th—that between France and Prussia on the 9th of July. The Congress broke up on the same day; and Napoleon on his return to France passing through Saxony (where he received a visit from the King) arrived on the 29th of the same month at the palace of St. Cloud, where he was greeted with the homage of the Senate and of the other official and consti-

tuted bodies, couched in language less proper to be addressed to a man than to a God.*

* It was during Buonaparte's absence in the campaign of Poland that the son of Hortense Queen of Holland died at the age of six or seven years. Buonaparte was thus disappointed of an heir in that quarter, (on whom he had fixed great hopes) and this is supposed to have first given rise to the settled idea of a divorce from Josephine, which took place two years after. It was whispered among the courtiers on their return to Fontainebleau in the summer of 1807; and it is imagined to have had its share in some of the compliances of Napoleon with Alexander's designs (particularly in regard to Turkey) in the hope of obtaining the hand of one of the Russian Archduchesses in marriage.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

THE AFFAIRS OF SPAIN.

Buonaparte in his behaviour with regard to Spain, it must be confessed, "sounded the very base-string" of a Machiavellian policy. I know of nothing that can be pleaded in his excuse, but the natural contempt that he must have felt for the reigning family who were ready to tear one another to pieces for the possession of the sovereign power and were eager to resign it to him sooner than let one another have it, and a correspondent want of respect for a nation that seemed to be in love with its chains. From the exposure which the domestic quarrels between the father and son made of their imbecility and profligacy, he must have seen more clearly than ever what sort of stuff the old and legitimate monarchies of Europe were composed of, with some slight inclination to retort the feeling of cheapness and rancour with which they beheld him; at the same time that viewing their subjects through the diminished perspective which a copartnery with thrones lent him, as they looked up to these poor creatures as the Gods of their idolatry and their only refuge, was not the way to increase his deference for or his sympathy with

the people. He saw a crown torn from the brow of the wearer by the immediate heir to it; and (imitating the treachery and usurpation) tried to seize and keep it in his own grasp with as little dignity as success; he saw a people worn out and debased under a long course of absolute government, and wished to renovate their institutions by infusing into them some of the principles of modern legislation and improvement; but they strove with the courage of heroes and the patience of martyrs for what was then called freedom and independence, but has since received an interpretation (written in the blood of its mistaken champions) into the more legitimate language of bigotry and despotism.

Farther, Buonaparte's attack upon Spain was not quite so gratuitous or unprovoked as it has been usually considered. She had given him cause to distrust the sincerity of her friendship (any farther than it was compulsory) and to guard against the ill effects of her half-smothered and ill-disguised enmity, by taking the reins of her government into his own hands when the temptation offered. The secret of her lurking ill-will transpired in a proclamation by the Prince of Peace at the time of the campaign of Jena. No notice was taken of it at the time, but it was doubtless remembered afterwards. This curious and enigmatical document was as follows:

"*Proclamation of the Prince of the Peace.*

"In circumstances less dangerous than those in which we are at present placed, good and loyal subjects have been forward to aid their sovereigns by voluntary contributions and succours proportioned to the wants of the state. It is then in the actual circumstances that it becomes necessary to show ourselves generous in behalf of our country. The kingdom of Andalusia, favoured by nature in the breeding of horses proper for light cavalry, the province of Estremadura which rendered in the same way services so important to King Philip the Fifth, can they with indifference behold the royal cavalry reduced and incomplete for want of horses? No! I do not believe it; I trust, on the contrary, that after the example of the illustrious progenitors of the present generation, who aided the predecessor of the reigning sovereign with levies of men and horses, the descendants of these brave patriots will also hasten to furnish regiments or companies of men dextrous in the management of the horse, to be employed in the service and defence of the country, as long as the impending danger shall last. This once over, they will return full of glory to the bosom of their families, each disputing with his neighbour the honour of the victory: one shall attribute to the valour of his arm the safety of a family, another that of his chief, his kinsman, or his friend; all, in fine, shall

boast of the preservation of the state. Come, then, dear fellow-countrymen, come and range yourselves under the banners of the best of kings. Comé; I offer you in advance the assurance of my gratitude and welcome, if it please God to grant us a fortunate and durable peace, the only object of our vows. Come; you will not yield to the suggestions either of fear or perfidy; your hearts will be closed against every species of foreign seduction; come, and if we are forced to cross our arms with those of our enemies, you will not at least incur the danger of being marked as suspected persons, nor will you strengthen a false imputation on your honour or loyalty by refusing to answer the appeal which I make to you.

"But if my voice is too feeble to awaken in you the sentiments of true glory, be your own prompters, become the fathers of the people, in whose name I address you: let what you owe to them make you remember what you owe to yourselves, to your honour, and *to the religion which you profess.*

(Signed) THE PRINCE OF THE PEACE.

"The Royal Palace of St. Laurence, Oct. 5, 1806."

This proclamation was followed up by a circular, addressed by the Prince Generalissimo to the governors of provinces and to the corregidors of all the cities in the kingdom. Its tenor ran thus:

"Sir,—The King commands me to say, that under the existing circumstances he expects of you an effort of zeal and activity in his service; and I myself in his name recommend to you the greatest vigilance in the drawing of the lots which must soon take place, wishing you to observe that we shall not be satisfied, neither his Majesty nor myself, with those ephemeral exertions which it is customary to make in ordinary cases. You may notify to the curates, in the name of the King, that they will be seconded by the bishops in urging the people to enlist under our standards, and exhorting the rich to make the necessary sacrifices towards defraying the expences of a war which we shall perhaps be compelled to support for the good of all; and as it will exact great efforts, the magistrates ought to be sensible that it is more particularly their duty to employ all likely means to excite the national enthusiasm in order to enter the lists that are about to be opened. His Majesty feels confident that you will neglect none of those that may call forth the greatest number of soldiers in your province or excite the generous ardour of the nobility (for their privileges as well as those of the crown are at stake) and that you will do all that lies in your power to attain both these important ends.

(Signed) "The Prince of the Peace."

By a singular coincidence enough, this circular was dated from Madrid, the 14th of October, the same day as the battle of Jena. But for the turn which that battle took, and which put a sudden stop to all this raising of cavalry and marching of troops, we should have had Spain unsheathing the sword in the good old cause, England paying the price, and a world of blood shed to attain a durable peace, long before Buonaparte's unprincipled and unprovoked aggression on Spain had roused the dormant loyalty and fiery patriotism of that old cradle of romance and chivalry. Europe reeled and heaved with war like an earthquake under Buonaparte's feet, and he was accused of not standing still: no state made peace with him as long as it could help it, and broke it as soon as it could; those that were sorely against their will at peace and disarmed time after time, kept up a secret understanding and yearning sympathy with those that were at open and irreconcileable war. Spain was one of those that had longest gnawed the bridle, and that if he had failed at Jena would have been at his heels to unfurl the banners and once more awaken the war-cry of religion and social order in the passes of the Pyrenees; and it was in part to preclude such contingencies and put an end to similar proclamations and circulars in future, that he stepped in between the scandalous dissensions of the father and son to take the

power of peace and war in that country into his own hands—in an evil hour and with fatal results, it must be owned, but not without grounds (both in the letter and the spirit of her counsels) to qualify what there was of barefaced violence or meanness in the attempt.

Portugal, which kept up a close correspondence with the English Government, refused to acquiesce in the Continental blockade, which was thus defeated of its object. Angry discussions arose, and the French ambassador was ordered to quit Lisbon. The Spanish ambassador did so the same day; and the French and Spanish troops marched in concert against Portugal. War was formally declared: the Prince Regent did not wait to have his capital invaded; he embarked for the Brazils, and left his kingdom to General Junot, who commanded the French army, and who without striking a blow in the quarrel obtained for himself the Dukedom of Abrantes. The intelligence of the flight of the royal family from Lisbon was hawked about the streets of London as "glorious news;" and the disappointment of Buonaparte's design of getting them into his power was hailed as a masterstroke of state-policy. So low were the hopes of the Allies fallen (how changed since!) and so little did they look for any better result than the indulgence of their own rage and obstinacy, that it is not impossible if George III. had been com-

pelled to take refuge in Canada in prosecution of the same just quarrel, it would have been trumpeted forth as "a glorious event," if the Courier-office had been left standing, and purchasers could have been found for a third edition of that loyal paper! *Chacun à son tour.* It was about this period that the same writers, despairing of seeing any good likely to come of the war, began to maintain boldly and lustily that it was a great good in itself; that war was the natural state of mankind, "lively, audible, and full of vent," while peace was altogether "flat, stale, and unprofitable:" that war was the sinews of commerce, the prop of the altar and the throne, that it filled the pockets of the rich and carried off the superfluous population from among the poor, that it was a wise and salutary dispensation of Providence, that the taxes were merely a circulating medium, that the debt served as ballast to the state; and that the war-system, bequeathed as a legacy to the country by the late "heaven-born" Minister, was the only one under which it could maintain its existence, independence, or dignity. All this pompous and hollow declamation was to be understood, however, only *under the rose,* as applying to war when carried on by ourselves or our Allies: but if it was made by Buonaparte upon us or others, then this gentle, harmless creature (the darling play-thing of King, Parliament, and People—so wanton, so dazzling, so

beautiful with its crimson spots and warm glossy fur) was instantly transformed into a hideous, hateful monster, with all its old terrors restored and caricatured if possible, and we were called upon to make one more combined and arduous effort in order (this was the usual butt-end of a speech from the throne) to put an end to the calamities of war by securing the blessings of a solid and durable peace. Such was the state of fearful self-delusion and notable inconsistency to which the public mind was at one time reduced by insidious counsels and by venal pens. The tone was changed with circumstances soon after—the objects remained and remain the same, as every day makes more apparent.

Buonaparte was at Fontainebleau in October 1807, when a M. Izquierdo, counsellor to the King of Spain and a creature of Don Manuel Godoi, arrived there to conclude a treaty between the Emperor and his Catholic Majesty relating to the partition of the kingdom of Portugal, which General Junot had just conquered. The first article gave to the King of Etruria in exchange for Tuscany (which Napoleon took to himself and added to the kingdom of Italy) the Portuguese territory lying between the Minho and the Douro; and the second article erected the kingdom of Algarves, including the province of the Alentejo, into a principality in favour of Manuel Godoi, Prince of the Peace. This

transferring of sovereignties implies the transferring of subjects; and surely, either one or the other must be wrong, if it can possibly be avoided. Nearly at the same epoch and date as the treaty of Fontainebleau (October 27th) Charles IV. published a royal edict against the Prince of the Asturias (since Ferdinand VII.) and had him arrested and kept close prisoner in his apartments in the Escurial, as being at the head of a conspiracy to deprive his father of his throne and life. On his begging pardon, however, and disclaiming all intention of violence beyond that of removing the favourite Godoi, he was forgiven and restored to liberty. The first act of his inglorious career was to betray his late advisers and accomplices. Just before the discovery of the plot and by way of insinuating himself into favour, he had written by stealth to Napoleon to request one of his nieces in marriage. There is no proof either for or against the ulterior designs of the conspiracy, farther than his own disclaimer which is absolutely worthless; but as he actually carried his usurpation into effect in the spring following, there can be little doubt that it was meditated in the first instance. Nor is there any difficulty in crediting both parts of his father's accusation against his rebellious son. Unnatural sentiments are the familiar growth of unnatural situations. His education had been neglected; and he had had no adviser but

the canon Excoiquitz, armed with fanatic fury and plenary indulgences. His understanding seems never to have reached beyond that low cunning, which answers to the instinct of self-preservation in animals. He was, besides, hated by both his parents, to please their mutual favourite Godoi; for it is not the least striking part of this characteristic episode of royalty that both the King and Queen appeared to have lavished all their tenderness and anxiety on a person who was neither entitled to admiration nor esteem, to the exclusion of every common obligation and even the forgetfulness of themselves, thus showing that the mind in all cases requires an object to fix its entire affection upon, and that those who are raised to the most exalted situations, and whose pride and caprice are their ruling passion, naturally chuse an object that owes all to themselves, and where as the preference is without a motive, so it may know no bounds of reason, decency, or common sense. Feeling no extraordinary virtues or talents in themselves to excite the homage and obedience of their subjects, they bestow their goodwill equally at random, and think it hard if they cannot be as absurd as the rest of mankind or even distinguish themselves in the unaccountableness of their attachments. Princes generally chuse their favourites among the meanest or the most mischievous of the species—those who oppose the least resistance to their will

or who are the most dangerous instruments in executing it. In the present instance, however, Godoi seems to have been the master rather than the obsequious tool, and to have taken the affairs of government completely off the indolent and incapable shoulders of Charles IV.

The Emperor did not send any answer to Ferdinand's letter respecting the marriage, but set off for Italy, where he visited Venice, of which he had become the sovereign by the treaty of Presburgh; carried into effect the article in the treaty of Fontainebleau which added Tuscany to his dominions; and in case of his death without issue, declared Eugene Beauharnais his heir and successor to the crown of Italy. In the mean time, the French troops on their march to Portugal occupied the fortresses of St. Sebastian, Pampeluna, Barcelona, and Figueres on the frontiers of Spain, and advanced as far as Vittoria. Godoi by his connivance opened all these places to them, regardless of the defenceless state of the country, and intent only on screening himself from the public hatred and on securing possession of his principality of Algarves. Murat approached Madrid by the route of Somma-Sierra, Buitrago, and St. Augustin: but he stopped at the latter place. The greatest alarm and agitation prevailed as to the result of all these measures, and the nation fixed its eyes with anxiety and expectation on the Prince of the Asturias. On

the 18th of March, 1808, an order came from the Prince of Peace to the council of Castile to send the Walloon guards, the light regiments of carbineers and the whole of the garrison of Madrid to the palace of Aranjuez, where the royal family then were. The pretext for this removal was to prevent any quarrels between the garrison and the French troops on their arrival; but its real object seemed to be to deliver the capital into the hands of the French. The Council sent a remonstrance, and deliberated all day without coming to a conclusion. In the night, the troops were marched off; while a large part of the population of Madrid accompanied them. On the way they made no secret of their intentions, vowing vengeance on the obnoxious favourite. Their approach to Aranjuez alarmed the poor old king, who agreed to dismiss Godoi from all his functions, but this concession was not sufficient. Ferdinand who had hitherto appeared to take no notice of what was passing, now came forward, put himself at the head of his party, and Charles was compelled to abdicate on the 19th in favour of his son, in the midst of bayonets and the threatening cries of the populace. The only condition that he demanded was the life of his minister. Godoi was discovered concealed in a hay-loft belonging to the palace of Villa-Viciosa, was snatched from the mob who were maltreating him by Ferdinand, and conveyed

under an escort to prison, and the next day all his goods were declared to be confiscated, and an order issued for his trial. The Prince then gave notice that he should proceed forthwith to Madrid to be proclaimed King. He arrived here on the 24th of March: the Grand-Duke of Berg had entered with his troops the preceding day; but this occasioned no disturbance for the present, the people being entirely taken up and intoxicated with their recent triumph. Ferdinand appointed the Duke de l'Infantado colonel of the Guards, and recalled his former partisans who had been exiled; at the same time that the old King, being freed from immediate danger, retracted his abdication as forced from him, and applied to Napoleon for his interposition to dispose of his crown as he pleased, and to extend his protection to the Prince of Peace. The Queen wrote to the Grand-Duke of Berg to the same effect, who promised his good offices, and who had ordered detachments on Segovia and Toledo, thus drawing a circle of troops round the capital. Buonaparte, when he heard it, did not approve of this step. Murat had sent him word what he had done, with an account of the events of Aranjuez, and received from him the following admirable letter in answer, which would almost show that he was precipitated into his subsequent measures by the strength of sudden temptation or by the baseness and inefficiency of those he had to deal with.

"March 29th, 1808.

"MONSIEUR THE GRAND-DUKE OF BERG—I am afraid lest you should deceive me with respect to the situation of Spain, and lest you should also deceive yourself. Events have been singularly complicated by the transaction of the 20th of March. I find myself very much perplexed.

"Do not believe that you are about to attack a disarmed people, or that you can by merely showing your troops subjugate Spain. The revolution of the 20th of March proves that the Spaniards still possess energy. You have to do with a new people. It has all the courage and will display all the enthusiasm shown by men, who are not worn out by political passions.

"The aristocracy and the clergy are the masters of Spain. If they are alarmed for their privileges and existence, they will bring into the field against us levies in mass, which might eternise the war. I am not without partisans: if I present myself as a conqueror, I shall have them no longer.

"The Prince of the Peace is detested, because he is accused of having betrayed Spain to France. This is the grievance which has assisted Ferdinand's usurpation. The popular is the weakest party.

"The Prince of the Asturias does not possess a single quality requisite for the head of a nation.

That will not prevent his being ranked as a hero, in order that he may be opposed to us. I will have no violence employed against the personages of this family. It can never answer any purpose to make one's-self odious and inflame animosity. Spain has a hundred thousand men under arms, more than are necessary to carry on an internal war with advantage. Scattered over different parts of the country, they may serve as rallying points for a total insurrection of the monarchy.

"I lay before you all the obstacles which must inevitably arise. There are others of which you must be aware. England will not let the opportunity escape her of multiplying our embarrassments. She daily sends advice to the forces which she maintains on the coast of Portugal and in the Mediterranean, and enlists into her service numbers of Sicilians and Portuguese.

"The Royal Family not having left Spain to establish itself in the Indies, the state of the country can only be changed by a Revolution. It is perhaps, of all others in Europe, that which is the least prepared for one. Those who perceive the monstrous vices of the government and the anarchy which has taken place of the lawful authority, are the fewest in number. The greater number profit by those vices and that anarchy.

"I can, consistently with the interests of my

Empire, do a great deal of good to Spain. What are the best means to be adopted?

"Shall I go to Madrid? Shall I take upon myself the office of Grand Protector in pronouncing between the father and the son? It seems to me a matter of difficulty to support Charles IV. on the throne. His government and his favourite are so very unpopular that they could not stand their ground for three months.

"Ferdinand is the enemy of France: it is for this he has been made King. To place him on the throne would be to serve the factions which for twenty years have longed for the destruction of France. A family-alliance would be but a feeble tie; the Queen Elizabeth and other French princesses have perished miserably, whenever they could be immolated with impunity to the atrocious spirit of vengeance. My opinion is that nothing should be hurried forward, and that we should take counsel of events as they occur. It will be necessary to strengthen the bodies of troops which are to be stationed on the frontiers of Portugal, and wait.

"I do not approve of the step which your Imperial Highness has taken in so precipitately making yourself master of Madrid. The army ought to have been kept ten leagues from the capital. You had no assurance that the people

and the magistracy were about to recognize Ferdinand without a struggle. The Prince of the Peace must of course have partisans among those employed in the public service: there is also an habitual attachment to the old King, which might lead to certain consequences. Your entrance into Madrid, by alarming the Spaniards, has powerfully assisted Ferdinand. I have ordered Savary to wait on the old King and see what passes. He will concert measures with your Imperial Highness. I shall hereafter decide on what is finally necessary to be done. In the meantime, the following is the line of conduct I judge fit to prescribe to you.

"You will not pledge me to an interview in Spain with Ferdinand, unless you consider the state of things to be such that I ought to acknowledge him as King of Spain. You will behave with attention and respect to the King, the Queen, and Prince Godoi. You will exact for them and yourself pay them the same honours as formerly. You will manage so that the Spaniards shall have no suspicion which part I mean to take: you will find the less difficulty in this, as I do not know myself.

"You will make the nobility and clergy understand that if the interference of France be requisite in the affairs of Spain, their privileges and immunities will be respected. You will assure them that the Emperor wishes for the improvement

of the political institutions of Spain, in order to put her on a footing with the advanced state of civilization in Europe, and to free her from the yoke of favourites. You will tell the magistrates and the inhabitants of towns and the well-informed classes, that Spain stands in need of having the machine of her government re-organised, and that she requires a system of laws to protect the people against the tyranny and encroachments of feudality, with institutions that may revive industry, agriculture, and the arts. You will describe to them the state of tranquillity and plenty enjoyed by France, notwithstanding the wars in which she has been constantly engaged, and the splendour of religion, which owes its establishment to the Concordat which I have signed with the Pope. You will explain to them the advantages they may derive from political regeneration; order and peace at home, respect and influence abroad. Such should be the spirit of your conversation and your writings. Do not hazard any thing hastily. I can wait at Bayonne; I can cross the Pyrenees, and strengthening myself towards Portugal, I can go and carry on the war in that quarter.

"I shall take care of your particular interests; do not think of them yourself. Portugal will be at my disposal. Let no personal object engage you or influence your conduct: that would be injurious to me and would be still more hurtful to yourself.

"You are too hasty in your instructions of the 14th; the movement you order General Dupont to make is too sudden, on account of the event of the 19th of March. They must be altered; you will make new arrangements: you will receive instructions from my Minister for Foreign Affairs.

"I enjoin the strictest maintenance of discipline: the slightest faults must not go unpunished. The inhabitants must be treated with the greatest attention. Above all, the churches and convents must be respected.

"The army must avoid all misunderstanding with the bodies and detachments of the Spanish army; a single flash in the pan must not be permitted on either side.

"Let Solano march beyond Badajoz; but watch his movements. Do you yourself trace out the routes of my army, that it may always be kept at a distance of several leagues from the Spanish corps. If war is once kindled, all would be lost.

"The fate of Spain can alone be decided by political views and by negociation. I charge you to avoid all explanation with Solano, as well as with the other Spanish generals and governors. You will send me two expresses daily. In case of events of superior interest, you will dispatch officers of ordonnance. You will immediately send back the Chamberlain de Tournon,

the bearer of this dispatch, and give him a detailed report.

(Signed) "NAPOLEON."

In this letter (and it no doubt expressed his genuine and deliberate sentiments) Buonaparte seems feelingly alive to the difficulties of his situation, to the nature of the struggle in which he might be involved, and the dormant character of the people; to be aware of the disadvantages under which Spain laboured, and the excessive caution and delicacy that must be employed in removing them. It would be too much to suppose that his views and purposes were changed by his nearer acquaintance with the Spanish Princes, and that as he himself says, "when he found what poor creatures they were, he felt compassion for a great nation, over whom they were placed;" for his joy at the approach of Ferdinand and his astonishment at his trusting himself in his hands, show too clearly the use he intended or thought it possible to make of the circumstance. But it is probable that the previous design he had formed was fixed and rendered palatable to himself by being let into the infirmities of this royal group, the besotted King, the changeling son, the mother proclaiming herself a strumpet to prove her son a bastard*; and that

* This *trait* rests on the authority of Don Pedro Cevallos; Buonaparte denies it.

these repeated scenes of indecency and folly took away not only all compassion for the performers in them, but piqued the pride which he felt in his conscious superiority over these legitimate sovereigns to set aside their preposterous pretensions and treat them as their inherent qualities deserved. He beheld an immense engine of power within his reach, and conceived a strong desire to snatch it from the baby-hands that knew not how to wield it. In this there was, it is true, a sort of natural justice, which gave an indirect warrant to the dictates of his ambition and self-will. Under his guidance he foresaw a brilliant prosperity and growing strength in reserve for Spain, and he did not think it right that a couple of royal marmozets should stand in the way of the prospect. He wanted to new-colour the map of Europe, and for this purpose the old boundaries must be effaced. He felt in himself the ability to infuse new life and vigour into "the vast dominions of Charles V. on which the sun never sets," and to raise up the Spanish monarchy from its tomb; and made light (to attain so important an object) of *kidnapping* its reigning princes and leading a whole nation to its good, blindfolded and against its will.

Two things suggest themselves here from Napoleon's failure on this occasion. The first is the necessity of justice on the liberal side of the question. Others may do and have done, since the

world began, very well without it: but *we* cannot. We have not custom, prejudice, fashion, and a thousand things to eke out our imperfections: we have nothing but our good cause and our good name to carry us through, and we cannot afford to have them fairly called in question. We appeal to justice; and by that we must abide. Our adversaries pay us the compliment to criticise us severely, and with reason, for we challenge the comparison. They who set up no other pretension than the right of the strongest or of prescription, can never be in the wrong while they are uppermost, or while the person, if not the act, is legitimate. On the other hand, our smallest fault "shows ugly" by the side of the abstract standard of public good which we have fondly erected; and our most casual departure from this shocks public opinion and alienates numbers. This is seen remarkably in the present instance. Buonaparte, by seizing on a crown that did not belong to him, raised an universal hubbub of indignation against him from one end of Europe to the other, which has not subsided to this hour. The reason is, he had no traditional right or privilege to plead, and stood or fell by his own act and deed. That very crown that Buonaparte wrested from Ferdinand, the latter had torn with insolence and perfidy from his father's brow, though no more notice was taken of this circumstance than if it had descended to

him in the course of nature—he has since been the parricide of liberty and of his country—no one is surprised or shocked at it, it produces no effect, because he does not profess to be accountable to any law but his own will, and is absolved by his birth from every tie of humanity and justice. That which by a received *formula* sets itself above the law is also raised above opinion.

Again, if any one could pretend to govern by dint of mere ability and skill, it was Buonaparte: no one ever devised or carried into effect greater or more beneficial designs for his own or other countries: yet all his schemes at last recoiled upon himself, from his not allowing the popular voice and wish to act as an habitual counterpoise and corrective to the deductions of reason or the glosses of ambition. No one individual is as wise as the whole put together; or if he were ten times wiser, his wisdom is not adapted to their ignorance. The more lofty and extensive his views, the less approbation and the more obstacles they will meet with; and no man can stamp the seal of his understanding on the public weal, unless it is first melted by the warmth of attachment and sympathy. It is not enough that things are good in themselves: they require time and custom to make them desirable; and these will make the worst endurable. If the people are enlightened and judges of the good intended for them, then

they have a right to be consulted: if they are ignorant and incompetent, then they will spit our improvements back in our face. Truth indeed will prevail in the end with fair play, but not by a *fiat* of the will; and all that force can do, is to neutralise the force opposed to its diffusion. Buonaparte viewed the matter in too literal and mechanical a light; and thought that nations were to be drilled like armies. His system savoured too much of his school-studies. Had he been a metaphysician instead of a mathematician, he would not have fallen into this error; but then he would not have gained battles nor raised himself to the height he did. There is nothing that people resent more than having benefits thrust upon them: it is adding insult, as they think, to injury. Our attack on Copenhagen the year before was bad enough, and was loudly exclaimed against; but it was nothing (in the vulgar estimation) to this affair of Spain. We went as open and declared enemies, determined to do the Danes all the mischief we could, for our own sakes. We took their ships from them; we did not pretend to give them any thing in exchange. This was honest and *above-board*. Mankind above all things hate to be made the dupes of doubtful professions of wisdom and benevolence.

There is another letter of Buonaparte's of nearly the same date with the one above quoted, addressed

to Ferdinand, which, if meant to cajole the Prince, is bad enough: if serious, is still worse. There are expressions in it about Kings and the People, truly worthy of his correspondent; and which could never be forgiven in him, but that he afterwards met with enough to cure him of this delusion, and that his attempts to pass beyond his proper sphere and character were as unavailing as those of the child to leap over its own shadow. The factitious elevation from which he here pretends to look down upon the people will account for the little resistance he might be supposed to expect from them and the thoughtless provocation he gave them much better than his grave and manly advice to Murat, so as to produce a direct contradiction in terms. His disposition to screen Godoi and to check every spontaneous impulse of popular feeling are also very bad symptoms. But if the intoxication of supreme power so soon turns the head of the individual (as it were in spite of himself) what must it do in the course of generations and when the poison is infused into the very blood? But to proceed.—Ferdinand, uneasy at not being recognised as King by Murat, and anxious to pay his court to Buonaparte, set out for Bayonne, whither the latter had come on his way to Madrid.* This resolution was taken without

* He was induced to proceed by an expression in Buonaparte's letter (which he received on the way) that "he felt a desire to converse with him on certain points."

the advice of the Council, and by no means pleased the people. He left the capital on the 10th of April, having appointed a regency with the Infant Don Antonio at its head, and reached Vittoria on the 16th. His progress was signalized the whole way with every demonstration of attachment and triumph. Some of the inhabitants in the excess of their zeal strewed their garments on the road where the wheels of the royal carriage were to pass, that they might preserve the marks of the joyful event ever after. Sovereigns so beloved can only improve on this homage and testimony of devotedness by riding over the necks of their subjects! On the day that Ferdinand arrived at Vittoria, the commission appointed to try Godoi received an order from the Regency to stop proceedings against him; and he was soon afterwards released and conducted to the frontier by Buonaparte's desire—whether it was that the Emperor wished to oblige King Charles by saving the life of his favourite, or that he thought he might learn important state-secrets from a man who had ruled Spain by a nod for twenty years; or that he resolved to hold in his own hands all the twisted threads of policy; or to check and mortify the impatience of the people for vengeance; or finally, to show favour to an old *protegé* and tolerably faithful ally. Ferdinand had some difficulty to escape from the loyalty of the citizens of Vittoria, who were disposed to detain him by force among

them, till he assured them of the perfect good understanding between himself and the French Emperor. On the 18th he received Napoleon's letter; and still, in spite of the remonstrances of his most judicious friends, determined to proceed. He left Vittoria on the 19th, and from Irun sent forward an aide-de-camp of the Emperor's with a letter to say that he should be at Bayonne the next day, *if agreeable to his Majesty.* Buonaparte, when he received the news from his aide-de-camp, could hardly believe it. "How?" he exclaimed—"Is he coming? No! it is not possible!" These words have been quoted to show that Buonaparte had no malice prepense, no ill intentions in the business. They appear to me to show the contrary. What! was France become a robber's cave, that it was dangerous for a foreign Prince to trust himself in it? Every man who comes into your house puts himself in your power; but that alone does not give you the right to seize upon his purse or person. It is true, it does not appear that Buonaparte either decoyed or invited the Spanish princes into his territory: he merely *let them come* upon an understanding of good faith, and all that he had to do was to *let them go back again.* Would that he had! It would have had a much less injurious effect if he had gained possession of their persons by main force, than under a mask of hospitality and friendship.

The Prince of the Asturias arrived at Bayonne on the 20th. The Emperor had sent no one to the frontiers to receive him; but Berthier, Duroc, and the Count d'Angosse went to meet him a little way out of the town. An hour after, Napoleon went to pay him a visit, which lasted only a short time; and the Grand-Marshal was then sent to invite the Prince to dinner, together with Don Carlos, the Duke de l'Infantado, M. de Cevallos, the Abbé Excoiquitz, and others. Napoleon descended to the bottom of the steps, where the carriage of the Prince drew up; which was the only time he paid him any of the marks of attention usual towards crowned heads. At dinner he avoided with great care calling him either by the title of your Majesty or your Highness. He however made up for this omission by great courtesy to him and his suite; all of whom went away apparently well pleased with their reception. An hour after Ferdinand had returned home, he is said to have received a message to announce that he would be treated only as Prince of the Asturias, till the King should arrive at Bayonne, when the dispute might be cleared up between them.

The negociations began the day after the arrival of Ferdinand, but made little progress. On the 27th, Josephine arrived at the Chateau de Marrac, and preparations were made for the reception of the old court of Spain. The Spanish Princes

were closely watched, and all their letters seized and opened at the frontier. Even the market-women were roughly handled by the Custom-house officers, as they had often dispatches found on them for Spanish emissaries who were waiting on the other side of the Bidassoa. Early on the morning of the 29th the Emperor had his Prefect of the Palace (who was acquainted with Spanish) called up, and made him translate the following letter word for word from the original.

"*To Don Antonio.*

"Bayonne, April 28th, 1808.

"DEAR FRIEND,—"I have received thy letter of the 24th, and have read the copies of two others which it encloses, the one from Murat and thy answer: I am satisfied with it; I have never doubted thy discretion nor thy friendship for me. I know not how to thank you for it.

"The Empress arrived here yesterday in the evening at seven o'clock: there were only some little children who cried *Long live the Empress!* Besides, even these cries were very feeble; she passed without stopping, and went immediately to Marrac, where I shall go to visit her to-day.

"Cevallos yesterday had a warm dispute with the Emperor, who called him traitor, because having been minister under my father, he had attached himself to me, and that this was the cause

of the contempt he had for him. I don't know how Cevallos contained himself, for he is easily irritated, particularly in hearing such reproaches. I had not till to-day so well known Cevallos: I see that he is a man of probity, who regulates his sentiments according to the true interests of his country, and that he is of a firm and vigorous character; such as we need in circumstances like the present.

"I apprise thee that Maria-Louisa (Queen of Etruria) has written to the Emperor, that she was witness of the abdication of my father, and that she can state that it was far from voluntary.

"Govern well, and take care lest these cursed French should play thee false. Receive the assurances of my most tender attachment.

"FERDINAND."

The Emperor while reading this letter appeared hurt at what concerned the Empress, but still more indignant at the expression "*these cursed French.*" "Are you quite sure that that is the exact word?" he said to his interpreter; who showed him the word in Spanish—*Malditos.* "That is it, sure enough," said Napoleon, "this word is almost Italian." This letter cost both parties dear; and is an argument to point out the danger of such clandestine modes of getting at information: for if we might else remain in the dark as to the real inten-

tions of our adversaries, we are thus led to draw false and overstrained conclusions.* The seeming duplicity provokes us, and does not leave us at leisure to make allowance for the difference between a casual expression of spleen or impatience, and a deliberate avowal that the parties would act upon. Ferdinand could hardly be expected to like the French as well as the Spaniards, or to forget that Josephine was not born a princess: yet it does not follow that he would have gone to war with the one or would not have been glad to marry a niece of the other. Napoleon, however, took him at his word, without his knowing it: the real sentiments and hatred of Ferdinand were, as he thought, thus revealed to him, and he proceeded to treat him accordingly. That same evening the official Gazette of Bayonne published the letter of Charles IV. to Napoleon with the protest against his abdication, which was a thunder-stroke to the Prince and his party, and the next day the old King and Queen of Spain reached Bayonne.

The Emperor had sent Duke Charles of Placentia and the Prince of Neufchâtel to Irun and the borders of the Bidassoa to compliment their

* Buonaparte remarks that when the Count de Narbonne was sent to Vienna in 1813, by his superior sagacity in worming out the secrets of the Austrian Cabinet, he compelled Austria prematurely to declare herself, which otherwise she might not have done at all. So doubtful are the advantages of superior *finesse* and cunning!

Catholic Majesties, who on their entrance into France found a numerous detachment of troops ready to escort them. They were received at Bayonne with the greatest honours: the garrison was under arms, the vessels in the harbour had their colours flying, the cannon of the citadel and of the port were fired, and the whole population poured out to welcome them with repeated acclamations as friendly and powerful sovereigns. The Grand-Marshal Duroc received them at the government-palace and presented to them General Count Reille, Count Du Manoir, and Count Audenarde, three of the most accomplished of Buonaparte's courtiers, who were appointed to attend them. The grandees of Spain who were at Bayonne followed the Prince of the Asturias, who went to meet his royal parents on the outside of the city. On their return, the ceremony of kissing hands took place, and the king then dismissed the assembly of nobles. Ferdinand considerably at a loss offered to follow the King, when the latter extended his arms to prevent him, asking in a tone of bitterness, "If he had not already sufficiently outraged his father's grey hairs?" and the Prince overwhelmed by the reproach, withdrew in the utmost confusion. Napoleon went to visit the old King and Queen soon after, and stayed a long time with them; but did not invite them to dinner till the next day, leaving them the whole day to enjoy the

satisfaction of being restored to their beloved Godoi.

The escort which accompanied their Majesties was not numerous, but loaded with baggage and valuables. The carriages of the King, made after the model of those of the time of Louis XIV. which had conveyed Philip V. into Spain, presented a singular contrast to the elegance and lightness of the French equipages. It will scarcely be believed that the etiquette of the court condemned four huge lacqueys, in grand liveries, to remain standing close together behind the King's carriage the whole way from Madrid to Bayonne, exposed to all weathers and to the clouds of dust on the high roads? These good folks took a journey just as if they were going to pay a visit in the neighbourhood. The next morning, when the Emperor's carriage came to fetch the King and Queen, who had expressed a desire to pay the first visit to the Empress Josephine, the King, who had a slight attack of the gout, and besides was encumbered with his sword, could hardly get into it, and was afraid of trusting his weight to the steps. He laughed at his own embarrassment. These high personages were received by Josephine with all the grace and courtesy which were inseparable from her. After the first compliments were over, something was said about the toilette, and the Queen gladly accepted the offer of Josephine to

send Duplan to give her women a lesson in the modern art of head-dressing. The Queen looked altered indeed by submitting to the fashion, but not for the better. They brought the Prince of Peace with them to dinner, though he had not been invited. In going to the dining-room, Napoleon gave his hand to the Queen; and walking faster than usual, he perceived it and checked himself, saying, "*Your Majesty perhaps finds that I proceed rather fast?*" "Sire," replied the Queen smiling, "it is your usual habit." Buonaparte answered awkwardly enough, as if he had stumbled over something, that "from his gallantry to the ladies he made it a point to conform in all things to their tastes." On sitting down to table, King Charles perceived that his favourite was not there: "But Manuel,—but Godoi?" he said: and the Emperor smiling made a sign that he should be admitted. The conversation turned on the etiquette and customs of the two courts; and Charles IV. spoke of his passion for hunting, to which he attributed in a great measure his gout and rheumatisms. "Every day," said he, "whatever the weather might be, winter and summer, I set off after breakfast and after having heard mass: I hunted till one o'clock, and returned to it again immediately after dinner till the close of day. In the evening Manuel took the pains to let me know if affairs went well or ill; and I retired to bed to

begin the same round on the morrow, at least unless some important ceremony required me at home." Ever since his accession to the crown, the King had led no other life.

In the midst of these proceedings, advices came from Murat and Don Antonio that troubles had broken out at Toledo and Burgos. Murat in a letter to the President of the Council took upon himself (in direct opposition to Buonaparte's instructions) to quell these tumults, if the Regent could not; and sent pressing and almost menacing applications to him to appoint an extraordinary junta of the principal nobles to repair to Bayonne to determine on the present state of Spanish affairs. In this as on so many other occasions, the zeal of the Grand-Duke outran his discretion. He was a mere swaggering upstart; and Napoleon ought never to have trusted him with the smallest responsibility beyond that of heading a charge of cavalry. But it was his foible to suppose that all those connected with him were capable of great things as well as himself, or that he could supply their deficiencies out of his own superabundance. In the night of the 29th of April, a secret council was held at Bayonne, in which the Duke de l'Infantado gave and signed his opinion that Ferdinand had not the right either for himself or his heirs to exchange the crown of Spain for that of Etruria, according to a proposition that had been made the

preceding day. At Madrid, the fermentation began to be extreme. The people, mad at seeing the Prince whom they fondly idolised and the favourite who had been given up to their vengeance snatched from them, grew impatient to know the fate of each; nothing transpired through the regular channels, as the couriers and dispatches were stopped at the frontier, so that the most exaggerated and absurd reports prevailed. In this state of irritation and painful suspense, a French soldier was killed by a Spanish peasant in the streets of Madrid on the 1st of May; preparations were making for the departure of the Queen of Etruria and of the Infant Don Antonio; an aide-de-camp of the Grand-Duke narrowly escaped being assassinated; another French officer was severely wounded in attempting to disperse a mob. Such was the prelude to an insurrection which had been so well foreseen that the Spanish nobles at Bayonne wrote to their wives to quit Madrid before the approaching catastrophe. The French writers mention this to prove that they were not the assailants in this business, and so far they are right: but it was the natural consequence of treating a whole nation as having no will of their own, because it was an absurd one, and of assuming the airs of a second Providence over them, without the privilege of invisibility.

CHAPTER XL.

THE SAME SUBJECT CONTINUED.

On the 2nd of May early in the morning, the assemblages in the streets of Madrid became more numerous and threatening. A great number of peasants had been let into the city the day before. The Grand-Duke made the drums beat to arms, and stationed a strong detachment of the guard, with two pieces of artillery, in front of the palace. These preparations for defence did not intimidate the people, who continued to provoke and insult the French troops: the outrages were carried to such a pitch, that orders were given to draw up the men in form of battle, and to reply by a fire from the two first ranks. The grape-shot had the effect of dispersing the mob. The same thing took place at the several posts occupied by the French. The populace were obliged to take shelter in the houses, whence they contrived to fire from the windows and to kill a great number of the soldiery. The conflict in the streets and in the houses was thus kept up with sanguinary obstinacy the whole day. Towards evening, the Government, protected by the French and Spanish troops (the

latter of whom endeavoured to appease the tumult) published a proclamation which for some hours suspended hostilities. But the information which the rioters obtained of the approach of fresh troops, instead of quieting, only made them more furious than ever. The night was dreadful: the French were obliged to force open the doors of houses, whence musquet-shots were discharged at them: the rage was equal on either side. In the street of St. Victor, the mob* got possession of a loaded cannon, pointed it against a column of French cavalry, and brought down a great number of them. The cannon was re-taken, because the peasants who had seized upon it had no ammunition to charge it again: they were taken prisoners and slaughtered without mercy. The following day (the 3d) was tranquil and silent as the tomb: the fermentation had subsided; the insurgents had used all their ammunition, had suffered great loss; and it was by cart-loads that the wounded were conveyed to the hospitals.

The Grand-Duke of Berg (who after the departure of Don Antonio was chosen president of the council) published a proclamation and a letter to General Dupont in which he talked big of the

* Do not the *mob* always come into play, whenever there is a general and *thorough* feeling of resistance excited in the community? Their stirring is the last decisive indication, unless merely when they are set on by their superiors. Why then, when they appear on the popular side, should they cast a slur upon it?

canaille of Madrid, and distributed pardons with a munificent hand. Notwithstanding which, a military commission was appointed to try the insurgents, and some hundreds of peasants were shot. This piece of unnecessary barbarity and the carrying off of Don Manuel Godoi were the two things which the Spaniards never forgave. The Emperor having read the dispatches which brought him an account of the events of the 2nd of May went in search of the King, and his countenance, over which he had ordinarily great command, betrayed the strongest emotion. Both the King and Queen were in the room; and twice during the interview Charles left the apartment to go and give Godoi an account of what was passing. Such was the sort of infatuation, from which all this train of calamity arose! It was agreed to send for the Prince. It has been pretended that when Ferdinand entered the room, the three sovereigns remained seated; and that during the whole of this singular interview the Prince was kept standing. If so, it must have been with the marked intention to humble and render him tractable to good advice, as it was contrary to Napoleon's habit to remain seated long together; and when any thing interested him, he usually walked up and down the room, while venting his opinions or feelings. King Charles presenting the report to his son with a menacing air, said, "Read, read;" and when the

Prince had done so, "Behold," said the King, "the horrible result of the infamous counsels that have been given you by perfidious friends, and to which you have yielded with a culpable eagerness, thus forgetting the respect which was due to me, your father and your king: you have excited the revolt: but though it is easy to kindle a popular conflagration, it requires other hands than yours to extinguish it." The King added other opprobrious epithets to these reproaches, and declared that "if he did not instantly sign the abdication of the crown he had usurped, he and all his adherents should be seized as traitors and punished as such." Ferdinand, without offering either expostulation or resistance, merely replied that "he had never offended his father intentionally; and that if his happiness or that of the nation required it, he was ready to tender his resignation," shewing the meekness of the lamb when he felt himself in the power of others, no less than the cruelty of the tiger when he had got them in his. "Go and do so then," said his father; and the next day (the 6th of May) after having consulted with his party, he signed his abdication of the crown. Charles IV. was no sooner in formal possession of this document than he hastened to avail himself of it by concluding a treaty with Napoleon, by which he transferred to him all his rights to the throne of Spain, stipulating only the independence and integrity of the kingdom and the

maintenance of the Catholic Religion *not only as dominant, but as the only one tolerated.* He addressed a proclamation to the Councils of Castile and of the Inquisition, informing them of the circumstance, and hoping for their approbation; and Ferdinand himself with the other princes of the blood, at the same time testified their acquiescence in the measure, which brought the affairs of Spain within a small compass. The King and Queen of Spain with Godoi set off a few days after for Fontainebleau; and Ferdinand with Don Carlos and his uncle was escorted without parade or seeming repugnance to Valençay, where he was received on his arrival by the Prince of Benevento, the proprietor of the mansion, and where he remained for some years, amusing himself with embroidering petticoats for the Virgin and from time to time writing letters to Buonaparte, demanding one of his nieces in marriage. — While Napoleon was making this extraordinary acquisition to his dominions, Alexander had robbed Sweden of Finland: but that country submitted with a good grace to the gentle violence of a legitimate monarch, making none of those outcries or convulsive struggles that Spain did, and soon after making common cause with the despoiler and ravisher, to put a stop to the encroachments and ambition of France. The *hue-and-cry* of liberty is never raised under certain auspices, but to cover the designs of slavery.

It may seem strange that Charles IV. should be so easily prevailed upon to make over not only his own right and title to the throne, but those of his son and of his heirs and successors to all posterity. But there is a degree of incapacity so low that it even unfits men for being kings or aspiring to be so. It should be recollected that it is only a fine distinction that necessarily separates the tiara from the slabbering-bib; and that many of those who in modern times have sat upon thrones might but for this elevation have been doomed to wander as objects of pity and scorn about some village in their own dominions. This weakness of understanding when joined with good-nature has a tendency to make the possessors indifferent to power, which is only an incumbrance to them, as they see no use they can make of it; the same want of understanding combined with malice and pride makes them proportionably tenacious of authority, for mischief finds its objects better than good-nature; and the poorest creature (if trusted with power) can torment and worry a whole nation, which thenceforward becomes his delight and ruling passion. Such seems to have been the difference between the father and son in the present instance. Charles IV. could hardly be said himself to quit a throne which he had only nominally ascended: he had no farther satisfaction in a country from which Godoi had been banished, and could still exercise his sovereign pleasure in playing

duetts on the fiddle without waiting for the person who was to accompany him. In a word, few kings have the sense to recollect that they are men: Charles had not enough to conceive how he could be any thing more than a private gentleman: and was contented with chasing the forest-deer, instead of hunting down his subjects to teach some future King of England how to rule over slaves and deal with traitors!

If Buonaparte had placed the crown of Spain on his own head and had seemed proud of it, "as he had titles manifold" to power and sovereignty, there is no saying what might have happened: but as if it had not already been bandied about enough and trifled with, he chose to transfer it once more (to show how light and worthless it was) and placed it on his brother Joseph's head. This appears to have exhausted the patience of the Spaniards. Their disgust and hatred broke out in the most furious and unqualified terms of abuse; they called their new king "that barbarian, Joseph Buonaparte," "a monster;"* and the juntas of the different towns had the "Constitutional Act" which was sent them, burnt by the common hangman. There was certainly nothing surprising in this. Custom is

* This "monster and barbarian" had done more while King of Naples for a short time before to civilize and reform that wretched country than would have been done by a *menagerie* of Bourbons in a million of years. See MEMOIRS OF THE DUKE OF ROVIGO.

the God of ignorance: and there will always be the greatest horror of innovation in the most barbarous and uninformed minds, that is, where there is the greatest need of it. Those who read and reflect know what changes have taken place or may yet take place in the world: those who know only the object before them, what their senses or their blind guides teach them, have no conception of any thing else as possible or endurable; and look upon every change as a violence done to nature. The strongest antipathies often exist with the least reason for them; nor is this to be remedied, since the passions are the only safe-guard of those who have no means of guarding against injustice or imposture by knowledge and principle. Even the presence of Buonaparte and of the new king himself could not extort any cordial or unqualified expressions of allegiance from the nobles assembled at Bayonne (7th of June) to offer their congratulations. The Duke de l'Infantado in particular stopt short in the midst of a complimentary address by saying that he could promise no more till the nation had confirmed the choice, and drew upon himself on the spot one of Napoleon's most vehement and pointed rebukes. "You are a gentleman, sir; behave like one: and instead of disputing on the terms of an oath which you mean to break the first opportunity, go and put yourself at the head of your party in Spain, fight openly and loyally. I

will have your passport delivered to you, and I give you my word of honour that the advanced posts of my army shall let you pass freely, without molesting you. This is the course becoming a man of honour." The Duke stammered out a number of excuses and professions of fidelity: "You are wrong," said the Emperor; "This is more serious than you think for: you will forget your oath, and will render yourself liable to be shot—perhaps eight days hence."

Notwithstanding these heats and the coldness which manifested itself on this occasion, the Junta met, and after some discussion adopted unanimously the Constitution proposed to them. It was much the same as that afterwards established by the Cortes, so cried up at one time by our patriots and so utterly forgotten since—it abolished the Inquisition, set aside feudal services, annulled many oppressive imposts, and provided a check on the arbitrary power of the crown, by restoring the Cortes or national representatives. Joseph formed an administration, among whom were the Duke de l'Infantado and Don Pedro Cevallos, and set out on the 10th of July for Madrid. The officers of state, the grandees of Spain, the entire Junta, formed his escort on the road. By the time that he had entered Spain, almost all the provinces were in open revolt; the harbours were covered with the English fleets; Biscay, Catalonia, Navarre, Valencia, Murcia, An-

dalusia, Estremadura, Galicia, the kingdom of Leon, the Asturias, with part of the two Castiles, fired with enthusiasm and revenge, were up in arms; and Saragossa, already besieged ever since the beginning of June, and defended by the gallant-minded Palafox, was firmly resolved to bury itself under its ruins rather than open its gates to the besiegers. His answer to a summons from the French General to capitulate after a most sanguinary conflict will at once explain the tone and spirit that animated this new war.

"Sir,—If your master sends you to restore the tranquillity which this country has never lost, it is needless that he should take the trouble. If I am bound to repay the confidence which this valiant people have shown in drawing me from the retirement in which I lived, to place their interests and their glory in my hands, it is plain I should be wanting to my duty, were I to abandon them on the mere profession of a friendship in which I do not believe.

"My sword guards the gates of their capital, and my honour is pledged for its security. The troops must take some repose, because they are exhausted with the exertions of the 15th and 16th, though otherwise they are indefatigable, as I hope to be myself.

"So far is the flame caused by the indignation of Spaniards at the view of so many acts of injustice

from being appeased, that it is thereby the more increased. It is easy to see that the spies whom you keep in pay send you false reports. A great part of Catalonia has acknowledged my command, as well as a considerable portion of Castile. The captains-general of Valencia and Murcia have joined me. Galicia, Estremadura, the Asturias, and the four kingdoms of Andalusia are resolved to avenge our wrongs. The troops give themselves up to the most violent excesses: they plunder, insult, and massacre with impunity the peaceable inhabitants who have given them no sort of provocation.

"Neither that nor the tone which your Excellency observes since the 15th and 16th are at all proper to satisfy a brave people.

"Let your Excellency do what it pleases: I shall know my duty.

"The General of the troops of Arragon,

"PALAFOX."

"In my head-quarters at Saragossa,
the 18th of June, 1808."

Such were the lofty port and words which at this period accompanied the most daring feats of arms. These undaunted expressions did not however prevent the fall of Saragossa, though defended by women also with more than masculine courage and self-devotedness. It was twice taken and retaken

with dreadful loss and carnage. Through such a formidable array of hostility did the new King reach Madrid on the 20th of July; and after remaining there eight days was forced in consequence of the capitulation of Baylen to fly to Vittoria, to which a timely passage was opened to him by the success of Marshal Bessieres at Medina del Rio Seco.* The Emperor heard the news of this event and of the disastrous affair of Andujar at Bourdeaux on his way back to Paris. On the 12th of August, the Council of Spain published a decree rejecting and declaring null and void the abdication of Charles IV. and Ferdinand, and the treaties concluded in consequence between France and Spain.

This may be considered as the conclusion of the first act of the drama of the Spanish Revolution. But in order to explain this result, it will be necessary to go somewhat more into detail. The Spanish Juntas, which were established in every province, recommended it to the troops to avoid general actions as much as possible, to make the contest one of partisan-warfare, and to avail themselves of the advantages which the nature of the country and habits of the people held out in a protracted and desultory conflict, instead of coming in contact in large masses and regular combat with disciplined and veteran troops. But it was easier to give this

* Joseph in the hurry of his flight left behind him, among other things, David's picture of Napoleon crossing the Alps.

advice than to follow it. The contest was one of passion and vengeance; and the impatience of the armed peasantry, with their confidence in their own numbers and courage, induced them to suspect treachery, and even to put to death those generals who would not lead them on to give immediate battle to the French. Solano and Filangieri had both been sacrificed in this manner. Blake succeeded the latter in the command of the Galician army, which was in this state of insubordination. Having managed to form a junction with the levies of Castile and Leon under Cuesta, they proceeded together towards Burgos; Cuesta, though he had already been beaten by the French near Caberon (with the obstinacy and touchiness of an old soldier) wishing to hazard the event of a battle, while Blake, dreading the superiority of the French discipline, deprecated the risk of a general action. Bessieres, who had lately defeated the insurgents in Biscay and Navarre in several partial actions, left them however no choice on the subject. He came upon them suddenly near Medina del Rio Seco, where, on the 14th of July, the combined armies of Galicia and Castile suffered the most calamitous defeat which the Spaniards had yet sustained. The insurgents fought with extreme bravery—more than twenty thousand slain were said to have been buried on the field of battle. The news of this victory at so critical a point of time was a great relief to Buona-

parte. "It is," he said, "the battle of Villa-Viciosa. Bessieres has put the crown on Joseph's head. The Spaniards have now perhaps fifteen thousand men left, with some old blockhead at their head: the resistance of the Peninsula is ended." The victory of Medina del Rio Seco did in fact enable the new King to advance from Vittoria to Madrid, as well as to retire from it eight days after without molestation. He had been received formally, but without any of the usual demonstrations of joy on such occasions; nor did the inhabitants even repair to the theatres, though they were thrown open at the public expense.

Hard upon the heels of this victory, however, followed intelligence of a different stamp and of a more serious import. Duhesme (with the troops that had taken possession of Barcelona and Figueras) was in hopes not only of maintaining himself in Catalonia, but of advancing to assist in the subjugation of Valencia and Arragon. He was notwithsanding repulsed by the natives, who made good the mountain-pass of Bruck against him, and compelled him to return to Barcelona. Marshal Moncey met with no better fortune in an expedition undertaken against Valencia. He was opposed by all the phrenzy of popular feeling: the inhabitants rushed to man the walls—monks, women mingled in the fray—and unable to penetrate into the city, and disappointed of the reinforcement which he expected

from Dubesme, he was glad to retreat towards the main French army, which occupied Old and New Castile. A worse fate attended the division of Dupont, which, after the entrance of Murat into Madrid, had been sent on towards Cadiz; but this attempt to secure that commercial city, and to protect its harbour, seems to have been judged premature by Napoleon, who might perhaps wish to leave the passage open for Charles IV. to have made his escape to South America, in case he had been so minded. Dupont's march was therefore countermanded; and he proceeded no farther than Toledo, till the disposition of the Andalusians and of the inhabitants of Cadiz shewing itself more and more hostile, he was ordered forward to preserve that important seaport and the French fleet which was lying there. He accordingly advanced southward, traversed the Sierra Morena (where Don Quixote performed such wonders) forced the passage of the Gaudalquiver, and gained possession of the ancient town of Cordova. But Cadiz had already embraced the national cause; the French squadron was in the hands of the Spaniards; and Seville and its Junta were organising large levies to be added to a regular body of ten thousand men under Castanos at the camp of St. Rocque near Gibraltar. Dupont in this situation could neither advance nor retreat. The passes of the Sierra Morena were by this time occupied with the insurgent mountaineers. He

solicited reinforcements from Portugal and Madrid; but Junot had at present too much on his hands with the insurrection of the natives and the threatened descent of the English to afford him assistance, and he was only joined by two brigades under General Vedel and Gobert, detached from the army in Castile. With this addition, which made his force amount to twenty thousand men, he thought himself strong enough to attack; and accordingly proceeded to occupy Baylen, and took the old Moorish town of Jaen by storm. Here they were presently encountered by Castanos who had watched their movements; and after a severe contest, were compelled to fall back upon Baylen. Having learnt by an intercepted dispatch to Savary (who had succeeded Murat in the command of the army of Madrid) the straits to which the enemy was reduced, the Spanish general followed up his advantage, and on the 16th of July by an attack on various points drove the French back on Andujar; General Gobert was killed in the action. On the night of the 18th and through the greater part of the following day, the French made a desperate attempt to recover the village of Baylen, which was stoutly defended against them; and after a last effort to redeem the victory by a daring charge at the head of his troops, General Dupont found himself enclosed on all sides by a superior force, and obliged to surrender with the troops under his immediate command,

amounting to fourteen or fifteen thousand men. The division of Vedel, which had not been engaged, was excepted from this stipulation, but was afterwards included in it by a breach of faith on the part of the Spaniards.

The event of this battle freed the south of Spain, with the rich cities of Seville and Cadiz, from the dread of the invading armies; and the news of it shortly after reaching Madrid hastened Joseph's departure from that city. Saragossa still held out with the courage of a martyr behind her old Moorish battlements, till the convent of Santa Engracia falling into the hands of the besiegers enabled them to push their posts into the town. The French general (Lefebvre Desnouettes) announced this success in a triumphant summons:—"Santa Engracia—Capitulation." "Saragossa—War to the knife's blade," was the equally determined answer. The threat was made good; the citizens fought from street to street, from house to house, from chamber to chamber; the combatants often occupied different apartments of the same house; and the passages which connected them were choked up with the dead. After this dreadful struggle had continued for several weeks, the gallant defence of Saragossa excited at once the courage and sympathy of those who had at first looked on only with fear and distrust; and a considerable reinforcement was thrown into the place in the be-

ginning of August. The news of Dupont's surrender became known soon after; and on the 13th of August, Lefebvre Desnouettes evacuated the quarter of the city in his possession. He blew up the church of Santa Engracia and other buildings, and finally retreated from a city which had so valiantly resisted his arms.

Buonaparte was at Bourdeaux (as we have seen) when the account of the defeats of Andujar and Baylen reached him. He bit his lips; but it does not follow that he saw in it the overthrow of all his fortunes and Europe crumbling beneath his feet, as some prophesiers after the event are fain to imagine. It did not cloud the *eclat* of the rest of his progress to the capital: he was welcomed all the way by triumphal arches and the most unbounded expressions of adulation as having revived the miracle of the age of Louis XIV., by uniting the dynasties of France and Spain once more in his own person. The splendour of the achievement was too dazzling and too flattering to the national vanity to suffer the French to look narrowly into the means. It was not till a reverse of fortune that their eyes were opened to detect some flaws in the title-deed to so much glory, and to see the measure (stripped of success and without any of the beneficial consequences that were intended to flow from it) in all its abstract deformity. This would have been the time (if at all) for them to have

shown themselves men, and to have remonstrated against an act of injustice and meanness; and not when their manhood was put on only to escape a castigation. As for Great-Britain, that noted bully and scold, aided by that hardened prostitute, the hireling press, and that more hardened prostitute, a MINISTERIAL MAJORITY—hawking about her contraband wares and spurious bales of iniquity, scouring the seas and infesting the land with her officious alliance and shabby diplomacy, wheedling, bribing, raving, vomiting out defiance and death on all who would not come into her nefarious projects, winking at the seizure of Finland (in hopes the Russian autocrat might in time fall into her views, seeing his father's end before his eyes) standing and dancing with her arms a-kimbo on the smoking ruins of Copenhagen, and snapping her fingers with barefaced contempt at the distinctions of right and wrong like the Dutchman in Candide, "*car enfin je suis matelôt*" —passing up and down the Dardanelles in her frantic importunity to make the Grand Turk embrace the cause of that old hag Legitimacy (whom hardly the houris of Paradise could rouse from his apathy) making common cause with Calabrian banditti and hunting down the Guavas of Buenos Ayres on the plea of driving a thriving trade in philanthropy—I would not believe a word that she said, though she had blown a blast as loud as Orlando's

horn at the pass of Roncesvalles, calling on Europe to rise in behalf of Spanish patriotism, liberty, and independence; or that the popular cause was any thing more than a stalking-horse made use of to destroy the popular cause, either then when men could only judge from the past, or now that it is proved by the sequel.

The Spanish insurgents were at first treated as rebels, which very properly gave rise to reprisals; and this sore cured itself. The troops also enforced military law against the peasants who took up arms, a practice for which a precedent is said to have been found in Buonaparte's suppression of the revolt of Pavia, as if that precedent was itself quite new to the principles and usages of regular warfare. The peasants in their turn retaliated, and fell upon the wounded, the sick, and the stragglers of the French army, without mercy. In the temper and circumstances of the time, it is quite as likely that they did not wait for any such provocation to fall upon their enemies when they had them in their power. In this manifestation of the national spirit, the lowest classes took the lead, as in other great public commotions. Women, priests, all classes joined in the quarrel, for it touched all classes. The excesses to which it led, the grotesqueness of appearance it assumed, are not here ascribed (nor ought they to be so) to the madness or folly

of the people, but to natural feeling and strong aggravation. Blood was also shed. At Valencia, a priest named Calvo incited the rabble to massacre upwards of two hundred French residing in that city, on no other ground than their being French. The Governor of Cadiz, Solano, falling under popular suspicion, was immediately put to death, and many such instances occurred. The Juntas called on the rich for patriotic contributions; on the priests to send the church-plate to the mint; on the poor to serve in the ranks or work on the fortifications. Mr. Southey's pen in tracing these events with the spirit and fidelity peculiar to him, may be said to run on in a well-known track; and almost to parody an exploded original. The subject seems to inspire him with a sparkling felicity, and "redolent of joy and youth, to breathe a second spring." There is in the style a freshness and a fervour of feeling as in his earlier productions, which he never fails to temper with an admirable decorum and even sanctity of sentiment. There are only two striking features of distinction in the pictures of the two Revolutions —the want of a monk urging it on with a crucifix in the first, and of a king to be cashiered in the last! No doubt the difference is a very material one. While these events were passing in Spain, Sir Arthur Wellesley, who had done much to extend the British empire in India, and had recently

distinguished himself by his active share in violating the neutrality of Denmark, landed with an army at Lisbon to assert the independence of Portugal. He gained the battle of Vimeira over Junot on the 21st of August 1808, which however was rendered in a great measure abortive by the indecision and changes among the British commanders, three of them actually succeeding each other in one day; and the affair ended in what at the time was considered as the disgraceful Convention of Cintra. Probably the actual advantages we had gained might be overrated in the uneasy enthusiasm of the moment, as they were the first we had gained; and for any thing we knew at the time, might be the last. So near the brink of the precipice had we come in the desperate attempt to push others over!

It was in the interval between his return to Paris and his march into Spain at the end of the year 1808, that Napoleon proceeded to Erfurt to renew his intimacy and strengthen the connection he had formed with the Emperor Alexander in the preceding autumn. It is needless to speak of the long acclamations and festive rejoicings which attended Buonaparte the whole way from St. Cloud to Erfurt, where he arrived the 27th of September early in the morning. The Emperor Alexander left Petersburg on the 14th, and on the 18th had an interview with the King and

Queen of Prussia who came to Königsberg, to meet him. He was received at Bromberg by the Duke of Montebello, who had been sent forward for that purpose; and where the division of Nansonty paid him military honours. Alexander said, "he was pleased to find himself among so many brave men and such fine soldiers." He arrived at Weimar on the 26th, accompanied by Marshal Lannes and escorted by the troops of Marshal Soult, having passed through Leipsic and Frankfort-on-the-Oder. Napoleon on his arrival at Erfurt was welcomed with the most lively congratulations of the people. The King of Saxony was already there to meet him. After giving an audience to the Regency and the municipality of Erfurt, the Emperor mounted on horseback; and having returned the visit of the King of Saxony, rode out of the city by the gate of Weimar. At a short distance he found the grenadiers of the guard, the seventeenth regiment of infantry, the first of the hussars, and the sixth of the cuirassiers drawn up in order of battle: after passing along the ranks, he ordered the cavalry forward on the road to Weimar, where presently after (about a league and a half from the city) he met the Emperor Alexander. As soon as this prince saw Napoleon, he got out of his carriage, and the Emperor alighted from his horse. The two sovereigns then embraced with the greatest cordiality. They then got on

horseback as well as the Archduke Constantine, and galloped along in front of the troops, who presented arms. The drums beat the charge. Numerous salvos of artillery mingled with the sound of bells and with the shouts of a vast concourse of spectators whom so extraordinary an event had drawn together from all quarters. During the whole of the time that the interview at Erfurt lasted, Alexander wore the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour, and Napoleon that of St. Andrew of Russia. The latter being *at home*, constantly gave the right hand to the Emperor Alexander. On the first day the two Emperors proceeded to the Russian palace and remained together an hour. At half after three the Emperor Alexander went to return Napoleon's visit, who descended to the bottom of the stair-case to receive him; and when Alexander withdrew, he accompanied him to the entrance-door of the hall of the Guards. The sentinels who lined the way, presented arms, and the drums beat the charge. At six o'clock, the Emperor of Russia came to dine with Napoleon. He did so on all the following days. The precedence among the other sovereigns was determined by the order of their adhesion to the Confederation of the Rhine. The King of Saxony and the Archduke Constantine were present the first day. At nine o'clock the Emperor conducted his guest back to his palace, where they remained

together *tête-à-tête* for an hour and a half. The Emperor Alexander attended the Emperor Napoleon to the top of the stair-case. The city was illuminated. The Prince of Weimar, and of Reuss, and the Princess of Tour and Taxis arrived in the evening.

The same routine was repeated almost every day, with little variation. The two Emperors breakfasted alone, called on each other in the course of the morning, and were together all the rest of the day, either in public or by themselves. Napoleon had been desirous to give the Emperor of Russia an opportunity of enjoying the representation of the well-known *chef-d'œuvres* of the French stage, and for this purpose had brought with him the principal performers of the *Théâtre Français*—Talma, St. Prix, Damas, Lafond, Després, Lacave, Varennes, with Madame Raucourt, Duchesnois, Bourgoing, Rose Dupuis, Gros, and Patrat. The first representation given was that of *Cinna:* the second was the tragedy of *Andromache.* The Emperor of Russia and the other illustrious strangers who were present seemed to relish more and more the master-pieces of the French drama, and to be particularly delighted with the admirable acting of Talma. At the representation of *Cinna,* the box of the two Emperors was in the centre of the first tier facing the stage. Napoleon thought he perceived that at this distance

the Emperor Alexander did not hear sufficiently well, on account of a defect in that organ. He in consequence gave orders to Count Remusat, his chamberlain, to have a platform raised on the scite of the orchestra, with two elbow-chairs for the two Emperors and seats to the right and left for the King of Saxony and the other sovereigns. They were thus placed in view of the whole theatre. On the evening of the performance of Œdipus, the two courts were assembled as usual. In the first scene of the play, Philoctetes addresses Dimas, his friend and counsellor:—

"L'amitié d'un grand homme est un bienfait des Dieux." *

At this line, the Emperor Alexander turning towards Napoleon gave him his hand in a very graceful manner, as much as to say, that he considered his friendship in that light. This was the application made by all those present. Napoleon bowed, but with the air of one who declined so embarrassing a compliment. M. de Talleyrand did not fail to be at the Emperor's levee that evening to know precisely what had passed. On another occasion, as he was about to enter the dining-room, the Emperor of Russia who was going to lay aside his sword, found he had forgotten it. Napoleon approached, and begged him to accept of his. Alexander took it eagerly, saying, "I ac-

* "The friendship of a great man is a benefit from the Gods."

cept it as a mark of your friendship. Your Majesty is well assured that I shall never draw it against you"—a protestation which would admit of an opposite construction.

On the 6th of October, the visitors at Erfurt accepted an invitation from the reigning Duke of Weimar to pass a day or two with him. On the way a hunting pavilion had been erected in the forest of Ettersburg, where the Emperor Alexander, who was not fond of the pleasures of the chase from the shortness of his sight, brought down (as his *coup d'essai*) a fine stag that passed within eight paces of him. At night, the *Death of Cæsar* was performed by the French actors at the theatre of Weimar; and after the play there was a ball, in which Alexander danced or rather walked a minuet with the Queen of Westphalia, the orchestra playing a Polish march. During the ball, Buonaparte had a long conversation with two celebrated Germans, Wieland and Goëthe, the author of Werter. While here, the Emperor showed the most marked attention to the Duchess of Weimar, who after the battle of Jena had saved Weimar from being given up to the pillage of the French soldiers who had entered it at the point of the bayonet, by the noble appeal she made to the generosity of the victor. The next day, the Emperors went over the field of the battle of Jena. In a tent erected on the spot where he

had bivouacked on the night before that celebrated battle, Napoleon received a deputation of the city and university of Jena; and after numberless inquiries and details on the subject, distributed 300,000 francs to repair the damages done by fire and other consequences of the long abode of his military hospitals in that city.

The party returned to Erfurt to dinner about five o'clock. This evening there was no play, as the actors had not had time to get back; for which reason the company sat longer than usual at dinner. A question was started respecting the *Golden Bull* which, before the establishment of the Confederation of the Rhine, had served as a basis to regulate the election of the Emperors of Germany, the number and quality of the Electors, &c. The Prince-Primate went into some particulars concerning this *Golden Bull*, which he said had been promulgated in 1409. The Emperor observed that the date which he assigned to the Bull was not exact, and that it was proclaimed in 1336, under the reign of the Emperor Charles IV. "That is true, Sire," replied the Prince-Primate, "I was mistaken; but how does it happen that your Majesty is so well acquainted with these things?" "When I was a simple lieutenant in the second artillery," said Napoleon—at this introduction there was on the part of the august guests a marked expression of surprise. He resumed with a smile—

"When I had the honour to be a simple lieutenant in the second company of artillery, I remained three years in garrison at Valence. I was not fond of society and lived very retired. By a lucky chance I happened to lodge at a bookseller's, a well-informed man and very obliging—I read through his library over and over during the three years I was kept in garrison there, and have forgot nothing, even of matters which had nothing to do with my profession. Besides, nature has given me a particular recollection of figures. I am often able, in discussions with my Ministers, to quote to them the details and numerical amount of their accounts of the longest standing."—There was a just and well-placed pride in thus speaking of himself in the presence of all Europe as it were assembled at a banquet of kings! After a number of magnificent presents and honours lavished on all sides, the two Emperors took leave of each other on the 14th of October, Alexander proceeding to St. Petersburg, and Napoleon returning to Paris, where he arrived on the 18th of the month. An account of Buonaparte's conversation with Wieland is extant, given by Wieland himself; and is in every respect too interesting and characteristic not to be inserted here.

"I had been hardly a few minutes in the room," says Wieland, "when Napoleon crossed it to come to us. I was presented by the Duchess of

Weimar with the usual ceremonies: he then paid me some compliments in an affable tone, and looking stedfastly at me. Few men have appeared to me to possess in the same degree the art of reading, at the first glance, the thoughts of other men. He saw in an instant that notwithstanding my celebrity I was simple in my manners and void of pretension; and as he seemed desirous of making a favourable impression on me, he assumed the tone most likely to attain his end. I have never beheld any one more calm, more simple, more mild, or less ostentatious in appearance: nothing about him indicated the feeling of power in a great monarch: he spoke to me as an old acquaintance would speak to an equal; and what was more extraordinary on his part, he conversed with me exclusively for an hour and a half, to the great surprise of the whole assembly. At length, towards midnight, I began to feel that it was improper to detain him so long, and I took the liberty to demand permission to retire: 'Go then,' said he in a friendly tone, 'good night!'

"The following are the most remarkable features in our conversation. The tragedy which had just been represented* having led us to speak of Julius Cæsar, Napoleon said that he was one of the greatest men in history; and that he would have been the greatest of all, but for the folly which he committed. I

* La Mo de Cæsar.

was going to ask him to what fault he meant to allude, when seeming to read my question in my eyes, he continued: 'Cæsar knew the men that wanted to get rid of him; he ought to have got rid of them first.' If Napoleon could have seen what was then passing through my mind, he would have read the conviction that no one would ever accuse him of the like folly.*

"The Emperor paused an instant, pronounced a few words indistinctly, and went on. From Cæsar the conversation naturally turned to the Romans: he warmly eulogised their military and political system. The Greeks, on the contrary, did not seem to share his esteem. 'The eternal squabbles of their petty republics,' he said, 'were not calculated to give birth to any thing grand: whereas the Romans were always occupied with great things, and it was owing to this they raised up the Colossus which bestrode the world.' I pleaded in favour of the arts and literature of the Greeks: he treated them with disdain, and said that they only made use of them to foment their dissensions. He preferred Ossian to Homer. He was fond only of serious poetry, the pathetic and vigorous writers, and above all, the tragic poets. He spoke of Ariosto in the same terms as the Cardinal Hippo-

* This prediction on the part of Wieland was, however, premature. He *was* afterwards in a similar situation where others wanted to get rid of him, and he neglected to strike the first blow as he ought.

lito of Este; ignorant no doubt that it was giving me a box on the ear. He appeared to have no relish for any thing gay; and in spite of the prepossessing amenity of his manners, an observation struck me often, he seemed to be of bronze. Nevertheless, the Emperor had put me so much at my ease, that I ventured to ask him how it was that the public worship which he had restored in France was not more philosophical and in harmony with the spirit of the times? 'My dear Wieland,' he replied, 'religion is not meant for philosophers: they have no faith either in me or my priests: as to those who do believe, it would be difficult to give them or to leave them too much of the marvellous. If I had to frame a religion for philosophers, it would be just the reverse of that of the credulous part of mankind.'"*

* Müller, the celebrated Swiss historian, has left a still more ample testimony to Buonaparte's character. The following is taken from Müller's Posthumous Works:—

"On the 19th May, 1807, I was informed by the Minister Secretary of State, Maret, that at seven o'clock in the evening of the following day I must wait on the Emperor Napoleon. I waited accordingly on this Minister at the appointed hour, and was presented. The Emperor sat on a sofa: a few persons whom I did not know stood at some distance in the apartment. The Emperor began to speak of the History of Switzerland; told me that I ought to complete it; that even the more recent times had their interest. He came to the work of mediation, discovered a very good will, if we do not meddle with any thing foreign and remain quietly in the interior. He proceeded from the Swiss to the old Greek Constitutions and History, to the Theory of Con-

Scarcely had Buonaparte returned to Paris before he had to set out again for Spain. The campaign this time was little more than a military promenade; there was no great battle fought, nor

stitutions, to the complete diversity of those of Asia (and the causes of this diversity in the climate, polygamy, &c.), the opposite characters of the Arabian (which the Emperor highly extolled), and the Tartar Races (which led to the irruptions that all civilization had always to dread from that quarter, and the necessity of a bulwark) the peculiar value of European culture (never greater freedom, security of property, humanity, and better laws in general, than since the 15th century); then how every thing was linked together, and in the inscrutable guidance of an invisible hand; and how he himself had become great through his enemies: the great confederation of nations, the idea of which Henry IV. never had: the foundation of all religion, and its necessity; that man could not well bear completely clear truth, and required to be kept in order; the possibility, however, of a more happy condition, if the numerous feuds ceased, which were occasioned by too complicated constitutions (such as the German), and the intolerable burden suffered by States from excessive armies. A great deal more besides was said, and indeed we spoke of almost every country and nation. The Emperor spoke at first in his usual manner; but the more interesting our conversation became, he spoke in a lower and lower tone, so that I was obliged to bend myself quite down to his face; and no man can have understood what he said (and therefore many things I will not repeat).—I opposed him occasionally, and he entered into discussion. Quite impartially and truly, as before God, I must say, that the variety of his knowledge, the acuteness of his observations, the solidity of his understanding (not dazzling wit), his grand and comprehensive views, filled me with astonishment, and his manner of speaking to me, with love for him. A couple of Marshals, and also the Duke of Benevento, had entered in the mean time; he did not break off. After five quarters, or an hour and a half, he allowed the concert to begin;

any extraordinary manœuvre executed. He had not in fact an equal enemy to contend with. The only striking feature of the period was the dilatory advance and disastrous retreat of Sir John Moore and the English under his command. Napoleon left Paris on the 29th of October, and reached Bayonne on the 3rd of November. On the 7th he was at Vittoria, where his brother Joseph had remained, and where he found himself in the midst of the army under Marshal Bessieres. The troops now moved forward on Burgos, which place was taken by assault, and treated with severity, the inhabitants firing from their windows on the French troops as they entered. At the same time Marshal Victor marched on the Spanish forces collected under General Blake at Espinosa, attacked and routed them, and drove them back on Reynosa. This disaster included the defeat of the greater

and I know not, whether accidentally or from goodness, he desired pieces, which, one of them especially, had reference to pastoral life and the Swiss *(Rans des Vaches)*. After this he bowed in a friendly manner and left the room:—Since the audience with Frederick (1782), I never had a conversation on such a variety of subjects, at least with any prince: if I can judge correctly from recollection, I must give the Emperor the preference in point of solidity and comprehension; Frederick was somewhat Voltairian. Besides, there is in his tone much firmness and vigour, but in his mouth something as attractive and fascinating as in Frederick. It was one of the most remarkable days of my life. By his genius and his disinterested goodness he has also conquered me."

part of the troops that had escaped with the Marquis Romana from the isle of Furen in the Baltic, and who, being injudiciously brought into action by single battalions, perished ingloriously among the cliffs at Espinosa. Blake commanded the Spanish army in the north of Spain; Castanos in the centre near Madrid; Palafox in the east towards the Pyrenees. Nothing can exceed the picture which is given of the deplorable state of these armies at the period in question. They were without discipline, concert, stores, or ammunition. The soldiers were in a state of open rebellion against their leaders, and slew them on the slightest suspicion or disgust: the generals were at variance alike with one another and with the Supreme Junta. The latter sent commissioners to the army who acted as spies and umpires over the Generals, and urged them forward on sure destruction, at their peril. They seemed to have nothing to sustain their courage but their good opinion of themselves and their hatred of the French, with the love of their king and country—though the last could scarcely be affirmed, for their patriotism was often of so instinctive and merely animal a nature that they fought very well in defence of a particular spot, but could not understand the necessity of a combined system of national defence or of securing the frontiers as an inlet to the whole kingdom. Palafox having effected a junction with Castanos

is said to have hurried him by opprobrious insinuations into a general action with the French troops stationed along the Ebro. It took place at Tudela on the 22nd of November, with all the results which Castanos had foretold, and left that General no resource but to escape with the broken relics of his army to Calatayud, while Palafox retreated to Saragossa to await a second siege and reap thankless renown. The road now lay open to Madrid except for the pass of Sommo-Sierra, about ten miles from the city, and which was hitherto regarded as impregnable. Buonaparte might indeed have gone round by Valladolid, on which side no such formidable obstacle intervened. But as the Spaniards were fond of miracles, he was willing to gratify them; and to their utter astonishment, took the pass of Sommo-Sierra by a single charge of Polish lancers. After this, not a single Spaniard was to be seen all the way to Madrid, where the army arrived on the 1st of December. Madrid is not fortified; but some persons thought of defending it piece-meal and man to man. I have no objection that all the capitals in the world should be defended in this manner (if it is so to be understood) but feel no particular regret that Madrid was not more than any other, as I have no particular fancy either for *auto-da-fés* or bull-fights. Some of the streets were however unpaved for this purpose; and the looks of the citizens spoke daggers. It

ended in nothing, as the constituted authorities with Don Thomas Morla at their head were not disposed to second the good citizens of Madrid, which capitulated in the morning of the 4th of December, after a number of parleys. The only attempt at an irregular defence was made in the new barracks belonging to the Guards. The common people and soldiers had collected here to the amount of several thousands, determined to make a last stand: a redoubt situated in the middle of the inner court was garnished with cannon and vomited out death on all who approached. It was not till after the lapse of a couple of hours that the Corregidor and Alcaldes could get near enough to summon them to lay down their arms in consequence of the capitulation having been signed. In their despair, the combatants broke their muskets, spiked the guns, and rushed out of the place frantic with rage and disappointment. The gate of Fuencarral opposite the quarter where Buonaparte was chiefly stationed, continued to fire after all the other points of defence had done firing. The commander of this post was found to be a M. St. Simon, a French emigrant, who had been in the Spanish service ever since the Revolution. He was about to be brought before a military commission and would probably have suffered for his over-forward zeal in the cause of Spanish patriotism, if his daughter had not been advised to present herself

before the Emperor, and intercede for her father's life. This sort of appeal he hardly ever was known to resist. Before quitting Madrid, Buonaparte paid a visit privately to the royal palaces, where he found his brother Joseph's picture remaining where it was, and a curious collection of clocks and watches with which the late King used to amuse himself for hours.

Sir John Moore and his army had been expected in Spain towards the end of August, and might in that case have co-operated to advantage with the Spanish troops; but indecision and a want of vigour in the Administration (which was not prompt in the use of means from having hitherto used them in vain) produced a delay which amounted to a virtual abandonment of the project. He himself arrived with sixteen thousand men at Salamanca, entering Spain by the frontiers of Portugal, and had ordered Sir David Baird to advance from Corunna to Astorga with ten thousand more, just in time to hear of the defeat and dispersion of the Spanish armies under Blake, Castanos, and Palafox, whom he was come to join and reinforce. In this situation he was greatly at a loss how to act. He saw the danger of attempting to advance; yet the expectations entertained of him, and the eagerness of the British public to second a cause which had at last brought something like a feeling of liberty and a spirit of independence to bolster up the hypocri-

tical excuses and selfish calculations on which they had so far trafficked in war, made him desirous to do something. He consulted Mr. Frere, the British minister and a sort of itinerant camp-critic and writer of dispatches (of the Canning school) who advised him to proceed by all means and risk every thing for the chance of succouring Madrid. Mr. Frere was a wit, a courtier, and an enthusiast in the cause of Spanish liberty; for he saw with what a different eye courts and cabinets must regard that liberty or will of the people which consisted in their determination to have no will of their own, but to leave all power in the hands of kings and priests, and that other sort of liberty which France had tried to obtain, of having a will of her own and taking some of the supreme power out of the hands of those that held it. One of these two kinds of patriotism or liberty, which was both courtly and popular, was the finest opening and handle in the world for overturning the other which had never been courtly and had ceased to be popular. Sir John Moore, who was not of the Canning school, having some misgivings of the cause and more of the success, declined this challenge of the British Envoy. He notwithstanding resolved to move forward, in the hope of aiding the scattered remains of Romana's army in Biscay, of diverting the attention of the French from advancing farther south, and thinking at all events to keep a retreat open for

himself through Galicia. This last step soon became necessary. He had gone on to Mayorga, where, on the 20th of December, he formed a junction with Sir David Baird; and advancing to Sahagun, a smart action took place between the 15th English Hussars and a body of French cavalry, greatly to the advantage of the former. The troops were in the highest spirits and preparing to attack Soult, who had concentrated his forces behind the Carrion, when news was brought that this general had been strongly reinforced; that Buonaparte had set out on the 22nd from Madrid at the head of ten thousand of the Guard; and that the French armies, who had been marching southward, had halted and taken a direction to the northwest, as if to inclose and destroy the British army. A retreat became inevitable, with every disadvantage of such a retreat, in the middle of winter, through bad roads, and a country of which our officers at the time did not know how to take advantage, either for the purposes of defence or of furnishing their troops with supplies. The gross deficiency of our commissariat-department at that epoch has been accounted for from our insular situation, which, screening us from the necessity of foreign wars, leaves us ignorant of the means of subsisting large armies by land, and may also bring into question our right to engage in them, since we can hardly feel properly responsible for the evils which we inflict with com-

parative impunity upon others. The soldiers, besides, not relishing this retrograde movement, grew mutinous, got drunk, and committed all sorts of outrages upon the inhabitants. Nothing brought them to reason or put them in good humour, but the prospect of meeting with the enemy. They then rallied and fought with the greatest bravery and steadiness. On the 29th of December the French, who had pressed upon our rear at Benevente and thrown a large body of the Imperial cavalry across the Exla, were driven back and defeated, and their General Lefebvre Desnouettes was taken prisoner. At Lugo again on the 6th of January, they declined the offer of a similar encounter; and in disembarking at Corunna on the 16th, the combat which Soult commenced with great boldness and numbers, proved fatal to many of the assailants and to the English general (Sir John Moore) while encouraging his soldiers to make sure of the victory. He was buried on the ramparts, and "left alone with his glory"—such as it was!

Buonaparte did not follow the retreating army further than Astorga. He then returned to Valladolid, where he staid some days, and then proceeded in great haste to Paris, his return being hastened by the news of an approaching rupture with Austria. While at Valladolid he had several conferences with the Abbé de Pradt, who made him laugh by comparing the ingratitude of the Spaniards for

the benefits he wished to confer upon them to the behaviour of Sganarelle's wife in the farce, who quarrels with a stranger for trying to prevent her husband from beating her. He also suppressed a monastery of Dominicans at Valladolid, where a French officer had been assassinated and his body found in the vaults of the convent. He called these monks before him to the number of forty; harangued and reviled them for their baseness; and at last in his eagerness got alone in the midst of them, some of them in their humility kneeling to kiss the hem of his garments. Had there been one true monk among the group, the scene might have ended differently—though less satisfactorily to some people than it has done!

CHAPTER XLI.

CAMPAIGN IN 1809.

NAPOLEON returned to Paris on the 23rd of January 1809. His Prefect of the Palace (whose mule had suffered an accident in fording the Exla) followed him on the 28th. One of the first persons the latter met on going to the Thuilleries was the Count de Montesquieu, who had been appointed Grand-Chamberlain to the Emperor in the place of the Prince of Benevento. This news surprised M. de Bausset the more, as he had just parted with M. Talleyrand, who had come to pay his court, and on whose countenance he had perceived no marks of the change nor of the disagreement that had caused it.

In the course of the preceding year, Austria, seeing the example set by Spain and that liberty was the word, grew patriotic, got tired of the treaty of Presburg (of which she was glad enough at the time) seized and opened the French dispatches in time of peace, raised the *Landwert*, made an appeal to her subjects, and hoped to recover under this new plea of popular enthusiasm and national independence the successive losses she had sustained in so many Coalitions to overturn popular

rights and national independence, and bow them to the earth under the yoke of feudal aristocracy with its forty quarterings. The scheme failed this time too. England of course was at hand to encourage her to venture once more in the new lottery which Legitimacy had opened, and offered as usual to pay the expense. The distress and poverty arising from the want of this money at present is attributed to the excessive and unnatural growth of the population. We are too poor now to take part in the struggle of Greece or other states to emancipate themselves from a despotic and hated yoke. There has bee n no king's head struck off in the quarrel, and it is not to be expected that the king's coin should pay for any thing else. "But riches fineless were as poor as winter," without that fillip to warm the icy chill of patriotism and set the sluggish blood in motion.

The Archduke Charles was appointed generalissimo; and early in the month of April published the Emperor's orders to march into Bavaria and treat all that opposed him as enemies. The same declaration was also made with respect to Russia. Accordingly, the Austrian troops entered the Bavarian territory on the 10th and 11th of April, though Prince Metternich was still at Paris without demanding his passports or saying a word on the subject. *It was an understood case.* A telegraphic dispatch gave the first notice of this event. Napo-

leon set out for Strasburg on the 13th and arrived there on the 16th at four in the morning with the Empress Josephine, whom he left there. He crossed the Rhine at the head of his fine troops, and marched with the utmost speed to the succour of Bavaria. Numbers were on the side of the Austrians (who had raised a larger army in this case than they had ever done before) but Buonaparte made up for this inferiority (as was his custom) by the celerity and skill of his movements. He had with him, besides his own troops, those of the Confederation of the Rhine (who proved faithful to their conqueror and ally) and also drew reinforcements from the garrisons he had left in Prussia and in the North of Germany. The Austrians had six *corps d'armée* of thirty thousand each, which constituted their force under the Archduke Charles; one in Galicia under the Archduke Ferdinand, ready to oppose the Russians, should they be disposed to advance; and two under the Archduke John, intended to operate a diversion in Italy, by the passes of Carinthia and Carniola—in all two hundred and seventy thousand men. Buonaparte's line had been too much extended (considering the fewness of his numbers) from north to south; and a gap was left in the middle, into which the Austrians (if they had thought of it in time) might have pushed large masses, and have thus cut his army in two. Alarmed at the possibility of this, he hastened to

place himself in the centre, the vulnerable point; and turning doubtful hazards and even over-sights to his advantage, sent precise and urgent orders to Massena to advance by a lateral movement from Augsburg to Pfaffenhofen, and to Davoust to come up in the same manner from Ratisbon to Neustadt. The order for this daring operation was given on the night of the 17th and speed and vigilance were recommended. Davoust had to march eight leagues and Massena twelve or thirteen to come up to the appointed place of rendezvous. When the time necessary for executing these movements had elapsed, Buonaparte at the head of the centre of his forces made a sudden and desperate assault on two Austrian divisions, commanded by General Hiller and the Archduke Louis; and Davoust coming up on the right-flank of the Austrians in the middle of the engagement, while Massena made his appearance almost at the same instant in the rear of the Archduke Louis, broke and threw their whole line into the utmost disorder. This was the famous manœuvre of Abensberg, of which the Emperor sometimes spoke as the finest of all his conceptions. This victory gained on the 20th of April exposed the defeated army to further misfortunes, the Emperor following up his advantage, and attacking the fugitives next day at Landshut, where they lost thirty pieces of cannon and nine thousand prisoners, besides ammunition and baggage.

On the 22nd the Emperor directed his whole force, meeting from different points, against the principal army of the Archduke Charles which was concentrated at Eckmuhl. The battle was one of the most splendid which the art of war could display. A hundred thousand men and upwards were dispossessed of all their positions by the combined attacks of their scientific adversary, the divisions appearing on the field, each in its due place and order, as regularly as the movements of the various pieces on a chess-board. All the Austrian wounded, great part of their artillery, fifteen stand of colours, and twenty thousand prisoners remained in the power of the French. The retreat was attended with proportionable loss; and Austria, again baffled in the hope of wreaking her old grudge against France, was once more reduced to contend for her existence, which had been so often lost and given back to her to have the same unfair use made of it again.

On the subsequent day, the Austrians attempted to cover the retreat of their army by defending Ratisbon. A partial breach in the walls having been obstinately defended by a close discharge of musquetry, there was a difficulty in finding volunteers to renew the attack, when the noble-minded Lannes, seizing a ladder and rushing forward to fix himself against the walls, "I will shew you," he exclaimed, "that your general is still a grena-

dier." The example prevailed; the wall was surmounted; and the combat was continued in the streets of the town. Here a singular circumstance occurred. A body of French, pressing forward to charge a body of Austrians who still occupied one end of a burning street, were interrupted by some waggons belonging to the enemy's artillery-train. "They are barrels of powder," cried the Austrian commander to the French: "if the flames reach them, both sides perish." The combat ceased; and the two parties joined in averting a danger which must have been fatal to both, and finally saved the ammunition from the flames. At length the Austrians were driven out of Ratisbon, leaving much cannon, baggage, and a great many prisoners in the hands of their enemies.

In the middle of the last *melée*, Buonaparte who was observing the affair at some distance and speaking to Duroc at the time, was struck on the foot by a spent musquet-ball, which occasioned a severe contusion. "That must have been a Tyrolese," said the Emperor coolly, "who has hit me from such a distance: those fellows fire with wonderful precision." Those around remonstrated with him on his exposing his person: to which he answered, "What can I do? I must needs see how matters go on." The soldiers crowded about him, alarmed at the report of his wound; but he would not allow it to be dressed, so

eager was he to get on horseback, and put an end to the solicitude of the troops by shewing himself publicly among them.

Thus within five days (the space and almost the very days of the month which Buonaparte had assigned for settling the affairs of Germany) the original aspect of the war was entirely changed; and Austria, from the character of an aggressor in which she was proud of appearing, was compelled to submit to one which she hated and to which custom had not reconciled her. At no period of his dazzling career did the genius of Napoleon seem more completely to prostrate all opposition: at no time perhaps did the talents of a single individual exercise such an influence on the fate of the world. The forces which he had in the field had been not only unequal in numbers to those of the enemy; but they were in a military point of view misplaced and imperfectly combined. Napoleon arrived alone; found himself under all these disadvantages; and by his unrivalled genius came in the course of five days in complete triumph out of a struggle which bore to any one else a character so unpromising. It was no wonder that others, nay that he himself should have annexed to his person the degree of superstitious reverence claimed for the chosen intruments of Destiny, whose path must not be crossed, and whose arm cannot be arrested.

While the relics of the Archduke Charles's army were in full retreat to Bohemia, Napoleon employed the 23rd and 24th of April in reviewing his troops and distributing honours and rewards with a liberal hand. It was on occasions like these that he was seen to the utmost advantage: if sometimes too much of the soldier among sovereigns, no one could pretend with so good a right to be a sovereign among soldiers. "I create you a knight: what is your name?" he said to a soldier, striking him familiarly on the cheek. "You ought to know it well," answered the soldier, "since I am the man who in the deserts of Syria when you were in extremity, relieved you from my flask." Napoleon instantly recollected the individual and the circumstance: "I make you a knight," he said, "with an annuity of twelve hundred francs—what will you do with so much money?" "Drink with my comrades to the health of him who is so necessary to us." The Generals had their share in the Imperial bounty, particularly Davoust, to whose brilliant execution of the manœuvres commanded by Napoleon the victory was in a great measure to be attributed. He was created Duke of Eckmuhl. Napoleon by connecting the names of the places where great battles were fought with the titles of those who contributed to gain them, allied the recollection of their merits with his own grateful acknowledgment of them; and made

every new title he conferred a powerful spur to fresh exertions in the path of honour and ambition. The Archduke Charles after the defeat at Eckmühl threw himself into the defiles and mountainous passes of Bohemia, where he could have made a protracted defence, had Buonaparte chosen to follow him. But instead of entangling himself in the pursuit, being in possession of the right bank of the Danube and of the high road to that city, he marched straight to Vienna. It is true, General Hiller, who had been repulsed at Landshut, had been joined by a considerable reserve and was placed between him and the capital: the Archduke, should he advance, might hang upon his rear; a strong spirit of discontent loured like a black cloud over the mountains of the Tyrol; and the north of Germany had begun to manifest a feeling of soreness and resistance to the galling pressure of evils which they had intended for others, but had never meant should come home to themselves. These doubtful considerations, which might have staggered a man of less resolution than Buonaparte, only accelerated his determination to compel Austria to a peace, by descending the Danube and occupying her capital a second time. All was shortly in motion. General Hiller, too weak to attempt the defence of the Inn, retreated to Ebersberg, a village with a castle upon the river

Traun, a position which was deemed next to impregnable, and into which the Austrians had thrown thirty thousand men. It was carried by Massena on the 3rd of May in a furious assault, in which the loss was nearly equal to the victors and the vanquished. General Hiller retired to St. Polten, and crossed the Danube at Muntern, hoping to effect his junction with the Archduke on the left bank, and leaving the right open to Buonaparte's march on Vienna. This city has no other fortifications than those which defended it against the Turks in 1683. The Archduke Maximilian had the command of the garrison, which was not numerous enough to hold out against the enemy. The Emperor and the greater part of his family had fled to Buda in Hungary; only one remained behind, the Archduchess Maria-Louisa, who was confined by indisposition, and soon after destined to be carried away as a hostage and a bride. The shower of bombs first fell on the palace, but as soon as Buonaparte was apprised of the situation of the Archduchess, the palace was spared, and the storm of missiles directed to other quarters. The intention of defending the capital was not long persisted in; the Archduke with his troops evacuated the city, and the capitulation was signed on the 12th. Buonaparte did not enter Vienna, but fixed his head-quarters at Schönbrunn, a

palace of the Emperor's in the vicinity. The Archduke Charles, unable to prevent the fall of Vienna, now thought only of relieving it.

He approached the left bank of the Danube, therefore, which had been swoln by the rains and melting of the snow, and over which the bridges had been destroyed to prevent the enemy from passing at their ease, as they had done in 1805. Buonaparte, who was on the right bank, anxious to give battle to the Archduke and put an end to the contest, endeavoured to pass over first at Neusdorf about half a league above Vienna (where the stream is narrow and rapid)—but failing in the attempt (five hundred men whom he pushed across having been cut off and taken) he proceeded to a place called Ebersdorf, two leagues below Vienna, where the Danube is divided into five branches, and here had a bridge thrown across the islands which form them, the large Isle of Lobau being the last or next to the left bank of the river. The Archduke did not seem disposed to interrupt the construction of the bridges or the passage of the river. On the 19th Buonaparte hastened the finishing of the last bridge, and on the 20th passed over with about thirty thousand infantry and six thousand horses, occupying a little plain between the villages of Aspern to the left and Essling on the right. Aspern was half a mile, Essling a mile and three quarters from the bridge. These

villages with a redoubt hastily constructed to guard the bridge were occupied by the French.

The reports brought in during the night concerning the enemy were contradictory and uncertain. Many lights were seen on the heights of Bisamberg; but nearer to the French and in their front, the horizon exhibited a pale streak of about a league in length, the reflected light of numerous watch-fires, which a rising ground between prevented from being themselves visible. From such indications as could be collected, Lannes was of opinion that they had only a strong rear-guard before them, while Massena maintained that they were in presence of the whole Austrian army. Napoleon was on horseback by break of day on the 21st to judge for himself; but clouds of light troops prevented his getting near enough to reconnoitre accurately. Presently the skirmishers were withdrawn, and the Austrians were seen advancing with their whole force, double in number to the French, and with two hundred and twenty pieces of artillery. Yet with this vast disproportion of odds, they were strangely astonished at the stand which they made on this occasion, as the French were mortified and reproached with having suffered a repulse or made only a drawn battle of it instead of a complete victory. The conflict commenced about four in the afternoon with a furious attack on the village of Aspern, which was

taken and retaken several times, and at the close of the day remained (except the church and church-yard) in the possession of Massena, though on fire with the bombs and choked up with the slain. Essling was the object of three general attacks, against all which the French stood their ground. Lannes was at one time on the point of being overpowered, had not Napoleon by a sudden charge of cavalry come to his relief. Night separated the combatants. The next day the battle was renewed, each party having received reinforcements. The French retook the church of Aspern; but the fighting was as obstinate and sanguinary as ever. Buonaparte observing that the Austrians bent all their force on the village of Aspern on their right, keeping back their left and centre, concluded that the last were their feeblest points, and came to the immediate resolution of moving forward the whole French centre and right wing, in hopes of overpowering and outflanking them on their weak side. The Austrian line was in danger of being turned and pierced by this movement. The Archduke Charles with equal presence of mind and intrepidity hastened to the spot where the shock was greatest; filled up the chasms which had been made in his line with the reserve; and seizing a standard, himself led the grenadiers to the charge. Thus stood the battle doubtful but fearful to the Austrians, when suddenly the

bridge which Buonaparte had established over the Danube was swept away by the flood.

This accident made it necessary for the French General to think of measures for securing or restoring his communications with the right bank. Fortunately for him, that end of the bridge which connected the Isle of Lobau with the left bank on which they were fighting remained uninjured, and was protected by fortifications. This, together with the cannon of Essling and the extraordinary conduct and valour of the troops, enabled Buonaparte to withdraw the remains of his army into the Isle of Lobau and to establish himself there during the night. The loss on both sides had been dreadful, being conjectured at twenty thousand killed and wounded in each army. General St. Hilaire, one of the best French generals, was killed in the action, and Lannes mortally wounded was brought to die in the island. Both his legs had been shattered to pieces in the last assault; yet he refused to die, and insisted that the surgeon ought to be hanged who could not cure a Marshal and Duke of Montebello. He could only be pacified when Buonaparte was near him, clung round him as if even Death had not power to tear him from the God of his idolatry, and called upon his name to the last as if it were a spell to charm anguish and despair. It could not be that he who was called the Roland of the army was

afraid of death; but the memory of a hundred victories swelled in his bosom, and he had not yet slaked his thirst of glory! Buonaparte lamented him much; said he had found him a mere swordsman, but that he soon rose to the highest rank in his profession, and would have improved still more had he lived; and (what was the highest praise of all) spoke of him as one of those who, he felt confident, would not have deserted him in his misfortunes!

On the morning of the 23rd, the day after the bloody battle of Aspern, Napoleon found himself cooped up with his wounded and diminished forces in the island of Lobau and another smaller one, facing Enzersdorf, separated from the left bank by a channel only forty yards wide. His communication with Davoust and the troops on the right bank was completely cut off by the breaking down of the bridges the day before. Here, had the enemy been as alert in improving their advantages as he was in repairing his disasters, he might have been assailed and overpowered; yet the Archduke in these circumstances did nothing, but remained spell-bound by the recollections of so many former defeats, provoked and sustained. Buonaparte on the other hand set to work with unexampled activity, undismayed by his situation, patient of his repulse, submitting to necessity and mastering it as the horse is tamed by the rider; and on the morning of the

second day had re-established his communications with Davoust; had converted the Isle of Lobau into an entrenched camp defended by battering-cannon from surprise or storm; and had constructed three bridges lower down (either unsuspected or unopposed by the Austrians, who still persisted in their first persuasion that he had no other mode of communication with the left bank than the bridge near Aspern) by which he sallied forth a few days after to be once more the assailant and the victor. He might be said to laugh at defeat; and the impediments or stumbling-blocks thrown in his way were only the 'vantage-ground from which he returned to the charge with increased vigour and success.

New and formidable reinforcements were expected to join the combatants. The Archduke John had been successful over the Viceroy in Italy, and had compelled him to retire upon the Adige; till the news of the defeat at Eckmuhl made him hasten back through Hungary to his brother's assistance. He was followed by Eugene Beauharnais, who gained the frontiers of Hungary as soon as he did; and the town of Raab surrendering after a siege of eight days opened the road for the Viceroy to join the Emperor; while the Archduke John crossing the Danube at Presburg below Vienna, hastened forward to effect his junction with the Archduke Charles. Napoleon did not allow him time. On the 5th of July, at ten o'clock

at night, the French began to cross from the islands in the Danube to the left-hand bank, either in gun-boats which silenced the Austrian batteries or over the new bridges which were out of reach of their fire. At day-light, the Archduke had the unpleasant surprize of finding the whole French army on the left bank of the river, after having turned the fortifications which he had erected to oppose their passage. Essling and Enzersdorf were taken, and the French line of battle was formed on the extremity of the Archduke's left wing. He endeavoured to outflank their right in turn, while the French made a push to break the Austrian centre stationed at Wagram, of which village only one house remained standing, and which was occupied by the Archduke Charles, when night closed the battle. Courier upon courier was sent to the Archduke John to hasten his march. On the next day, the 6th of July, was fought the famous battle of Wagram, in which the Archduke committed the error of extending his line too much. The enemy perceived this advantage, and Lauriston with a hundred pieces of cannon having broken through the centre, and Davoust turning the whole left wing at the same time, decided the victory. Napoleon was everywhere in the hottest of the fight, though the appearance of his retinue drew on him a shower of grape by which he was constantly endangered. He rode along in front of

the line upon a horse as white as snow called the Euphrates, and which had been a present from the Sophi of Persia. The shots were flying in every direction; and one of them hit Marshal Bessieres, who fell from his horse as if struck by a thunderbolt. Buonaparte seeing it, and thinking he was killed, turned away and said, "Let us avoid another scene," in allusion to Marshal Lannes. He complained that the cavalry towards the close of the action did not do their duty, and had deprived him of the fruits of his victory. Murat's absence was felt, who instead of brandishing a sword was at this time wielding his new Neapolitan sceptre. The French took twenty thousand prisoners, and so complete was the discomfiture that when the Archduke John came up with a part of his army before the battle was quite over, he was glad to retire from the field unnoticed by the enemy. All hope of further resistance was now abandoned by the Austrian generals and government; and they concluded an armistice with Buonaparte at Znaim, by which they agreed to evacuate the Tyrol, and put the citadels of Brunn and Gratz into the hands of Napoleon as pledges of their sincerity in demanding peace.

While Buonaparte was striking these body-blows at the Coalition, its extremities seemed to feel the quivering and convulsive throes of a last expiring agony. The war in the Tyrol assumed a romantic

and picturesque character, corresponding with the habits of the natives and the nature of the scenery. The following touching account of the condition of the people is given by one, whom (when he indulges the untrammelled bent of his mind) no one can equal in beauty or in power. "The extremes of rank and wealth are unknown in those pastoral districts: they have almost no distinction among the inhabitants; neither nobles nor serfs, neither office-bearers nor dependents; in one sense, neither rich nor poor. Their magistrates in peace and leaders in war were no otherwise distinguished from the rest of the nation than by their sagacity and general intelligence. As great a degree of equality as is perhaps consistent with the existence of society is to be found in the Tyrol." And we are to be tantalised with this picture, made studiously mild and amiable, not as a foil, but as a cover to the designs of despotism; and by one, whom the same words of liberty and equality, used in any other connection and for any other purpose, would throw into the rage and hysterics of a fine lady who sees a toad or spider near her. The poor Tyrolese did not know that it was the attempt to extend this model of "the best possible" state of society for the benefit of the common kind, and the determination of their lordly masters to trample on and crush that spark of hope that threatened the

downfal of all that is corrupt and odious in governments, again and again thrown back in defeat and dismay on the aggressors' heads, that at length brought the tide of war and conquest into the remote recesses of their mountain-fastnesses (free for that reason) and rudely tore asunder all their previous habits and connections. If there is any thing that could wound the ears of absolute sovereigns, it must be the shrill cry of liberty raised in their defence, when they know it is the fixed purpose to destroy and betray its very name, on which they have staked and are still ready to stake their own existence and that of all belonging to them. The lords of the earth must be sunk low indeed when they are obliged to appeal to the people to raise them from the dust. No wonder they so soon resent the interposition of their subjects as an impertinence or dangerous freedom at best. The Austrian government felt so little sympathy with the Tyrolese that at the peace they were given up without any reluctance to their fate; and Hoffer with thirty others of these plebeian volunteers in the cause of Legitimacy expiated their mistake in not knowing their own side of the question, as rebels and traitors on the scaffold. While the Archduke John proceeded into Italy to awaken the loyalty of the inhabitants in favour of their old masters, the Archduke Ferdinand advanced northward to kindle the patriotism of

the Poles in favour of their new oppressors. He had over-run the Duchy of Warsaw, and might have made a present of his share of the partition of Poland to the King of Prussia, had not the royal hands been at this time tied up from receiving back that recent and equitable acquisition. At the same time Katt, Schill, and Dornberg raised the standard of revolt in the north of Germany, and were resolved to set the King of Prussia free in spite of himself. After the battle of Eckmuhl, he disavowed their proceedings, and they perished in the adventurous attempt to shake off their new subjection and to return in triumph and as avengers to their old bondage. These irregular and ungovernable ebullitions of loyalty and patriotism are well described as opposed to "that cold and passive slavery of mind which makes men as patient under a change of masters as the dull animal who follows with indifference any person who has the end of the halter in his hand." It is the change of masters that excites all the resistance and resentment: the attempt to shake off the slavery itself would call for greater indignation and an universal combination to crush it. Man is not the only animal that submits to slavery; but he is the only animal that runs mad for love of it! The Duke of Brunswick set up to play the antic about the same time, with his banners in mourning and his death's-heads emblazoned on them—"his was a

fee-grief due to his single breast"—he had a father slain, as if *he* only had a father slain in that long and bloody contest which his father provoked and announced to Europe. The presumption implied under this mask of filial piety is the best comment on the principles in which he had been brought up. For sovereigns and princes to be in all other respects privileged and unlike other men is an old story; but that they should not be vulnerable to cannon-balls or that they should not die of their wounds, is new and paradoxical. If their being in this nice point liable to the common lot entails revenge and hatred on a whole nation who have dared to meet them in the field, really after this they have nothing more to do but to imitate the example of the Nayrs, who cry out to the Parias when they hear them coming to get out of their way, lest if they should be contaminated with their sight, they should be obliged to kill them! The Duke of Brunswick in spite of the risks he ran and the desperateness of his undertaking, escaped by good fortune to England, "where the people were as mad as he;" and fell at last on that day which sealed the doom his father had foretold to France and freedom three-and-twenty years before!

We figured at this crisis by our well-known expedition to Antwerp and the island of Walcheren, which cost the lives of several thousand British

troops cooped up in an unhealthy swamp; and (more alarming still) might have cost the lives of two of our British statesmen, who fought a duel about their share in the honour of that disastrous enterprise. Fouché (as Minister of the Interior for the time) did himself no good with his master by sending Bernadotte (who was at Paris in a sort of disgrace for claiming the merit of the battle of Wagram to himself) to take the command of forty thousand men hastily collected for the defence of Antwerp; and by boasting in a proclamation, that "however Napoleon might add by his genius to the glory of France, he was not necessary to enable Frenchmen to repel invaders from her soil." Russia showed an evident disinclination to join heartily as an ally with France against Austria, though none to complete the annexation of Finland to her empire or to march on the Turkish provinces of Moldavia and Wallachia with the connivance of France, which had been made the price of her alliance. Buonaparte saw through this conduct and the thin veil of professions which disguised it. "I must not give way," he said, "to a vain illusion. They have all sworn my ruin, but have not the courage to compass it." The Pope too played his cards with that instinctive cunning and evasive pertinacity with which power clings to its own maintenance or to the shadow of authority. His predecessor had

proudly joined his banner to that of Austria and marched against France in 1796: he himself refused to join in any quarrel with the English (though heretics) as universal father of the Christian church. Thus zeal for Holy Church or Christian charity by dictating alternately neutrality or hostility pointed to one and the same end. Pius VII. refused peremptorily to man the fortress of Ancona against the English or to let French troops march from Naples through the Pope's territory to repel the invasion of Upper Italy by the Austrians. He was therefore dispossessed of his temporalities which he made use of to screen the enemies of France; and as he on this excommunicated the Emperor, he was conducted a prisoner first to Savona and afterwards to Fontainebleau, so as to place both the successor of Charlemagne and the successor of St. Peter in no very pleasant or creditable point of view.

By the treaty of Schönbrunn Austria gave up less than from the nature of her aggression and the losses she had sustained there was reason to expect. What she chiefly ceded were some states on the borders of Germany and Italy tending to strengthen the province of Illyria belonging to France, and her only sea-port of Trieste, so as to cut off the possibility of her communication with England. The moderation of the terms and the length to which the conferences had run were

afterwards supposed to be better understood when the intended marriage of Napoleon with the Archduchess Maria-Louisa came to be known. The conferences were chiefly carried on by Buonaparte in person, who lavished every attention and courtesy on the Austrian commissioners, so that from his manner alone it was conjectured that something more than mere politics or territorial arrangements was on the carpet. This might however be a mere courtly conjecture, conjured up by brains ever on the watch for every turn of fortune. Yet it is certain that the serious steps towards a divorce dated from this period.—Difficulties however sometimes arose, and the course of the negociation did not run quite smooth; and once in particular, Napoleon coming out of his room with the Prince of Neufchâtel was heard to say, "If they do not soon put an end to it, I will send for the Grand-Duke of Wurztburg and place the Imperial crown of Austria on his head." It was during this delay that he received the news of the battle of Talavera, which vexed him a good deal: and it was a month before he learnt the particulars, owing to the interruption of the communications between Bayonne and Madrid. On this occasion he said of the officers commanding in Spain, "Those men are very self-sufficient. I am allowed to possess some superiority of talent; and yet I never think I can have an army suffi-

ciently numerous to fight a battle even with an enemy I have been accustomed to defeat. I collect about me all the troops I can bring together; they on the contrary advance boldly to attack an enemy with whom they are scarcely acquainted, and yet they only bring one half of their troops to the contest. Is it possible to manœuvre more awkwardly? I cannot be present everywhere. Had the three corps of Soult, Ney, and Mortier been with me, I should have given the Austrians work." At length, peace was signed; and the same day he sent for M. Champagny, Minister of Foreign Affairs, who had been ostensibly carrying on a similar negociation with Count Metternich at Altenburg. He asked M. Champagny, if he had not been surprised at the little he had had to do at Altenburg and at the turn things had taken? The other replied that "in his quality of Minister of Foreign Affairs he indeed knew little of what was passing." The Emperor laughed, and seemed to enjoy the triumph over his Minister. He set off for France two days after (16th of October) and on the 1st of November received the congratulations of the Senate on having fixed the peace and happiness of the world on a solid and lasting basis.

While Buonaparte was at Schönbrunn, his life was in danger from one of those accidents to which persons in his situation are always exposed.

It was his custom to review the troops every morning in the court before the palace. He descended to the parade by a flight of steps and generally stopped at the bottom to speak to and receive petitions from different persons. One day, being anxious to review some French prisoners that had been exchanged, and wanting to interrogate them more particularly as to their situation, he did not pause in descending the steps of the palace, but passed on directly towards the troops. An individual, dressed in a plain blue frock and holding a paper in his hand, seeing that Napoleon did not stop, insisted on following him and presenting his petition himself. Berthier, who was in attendance on the Emperor, told him that he might deliver his petition when the review was over: Napoleon, taken up with his prisoners, did not perceive what was passing behind him. In spite of the recommendation of the Prince of Neufchâtel, the stranger continued to follow, pretending that the object of his petition did not admit of delay, and that he must speak with Napoleon himself. General Rapp, the aide-de-camp on duty, seeing that he still persevered and thrust himself in among the general officers who formed the Emperor's suite, seized him by the collar of his riding-coat, at the same time loudly telling him to retire: in doing so, Rapp felt the handle of some instrument which this man carried in a

side-pocket: he kept fast hold of him, and gave him in charge to two *gendarmes* to secure and take him to the guard-house. On examination a large knife was found upon him, with which he confessed it was his intention to assassinate the Emperor. Napoleon is said to have known nothing of what happened till he returned to the palace, when he ordered the man to be brought before him. He stated that he was the son of a Lutheran clergyman at Erfurt, and that he had left his own country to put in execution the design in which he had just failed, but he considered the attempt as the most glorious action of his life. Napoleon asked, what harm he had done him? He answered, None; but that he was the most cruel enemy of Germany, which he had ruined by the war he had waged against it. Buonaparte interrupted him by saying, "Why then did you not kill the Emperor, as he was the cause of the war, and not I?" He replied, "Oh! he is a blockhead; and if he were killed, another like him would be put upon the throne; but if you were dead, it would not be easy to find such another."* "But were I to

* Popular power when divided among the multitude is destroyed and weakened by discord and factions; when placed in the hands of an individual, it is endangered by aiming at him personally. Monarchical power has all the advantages of unity, and is safe from personal attack by its perpetuity. There is no getting rid of the race, however mischievous; and the only way to keep the peace is by putting down or removing any one

pardon you," resumed Napoleon, "would you not in gratitude relinquish the idea of assassinating me?" "I would not advise you," said this enthusiast, "for I have sworn your death." "Surely this man is mad," said the Emperor, and he had his physician Corvisart called to feel his pulse; but he declared that it was quite steady and regular. The man, whose name was Stubbs, was placed in confinement and kept without food or sleep for twenty-four hours to try if this would have any effect upon him. But he still refused to make any disclosures or to disavow his purpose for the future. Napoleon wished to have spared his life; but the danger of the example and the man's obstinacy were insisted on as doing away the possibility of clemency in his case. He was afterwards tried and shot.

O'Meara gives another instance of the kind, which must have occurred about the same period or shortly after.

"Another time," proceeded the Emperor, "a letter was sent to me by the King of Saxony, containing information that a certain person was to leave Stutgard on a particular day for Paris, where he would probably arrive on a day that was pointed out, and that his intentions were to murder

as a public nuisance to whom they have taken a dislike as standing in the way either of their momentary caprices or permanent authority. The alternative is no doubt a pleasant one.

me.* A minute description of his person was also given. The police took its measures; and on the day pointed out he arrived. They had him watched. He was seen to enter my chapel, to which I had gone on the celebration of some festival. He was arrested and examined. He confessed his intentions and said, that when the people knelt down on the elevation of the host, he saw me gazing at the fine women; at first he intended to advance and fire at me (in fact he had advanced near to me at the moment); but upon a little reflection thought that would not be sure enough, and he determined to stab me with a knife which he had brought for the purpose. I did not like to have him executed, and ordered that he should be kept in prison. When I was no longer at the head of affairs, this man, who had been detained in prison for several months after I had left Paris, and ill-treated, I believe, got his liberty. Soon after, he said that his designs were no longer to kill me; but that he would murder the King of Prussia for having ill-treated the Saxons and Saxony. On my return from Elba I was to be present at the opening of the Legislative Body, which was to be done with great state and ceremony. When I went to open the Chamber, this same man, who had got in, fell down by some accident, and a parcel, containing some chemical preparation, exploded in his pocket, and wounded

him severely. It never has been clearly ascertained what his intentions were at this time.' It caused great alarm amongst the Legislative Body, and he was arrested. I have since heard that he threw himself into the Seine."

CHAPTER XLII.

NAPOLEON'S DIVORCE FROM JOSEPHINE AND MARRIAGE WITH MARIA-LOUISA.

NAPOLEON on leaving Schönbrunn returned to France by way of Munich, where he waited for the ratification of the treaty by Austria. To convey the intelligence as soon as possible, military posts were placed on the heights at certain distances, who were to give the signal by white flags in the day and by bonfires kindled at night. The news of the ratification came the third day of the Emperor's stay at the capital of Bavaria. He set out next day for Fontainebleau, where he arrived a few hours before the Empress, who had left Strasburg for Paris a month before. There were marks of uneasiness on her countenance and an appearance of constraint in Napoleon's behaviour to her. She was alarmed at the circumstance of the private communication between her room and the Emperor's having been shut up. They returned to Paris on the 14th of November, where the presence of the King of Saxony sometimes relieved the awkwardness of a *tête-à-tête;* but it was easy to remark a considerable alteration in the features

of the Empress and a silent reserve on the part of the Emperor.

The explanation took place on the 30th. Dinner had been served as usual. Josephine had on a large hat tied under the chin, which hid her face in part: but she seemed to have been weeping, and still had some difficulty to restrain her tears. She was the picture of grief. Neither party spoke during dinner, nor touched any thing except for form's sake. Having asked what time it was, Napoleon rose and Josephine slowly followed him. Coffee was presented to him, and he made a sign to the attendants to retire. The chief of these (M. de Bausset) had hardly got into the outer room when all of a sudden he heard violent cries uttered by the Empress Josephine. Napoleon appearing at the door, said eagerly, "Come in, Bausset, and close the door." The Empress was stretched on the floor, venting the most pitiable complaints and saying, "No, I shall never survive it." Napoleon then said—"Are you strong enough to lift up Josephine and convey her to her own apartment, where she may have the assistance and attentions which her situation requires?" The officer of the household did as he was desired; and taking up the Empress in his arms with Napoleon's assistance, the latter led the way with a lamp that he had snatched from a table, through a passage which opened on the private stair-case.

Here M. de Bausset observing that he was afraid of falling with his load, the Emperor called to the Keeper of the Portfolio who stood night and day at the door of his cabinet, gave him the lamp, and himself took hold of Josephine's feet to enable his assistant to descend with greater safety. Josephine had breathed no complaint from the time she had been raised from the carpet in the drawing-room till she was placed on a sofa in her bed-room, she seemed to have fainted; but at one moment when descending the stair-case, she said to M. de Bausset, "You hold me too tight"—and he then knew she was in no danger. As soon as assistance was procured, Napoleon withdrew into a small antechamber, where he manifested extreme agitation and distress of mind. In his anxiety he told the cause of what had happened, and addressed his attendant in these words: "The interest of France and of my dynasty has done a violence to my heart—the divorce has become an imperious duty upon me—I am so much the more hurt at the scene which Josephine has just exhibited, because three days ago she ought to have learnt from Hortense the melancholy obligation which condemns me to separate from her. I am grieved to the heart for her. I thought she had more firmness, and was not prepared for the excess of her sorrow." In speaking thus, his emotion was so great as to compel him to pause between

each sentence to take breath. His words escaped with difficulty, his voice faltered, and the tears came into his eyes. He then sent for Corvisart, her daughter Hortense, Cambaceres, and Fouché: and went back to see if Josephine had come to herself. The feeling of weakness that overcame her on hearing her fate from the mouth of Napoleon was the only one into which she was betrayed. She was at this time six-and-forty, though her unalterable good temper and the sweetness of her expression still kept alive the appearance of youth. The goodness of her heart and the graces of her person and manners diffused a sunshine on all around her. She never was known to refuse an act of kindness that was in her power, or to say a disobliging thing to any one. She descended from the height to which she had been raised with calmness and dignity; and retired into private life, regretted by every one, if that could be called private life where she continued to retain the rank and magnificence of an Empress-dowager.

Some pretend that she was more at her ease, and (with her habits and turn of mind) happier in her new situation at Malmaison than at the Thuilleries. But no one is really the happier for being deprived of advantages which flatter the imagination of the individual, and which others look up to with envy as the highest point of felicity. It is true, that while Empress she was often exposed

to an infinity of petty formalities, and obliged to accommodate herself to the humours of persons she did not like. The Emperor's habits of business also frequently broke in upon the regularity of ordinary life. Before she could sit down to dinner, she had to wait for the Emperor, who deeply engaged in other matters forgot the hours. Once in particular he forgot the notice which had been given him till eleven o'clock at night; in coming out of his cabinet he said to Josephine, "I believe it is rather late?" "Past eleven," she replied laughing. "I thought I had dined," said Napoleon, sitting down at the table. This sort of self-denial was a virtue which the Empress had often occasion to practise. Napoleon had some reason for saying, "I only gain battles, while Josephine by her goodness gains all hearts." Buonaparte in speaking of the two Empresses, used to call one the *Graces* and the other *Innocence*. Maria-Louisa did not much like him to visit Josephine after the divorce; and if she suspected him of intending it, had recourse to a number of little artifices to prevent it. Once when he proposed to take her with the young King of Rome to see Josephine, she burst into a flood of tears. The jealousy which she manifested on this score appears, however, to have been a mere weakness without any malice in it.

As soon as the intended divorce was made

known, Josephine kept her apartments, and no longer appeared in public. *Madame Mere* (Napoleon's mother) did the honours. She was however obliged to be present when *Te Deum* was chaunted for the peace of Vienna (the consequences of which had been so melancholy to her) and also at the *fête* given on the same occasion by the city of Paris. On the sixteenth of December the project of the divorce was officially notified to the Senate; after which Josephine went to live at Malmaison, and Buonaparte retired for a few days to Trianon.* On his return to Paris, a council was held to consider of the most advantageous matrimonial alliance for France, and the majority of voices, according to a supposed previous understanding, were for Austria. This determination however did not pass without opposition. The Austrian Ambassador, Prince Schwartzenburg, having been sounded, and a favourable answer given the same day, Count Lauriston and soon after the Prince of Neufchâtel were dispatched to Vienna to demand the hand of the Archduchess Maria-Louisa in marriage with the Emperor. The consent

* The civil marriage was dissolved in December, and the spiritual divorce was pronounced by the officiality of Paris on the 12th of January. For this last ceremony no absolute necessity appears to have existed, as the marriage itself had never been solemnized as a religious rite.

of the Emperor of Austria having been obtained and all the formalities gone through, the marriage was celebrated between the Archduchess and the Archduke Charles as proxy for the Emperor Napoleon on the 11th of March, 1810. She was to come to Braunau, a town situated on the frontiers of Austria and Bavaria, to be given in charge to persons appointed by the Emperor of the French; and here her ladies of honour and the French commissioner Berthier with a magnificent retinue were waiting to receive her. The ceremony actually took place at a short distance from the town in a temporary wooden building constructed for the occasion, divided into three compartments, the Austrian, the French, and a middle one, declared neutral. As soon as it was understood that the Empress had arrived at Altheim (a small town in the neighbourhood) on the morning of the 16th of March, the French escort instantly repaired to the place of meeting. The persons selected for this duty were the Queen of Naples (Caroline Buonaparte) the Duchess of Montebello, the Duchess of Bassano, the Countesses of Luçay, Montmorenci, Mortemart, and Bouillé, the Bishop of Metz, grand-almoner, the Count Beauharnais, chevalier of honour, the Prince Aldobrandini Borghese, first equerry, Counts d'Aubusson, Bearn, Angosse, and Barrol, chamberlains, Count Philip Segur, marshal of the palace, Barons Saluces and Audenard, equerries,

Count Seyssel, master of the ceremony, and M. de Bausset, prefect of the palace.

The last-mentioned person, always ready and anxious to oblige and knowing the curiosity which would be felt (particularly by his fair countrywomen) to see their new and youthful sovereign before they were formally introduced to her, had bored a number of holes in the thin wooden partition that separated them from the Austrian court, through which they obtained a view of Maria-Louisa without her being aware of it. She was seen standing on the throne prepared for her; her person tall and graceful, her hair flaxen, her eyes blue, expressing all the openness and innocence of her character, and her whole visage breathing health and goodness of disposition. She had on a robe of gold-tissue, adorned with rich flowers, and wore round her neck a miniature-picture of Napoleon encircled with diamonds of immense value. She was surrounded by the highest persons of her court, ranged on her right and left according to their rank, and by the officers of the Hungarian Guard in their rich and handsome uniform. The ceremony of the transfer took place as it was dictated by Napoleon himself; and part of the document is worth transcribing as strikingly characteristic of a mind that could descend from the greatest to the smallest things or occupy itself with both at once. It

should seem that the incessant exertion of his mind, instead of fatiguing, only gave a fresh stimulus to its activity, and that the diversity of objects on which he employed his attention, so far from distracting, increased the comprehensiveness and clearness of his views.

"*Arrangements for the reception of her Majesty the Empress at Braunau.*

"The barrack or wooden building having been got ready as has been enjoined, her Majesty the Empress will arrive there at noon precisely.

"The lady of honour, the ladies in waiting, and all the retinue of her Majesty will leave Braunau, so as to arrive at the pavilion at half-past eleven.

"The commissioner of the Emperor and King, the Prince of Neufchâtel, will have arrived there at the same hour.

"Her Majesty the Queen of Naples shall be invited to repair to the pavilion at half-past eleven o'clock.

"All belonging to the French escort shall enter by the French avenue, and shall be arranged in the order pointed out by the master of the ceremonies.

"The equerry of the Empress shall come to an understanding with him in order to issue the proper orders.

"General Friant shall give orders for placing the sentinels outside and around the barriers encircling the pavilion; in the Austrian division of which there should be admitted only what appertains to the Austrian service, and in the French division only what appertains to the French; but no stranger.

"A superior officer shall be charged with the superintendance of the police, and there shall be small patroles stationed for this purpose.

"M. de Segur shall arrange with General Friant in such a manner as to have some one appointed to direct the approach of the Austrian escort by the Austrian avenue.

"The Empress on her arrival at the pavilion will alight at the door of the Austrian compartment..

"After her Majesty shall have rested a little, she shall proceed to the apartment intended for the ceremony of the transfer, followed by her Austrian retinue, and shall sit down in an armchair, surrounded by her ladies, the officers of her household, and having on her left the Austrian commissioner charged to transmit her,

"The master of the ceremonies of the Court of Vienna or the officer deputed to discharge his functions shall go in search of the French commissioner and the officers and dames named for the service of the Empress, who shall be assembled

in the division declared French, and placed on the French side.

"The Queen of Naples shall remain in the French division with the French retinue; she shall be seated in an arm-chair and surrounded by her household. She will continue in this apartment during the whole time of the ceremony of the transfer.

"The French commissioner and retinue will pass through the French door into the neutral compartment occupied by the Empress.

"The group shall pause after having entered the apartment.

"The French commissioner alone, accompanied by the Austrian and French masters of the ceremonies, shall advance towards the Empress, and after having made three reverences, shall address a complimentary speech to her Majesty, explaining the object of his mission.

"After her Majesty's reply, the Austrian master of the ceremonies shall point out to the French commissioner the Austrian commissioner; the two commissioners shall then salute and mutually compliment each other: the first compliment shall be paid by the Austrian commissioner.

"They will next proceed to the verification of their powers: the Austrian counsellor of state, discharging the functions of secretary, will read the powers of the Emperor of Austria to his

commissioner; and the French counsellor of state, discharging the functions of secretary, will in like manner repeat those given by the Emperor of the French to his commissioner."

The rest of the instructions relating to the reception of the Empress by the Queen of Naples and her ladies in waiting, and to the arrangement of the military, were in the same spirit and dictated by the same hand, and would leave one in wonder at the union of the most gigantic combinations and petty details in the same understanding (like the minute descriptions and grand effects in Richardson's novels) but that it seems as if the mind, the more it does, the more it can do, and that as by inaction it rusts and grows torpid, so the principle of activity in it is multiplied as it is called forth, without its being possible to assign the utmost limits of the human capacity.* Be this as it may, the ceremonial prescribed was complied with to the letter. The commissioners went through their parts with due courtesy and solemnity; the Prince of Neufchâtel introduced the

* All artificial memory is the memory of two things instead of one; and the more we know of any subject, the better we remember it, *i. e.* there are so many more links of association. The veracity of Napoleon's accounts of his battles is deducible from his knowledge of the circumstances. He would not say such a movement took place when he saw some obstacle staring him in the face which made it absurd or impossible. Liars have short memories and confused imaginations.

Empress to the Queen of Naples, who took her by the hand and led her to her carriage, and they proceeded together to Braunau. Napoleon to show a sort of romantic jealousy with regard to his Imperial bride, had given instructions to her chevalier of honour, the Count Beauharnais, not even to offer her his hand in ascending or descending a flight of steps. But this refined precaution was frustrated of its effect at the very outset; for on taking leave at the pavilion, the whole Austrian escort from the highest to the lowest person of the train approached to kiss hands. Buonaparte may be supposed to have enjoined this forbearance on his esquire with the same high-flown feeling of gallantry that makes Antony indignantly resent the idea that any one else should touch the hand of Cleopatra, "her hand *my* playfellow!"

Having arrived at Braunau, the Empress took off her German dress and was habited in the French fashion from head to foot. She then received the oaths of fidelity from her attendants. She dined with the Queen of Naples and Madame Lazanski. After dinner she received the last farewell of the persons of her father's court who had followed her thus far to express their attachment and good wishes; and the next day she set out for Munich. Here she was met by the Baron St. Aignan, equerry to the Emperor,

who brought her a letter from Napoléon. At Munich she was obliged to part with the Countess Lazanski, who had been her governess, and to whom she was much attached. So many mischiefs had arisen from allowing their early advisers to accompany youthful princesses into foreign countries, that the practice was given up as dangerous. From her first setting her foot on the soil of France, the Empress was hailed as the Aurora of a brighter day, of a new age of gold. At Strasburg she was met by a page of the Emperor's, who brought a letter, the choicest flowers of the season, and some pheasants of his own shooting. She here also for the first time gave an audience to a deputation of the local authorities, who were delighted with her affability. The cavalcade passed through Nancy, Vitry, Chalons, Rheims, and were to have stopped at Soissons for the night, according to a formula fairly penned and exactly setting down the interview for the morrow. But the impatience of Napoleon, who was grown as amorous as a boy of fifteen, disconcerted all his own fine schemes, and cut short the ceremony. The escort was ordered forward to Compiègne; and Napoleon putting on his grey great-coat and stealing out of the park-gate with the King of Naples, hastened to meet his betrothed bride. He passed through Soissons; and as the carriage in which Maria-Louisa was, drew up to change

horses at the village of Courcelles, he flew to the coach-door, opened it himself, and the Queen of Naples saying, "It is the Emperor," he threw himself on the Empress's neck (who was unprepared for this abrupt and romantic meeting) and the carriage was ordered on with all speed to Compiègne, where it arrived at ten the same evening. The Empress breakfasted in her chamber at noon the following day. The rejoicings and congratulations on her arrival were universal: the city of Paris made costly presents both to the Emperor and Empress; the procession at the public marriage passed from St. Cloud to the Thuilleries, and through the great gallery of the Louvre, which was lined on each side with a triple row of all that was most distinguished in France or nearly in Europe; and that no favourable augury might be wanting, Ferdinand himself is said at a banquet at the château of Valençay to have drank *To the health of Napoleon the Great and his august spouse Maria-Louisa!** Soon after (on the 27th of April) the Emperor and Empress set out on a tour through the northern Departments to give the good city of Paris time to breathe. Dances, garlands of flowers, triumphal arches welcomed them all the way. On

* The Cardinals alone absented themselves from the ceremony, and affected to throw a slur on the marriage, for which they were sent from Paris.

one of these last, at a small hamlet (to show how easily enthusiasm runs up into superstition) was inscribed in front, *Pater Noster;* and on the reverse side, *Ave Maria, plena gratiâ!* The curate and mayor of so loyal and pious a village did not of course go empty-handed away.

On their return to Paris (1st of June) the rejoicings were renewed; and it was at this period that the dreadful accident by fire occurred at the entertainment given in celebration of the marriage by the Austrian ambassador, the Prince of Schwartzenburg. The ground-floor of the ancient *Hôtel de Montesson* which he occupied in the Rue Chaussée-d'Antin was not large enough to hold all the company invited; so that he had a superb ball-room constructed of wood in the garden, with a gallery of the same materials leading to it. The ceilings of this gallery were covered with paper varnished and ornamented with paintings; the floors of both structures were made of planks raised on cross-timbers to the level of the rooms of the house, and an immense chandelier was suspended from the ceiling of the ball-room. Candles were also placed all along the walls of the gallery and ball-room. A box was reserved for the Imperial family in the centre of the ball-room and fronting the entrance from the gallery, and with a private door close to it for the use of the Emperor and Empress. The *fête* commenced with

opera-dancing in the garden, which was seen to advantage by means of a splendid illumination; after which the company entered the ball-room, where the dancing had continued for about an hour, when a current of air agitating one of the curtains placed across the entrance of the wooden gallery, blew it against the candles, which had been fixed too near: the curtains caught fire, and in a moment the ceiling of the ball-room and the ornaments at the sides were in a blaze. Napoleon with the Empress extricated himself with ease from the danger by the door which had been left behind his box. He made the carriages draw up, saw the Empress as far as the Place Louis XV. on her way to St. Cloud, and then returned to assist by his presence and counsels in extinguishing the flames. They had made considerable progress: soon after, the chandelier suspended from the ceiling of the ball-room fell with a tremendous crash; and in the hurry and fright, the crowd pressing towards the entrance stopped up the passage, and with their collected weight the floor gave way, and numberless victims were crushed to death or enveloped in the flames which burst out on all sides. The noise and confusion in the garden was dreadful, friends seeking friends, and the different members of a family calling in agony to one another. In a short time this temple of gaiety and enchantment was no more; nothing was left but blazing frag-

ments and a melancholy stupor, when suddenly a young woman, handsome, elegantly dressed and covered with diamonds, rushed forward from the smoking rafters calling out for her children. The apparition vanished as soon as it was seen. It was the Princess of Schwartzenburg, who perished thus miserably, while her young family were assembled in the garden and out of the reach of danger. Napoleon by his presence of mind and the directions he issued saved one or two lives. Among those who suffered most, but who escaped with their lives, was the Russian Prince Kourakin. Prince Schwartzenburg was more affected than any one else by his loss, from the effects of which he never recovered. Then people began to recollect with alarm a similar accident that had taken place at the marriage of Louis XVI. then Dauphin, with Maria-Antoinette; nor was Napoleon himself quite free from these superstitious apprehensions. When some years after, Moreau was killed in the battle of Dresden, and there was a false report that it was Prince Schwartzenburg, he remarked "Then the omen pointed at him and not at me"—as if glad to shift the presage from himself.

A few days after this accident Louis Buonaparte, who wished to govern as king of Holland while his brother insisted on his considering himself a viceroy of France, gave up his throne, and went

to live as a private individual in Switzerland and afterwards at Rome. Holland was in consequence untied to the French Empire.*

In the course of the autumn, the pregnancy of the Empress Maria-Louisa which had been for some time talked of was announced officially to the Senate. During the whole of the month of February, the Empress walked daily on the terrace in the garden of the Thuilleries which borders on the Seine; and as she passed to and fro, was greeted by thousands who wished her well. These walks continued up to the last moment of her pregnancy. At length on the evening of the 19th of March, 1811, she felt the first pains of child-birth: the whole court and all the great officers of state were instantly summoned to the Thuilleries and waited with impatience the event. The labour was a very difficult one. During the whole time, Napoleon was in an apartment close by, from whence he went into the Empress's room every now and then. After she had been some hours in labour, Dubois, the *accoucheur*, came out to him while he was reclining on a sofa, with great alarm painted on his countenance, and said that "the Empress was in a state of great danger, for that there was

* A last attempt at negociation with England had been just made by means of some Dutch agents, and failed through the impertinent interference and double diplomacy of Fouché, who set on foot another of his own, and thus rendered both suspected.

a wrong presentation." He was asked if he had ever seen any thing of the kind before. He replied, that "he had, but very rarely, perhaps not one in a thousand, and that it was very distressing to him that so extraordinary a case should happen with the Empress." "Forget," said Buonaparte, "that she is Empress, and treat her as you would the wife of a little shop-keeper in the Rue St. Denis. This is the only favour I ask of you." Dubois then asked, "If it were necessary that one should be sacrificed, which he should save, the mother or the child?" "The mother certainly," was the answer—"it is her right." The Emperor then accompanied Dubois to the bed-side, encouraged and tranquillised the Empress as much as he could, and held her in moments of the greatest agony. The child was apparently dead when born; but by friction and other means it was restored to life. His birth produced a delirium of joy in the nation. On the discharge of the first gun that announced the expected event, all the population of Paris, in the greatest suspense, ran into the streets, the public walks, and the parks to count the number of guns. Twenty-one guns were to have been fired for the birth of a princess, and one hundred and one for a prince. At the discharge of the twenty-second gun, the Parisians rent the skies with acclamations and expressions of unbounded delight. Most of the powers of

Europe sent ambassadors extraordinary to compliment Napoleon on the occasion. The Duke of Wurtzburg represented his brother the Emperor of Austria as god-father, and the Emperor Alexander sent his minister for the home-department to Paris to express his satisfaction.

Soon after the birth of young Napoleon, his father had it in contemplation to build a superb palace for him, nearly opposite the *Pont de Jena*, to be called *the Palace of the King of Rome.* The government accordingly endeavoured to purchase all the houses situated upon the ground, where it was intended to be built. Upon this spot, there was a small house belonging to a poor cooper of the name of Bonvivant, which including the ground on which it stood, was not at the highest valuation worth more than a thousand francs. The owner demanded ten thousand. The matter was referred to the Emperor, who ordered that it should be purchased at that price. When the proper persons waited upon the cooper to conclude the bargain, he said that upon reflection he could not sell it for less than thirty thousand francs. It was referred again to Napoleon, who directed that the sum should be paid to him. When they came to settle the business, the man increased his demand to forty thousand. The architect was greatly embarrassed, and did not know how to act, or in what manner he could again venture to annoy the Emperor on

the subject: at the same time he knew it would be impossible to conceal the circumstance from him. He therefore addressed him again on the subject. "This fellow," said Napoleon, "trifles with us; nevertheless there is no help for it; we must pay the money." The architect returned to the cooper, who increased his price to fifty thousand francs. The Emperor was indignant when informed of it, and said, "The man is a wretch, and I will not purchase the house at all: but it shall remain where it is as a monument of my respect for the laws."*

According to Napoleon's own account as stated in Mr. O'Meara's work, the match with Austria was the determination of the moment and not the result of any prior arrangement. "No sooner was it known," are his words, "that the interests of France had induced me to dissolve the ties of my marriage, than the greatest sovereigns of Europe intrigued for an alliance with me. As soon as the Emperor of Austria heard that a new marriage was in agitation, he sent for Count Narbonne, and expressed his surprise that his family had not been thought of. At this time an union with a Princess

* The Bourbons on their return razed the foundation of the intended palace, and threw down what had been erected: the cooper's hovel fell to ruins, and its master, M. Bonvivant, was living not long ago at Passy, where he earned an indifferent livelihood by his trade.

of Russia or of Saxony was contemplated. The cabinet of Vienna sent instructions on the subject to Prince Schwartzenberg, who was ambassador at Paris. Dispatches were also received from the French ambassador in Russia, stating the willingness of the Emperor Alexander to offer his sister the Grand Duchess Anne. Some difficulties however presented themselves relative to the demand that a chapel for the Greek ritual should be established at the Thuilleries. A privy-council was held on the subject, and the votes of the majority were for an Austrian princess. I consequently authorised Prince Eugene to make an overture to Prince Schwartzenberg; and articles of marriage, similar to those between Louis XVI. and Maria-Antoinette, were drawn up. The Emperor Alexander was not pleased that his overtures were slighted, and thought he had been deceived, and that two negociations had been carrying on at the same time, in which he was mistaken. It has been said," added Napoleon, "that the marriage with Maria-Louisa was one of the secret articles of the treaty of Vienna, which had taken place some months before: this is entirely false. There was no thought whatever of an alliance with Austria, previous to the dispatch from Narbonne, relating to hints which had been thrown out by the Emperor Francis and by Metternich. In fact, the marriage with Maria-Louisa was proposed in

council, discussed, decided, and signed within twenty-four hours, which can be proved by many members of the council who are now in existence. Several were of opinion that I ought to have espoused a French woman; and the arguments in favour of this were so strong, as to incline me to balance for a moment. It was hinted however by the Court of Austria, that declining to choose a princess out of one of the reigning Houses of Europe would be a tacit declaration of an intention to overturn them, whenever the opportunity should present itself." *

Buonaparte's ambition to make his son King of Rome and to repair and restore that famous city to its ancient magnificence was in better taste and spirit than the project he entertained about this time to bring the Pope to Paris and make the latter the capital of the Christian world. To revive faded splendour and greatness is difficult

* In confirmation of the above account, M. Savary states that being one day at a court-circle, he was desired by the Emperor to point out any one of the ladies present who most resembled the Princess Ann Paulowna, who was at that time only sixteen years of age. The Empress-mother had scruples founded on stories in the English newspapers. The Emperor of Russia when he heard of the Austrian match, exclaimed emphatically, "This condemns me to my native forests." It is not at all likely that if his marriage with an Austrian princess had been already agreed upon, Napoleon would have risked offending Alexander by entering into a correspondence with him on the same subject.

enough; but to transfer the associations and reverence belonging to a seat of classic renown by a mere *fiat* of the will or by the removal of what only remained to prove that the spell was gone, was impossible. It would be easier to transport the Seven Hills on which the queen of the world stood to the banks of the Seine, than to make people feel and think of Paris as they do of Rome. It was a fault in Buonaparte's mind that from the very intensity and activity of his will, he seemed disposed to regard every thing as matter of positive institution. But there were certain things placed beyond his reach. He could not create time; nor, however he might establish a new era in the world, anticipate the effects of antiquity or superstitious awe a single day. What he might have made of Paris, there is no saying; but he could not cause it to become ancient Rome. Besides, there is something in Paris that above all other places is essentially modern, ephemeral, and that refuses to blend in any shape with history or imagination.—With respect to Rome itself, whatever recollections hovered round it and might naturally produce a yearning that way, it could not be again what it had been; because in order to be so, the world must again become what it had been in relation to it. Rome had attained its pre-eminence because the rest of the world was in a comparatively barbarous state; and this perhaps was a fallacy that misled

Buonaparte in calculating on the foundations of his own empire. France was not so far advanced in arts or arms as to be the natural mistress of the civilised world. Thus much however could have been done; he could have made Rome a once more flourishing and noble city; he could have drained (as he proposed) the Campagna, he could have preserved the old monuments, and raised up an Italian people as he had done an Italian army, out of the very dregs of sloth, of effeminacy, and superstition; for these things it is in the power of man to do and to undo. All in fact that was desirable was practicable; for glory and fame need not exist twice: the great masses of power and splendour are never lost sight of, and acquire grandeur by reflection and distance. Buonaparté by flattering the national vanity of the Parisians, had come in too great a degree to be the dupe of it, and seemed to have got a notion in his head that the whole universe was to be translated into French. The decree for removing the Holy See to the archbishopric of Paris was probably only issued in a fit of spleen, and was never acted upon. Buonaparte intended to have left France to the young Napoleon as his successor in the Empire, and to have made his second son (had he had one) King of Italy and Rome.

In the summer of the year in which the King of Rome was born (1811) the Emperor and Empress

made a tour through the north of France; and visited especially the ports of Antwerp and Cherbourg, where Buonaparte had projected and executed some of his most stupendous works. The basin at Cherbourg for the reception and shelter of a large fleet had been begun in the time of Louis XVI. but had been given up in despair. It was now brought to perfection after immense labour and expence. While here an incidental trait is recorded of him which paints his character in a trifling matter as strongly as in the greatest. After he had inspected the barracks and the artillery, and pointed a few of the guns, he had the bread of the garrison and the soup used by the soldiers brought to him to taste. He took a spoon, and filled it; when the first thing he perceived was a long hair: he took it out boldly, and swallowed the soup, not wishing to hurt the pride of the soldiers around him by any remarks on their carelessness. To understand this, it must be observed that if the same thing had happened at his own table, he would have been forced to rise and leave the room, from his extreme aversion to any thing like a want of cleanliness. Such was his command over himself and his attention to the feelings of others! In the years 1811 and 1812 the war with Spain had gradually assumed a more serious and alarming character; and the victories of Burgos, Badajoz, and Salamanca were gained by

the allied Spanish and English armies. The Prince of Wales had been appointed Regent in the beginning of 1811, in consequence of his father's continued indisposition. Gustavus of Sweden, who had tried in vain to restore the age of chivalry in our time, had been driven from his throne; and the Crown-Prince who was chosen to succeed him died suddenly while reviewing his troops in the Spring of 1810. Bernadotte was invited to succeed him, and accepted the offer with Buonaparte's permission, though he did not much applaud a choice which afterwards proved so injurious to him. It was about the same time that Louis Buonaparte abdicated the throne of Holland from a squeamish refinement of character which does not care what mischiefs befal, so that it has no hand in them. Early in 1811 Count Czernicheff had been sent to Paris to ascertain the exact effective force of France, as Russia was already beginning to feel sore at the treaty of Tilsit. He obtained the information he wanted, and set off on his return home, just in time to prevent his being stopped by the police. Russia declared war against France in April 1812. Buonaparte's fatal expedition to Moscow took place in consequence shortly after: but that part of the subject claims a place by itself.

CHAPTER XLIII.

EXPEDITION INTO RUSSIA.

Let a country be so situated as to be able to annoy others at pleasure, but to be itself inaccessible to attack; let it be subject to a head who is governed entirely by his will and passions, and either deprived of or deaf to reason; let it go to war with a neighbouring state wrongfully or for the worst of all possible causes, to overturn the independence of a nation and the liberties of mankind; let it be defeated at first by the spirit and resentment kindled by a wanton and unprovoked attack, and by the sense of shame and irresolution occasioned by the weakness of its pretended motives and the baseness of its real ones; let it however persevere and make a vow of lasting hatred and of war to extermination, listening only to disappointed pride and revenge, and relying on its own security; let it join with others, influenced by similar counsels, but not exempted by their situation from suffering the consequences or paying the just and natural forfeit of disgrace, disaster, and mortification for the wrong they had meant to inflict on truth and liberty; let it still hold out,

watching or making opportunities to bully, to wheedle, to stir up the passions or tempt the avarice of countries smarting under old wounds to engage in new wars for which they are not prepared, and of which they undergo all the punishment; let it laugh at the flames that consume the vitals of other kingdoms, exult in the blood that is shed, and boast that it is the richer for all the money that it squanders; let it after having exhausted itself in invectives against anarchy and licentiousness, and made a military chieftain necessary to suppress the very evils it had engendered, cry out against despotism and arbitrary sway; let it (unsatisfied with calling to its aid all the fury of political prejudice and national hatred) proceed to blacken the character of the only person who can baffle its favourite projects, so that his name shall seem to taint the air and his existence to oppress the earth, and all this without the least foundation, by the means of a free press, and from the peculiar and almost exclusive pretensions of a whole people to morality and virtue; let the deliberate and total disregard of truth and decency produce irritation and ill-blood; let the repeated breach of treaties impose new and harder terms on kings who have no respect to their word, and nations who have no will of their own; let the profligate contempt of the ordinary rules of warfare cause reprisals and give a handle to complain against injustice and foul

play; let the uselessness of all that had been done or that is possible to bring about a peace and disarm an unrelenting and unprincipled hostility lead to desperate and impracticable attempts—and the necessary consequence will be that the extreme wrong will assume the appearance of the extreme right; nations groaning under the iron yoke of the victor, and forgetting that they were the aggressors, will only feel that they are the aggrieved party and will endeavour to shake off their humiliation at whatever cost; subjects will make common cause with their rulers to remove the evils which the latter have brought upon them; in the indiscriminate confusion nations will be attacked that have given no sufficient or immediate provocation, and their resistance will be the signal for a general rising; in the determination not to yield till all is lost, the war will be carried on to a distance and on a scale where success becomes more doubtful at every step, and reverses, from the prodigious extent of means employed, more disastrous and irretrievable; and thus without any other change in the object or principles of the war than a perseverance in iniquity and an utter defiance of consequences, the original wrong aggravated a thousand-fold shall turn to the seeming right—impending ruin to assured triumph—and marches to Paris and exterminating manifestos not only gain impunity and forgiveness, but be converted into religious proces-

sions, *Te Deums*, and solemn-breathing strains for the deliverance of mankind. So much can be done by the wilful infatuation of one country and of one man!

The expedition to Moscow in 1812 arose out of the inability or the disinclination of Alexander to keep the engagements he had entered into at Tilsit and Erfurt. Those stipulations might be hard and galling in their consequences; but they were the penalty of defeat and the price of peace at the time. He had also accepted Finland as an equivalent, and had leave to march upon Turkey unmolested, which opened a different channel for his warlike preparations, if he felt a disposition that way. It was (to be sure) ridiculous to see fifty millions of people prevented from trading with England, because it interfered with the pleasure of a single individual: a prohibition, apparently so arbitrary and so strictly enforced, might be thought to reflect on the spirit and independence of the country, and certainly bore hard upon its interests. But England would not make peace with France, while she had any means left of carrying on war; and there was no mode of compelling her to a course she abhorred (and the necessity had been acknowledged by Alexander himself) but by excluding her commerce entirely from the Continent. Whether she was right in assuming that attitude of bold defiance and interminable war, is another

question; but she by that virtually outlawed France, and Napoleon and his allies (such as he could make or find) only followed the example she had set, in adhering in their turn to the Continental System. It was however a hopeless case; and it would have been better to have let go the only hold he had upon England than by continuing to grasp it (in spite of warning and every day's experience of its inefficiency and danger) to suffer himself to be dragged to the edge of a precipice. Alexander gave the first umbrage in not fulfilling the conditions of his treaties with Napoleon; and by his want of frankness and candour, manifested no disposition to come to an explanation or good understanding. It was a sullen challenge, and Napoleon thought proper to accept it. Alexander doubtless began to feel that the other had no immediate claim to dictate a line of policy to any one with his influence and at the distance at which he was. This is true: neither would Buonaparte have had any pretext to do so, had he never come to seek him, and thus given his rival advantages and laid himself under obligations, not arising out of his natural position nor the real interests of his country. He had put it in Napoleon's power to give the law to him by making himself a party to the affairs of others: he had no consistent right therefore to cancel the obligations he had thus laid himself under by retiring upon his own resources, and saying

that he was b und by none but Russian interests. He had come out of his fastnesses into the common arena, thinking to make a gallant figure and to throw Russia as a casting-weight into the scale of European policy; he had no right to say then, "In Russia I am unassailable, I want nothing to do with your quarrels or disputes," since in that case he ought to have staid there. To say nothing of the partition of Poland and the encroachments on Turkey, Russia had lately appropriated Finland, had thrice gone to crush France; and yet Alexander talked of nothing but the honour of sovereigns and the desire of Russia to remain quiet. The fear that Buonaparte entertained of Russia was affected or chimerical as to practical purposes—her great strength was in the *vis inertiæ* she opposed to foreign blows: his real motive was anger at not having been able to make her come into his schemes either by art or arms, and a determination to let Alexander see that what he had failed in by persuasion, he could make good by force. Still he was sensible of the immense difficulty and hazard of the undertaking; made more careful inquiries, consulted more opinions, and hesitated longer than about any other of his enterprises. This very hesitation might have decided him against it: had there been dishonour or danger in the alternative, he could not have hesitated. In his situation, there were only two motives that should have induced him to undertake

new plans, either absolute necessity or the certainty of success. In weighing the objections to the war, Buonaparte did not and would not allow the disproportioned odds, against which he contended. Had he entered the lists as a legitimate sovereign, as a *parchment* Emperor, he might have gone forth and had a tilting-bout with Alexander, either on the Niemen or the Don, in summer or winter, and returned as he came, not much the better or worse, with a battle lost or won, with more or less fame, with so much influence or territory added or taken off; but in his case he never fought but for his existence. *His retreat was,* in technical language, *always cut off.* He should therefore have defied them to catch him at a disadvantage. He did not like to contemplate the lodged hatred and rankling hostility of which he was and must necessarily be the mark. His elevation prevented him from seeing the depth below: yet he trod upon a precipice where any false step was ruinous. The very extent of his power showed the precarious and ungrateful tenure by which he held it; for he could only have attained it by a triumph over the last resources and efforts of his enemies. No ordinary objects of ambition or interest would have brought them to that pass: it was a deadly quarrel which made them risk their last stake before they would give in. But the principle remained unaltered; and however coiled up in its dusky folds or severed

into unsightly fragments, would reunite and spring into action again with the first opportunity of revenge. That Buonaparte did not dwell on this view of the subject, was but natural: that he ever acted on the contrary one, was inexcusable.

There was another general consideration which Napoleon overlooked: all that related to the statistics of the question he was perfectly master of, population, productions, number of towns, rivers, bridges, extent of country, &c. but it was trying an unknown ground, a new species of warfare. He knew what resistance civilization could make: did he know equally well what resistance barbarism could make? It appears by the result—Not: and yet the burning of Moscow was in this undetermined order of events, to which his failure was properly owing. Notwithstanding the grasp and manly strength of his mind, the air of Paris had perhaps made him lay rather too much stress on artificial advantages; but there is an extreme resource in the very dearth of resources, and a despotic power over mind and matter acquired by the very ignorance, poverty, and subjection of a people.* Buonaparte himself says that "he had no more right to anticipate the burning of Moscow than he could be required to foretell an earthquake;" and that is true, supposing that ca-

* Civilization gives hostages: barbarism has none.

pital to have stood anywhere but where it did; but there was something in the idea of its gilded domes rising out of barren boundless wildernesses, that placed it out of the routine of ordinary calculation and might have prevented its being counted upon as substantial winter-quarters. These are the only points in which I think Buonaparte erred, in not weighing the consequences if he failed, and not considering the possibility that he might do so from the untrodden path he was about to enter. As to ordinary political or military calculations, I should suppose that he was completely justified; that is, he was prepared to overcome all the obstacles of a kind to be foreseen; and no one else (any more than himself) suspected his defeat till after it happened. It was a thunder-clap to friend and foe alike. Those who at present assert that the enterprise from the first contained the visible seeds of destruction within itself, and that Buonaparte had lost half his army by mismanagement and obstinacy before he had even reached the Russian frontier, will make few converts either to their udgment or veracity.

Buonaparte had taken care to secure the co-operation of Austria and Prussia, through whose territory he was to pass. Prussia was to send thirty thousand men into the field; and Schwartzenberg was to have the command of the Austrian contingent in Gallicia. He had hoped also for the

assistance of Turkey on his right, and of Sweden on his left; in both which points he failed, though they were of less consequence. He had cultivated with considerable success and assiduity the friendship of the Sultan Selim, and there was a sort of political free-masonry in the correspondence between them: but after Selim's death he had calculated little on the favourable disposition of his successor, while the battle of Friedland had led him to expect greater advantages from seconding the policy of the Emperor Alexander. A coolness between the two courts had ensued, till Buonaparte having come to a rupture with Alexander, sent to Mahmoud to offer him provinces, troops, and money, if he would immediately march to his aid against Russia with seventy thousand men. This abrupt and crude offer of friendship was declined; instead of which, the Turk concluded a treaty of offensive and defensive alliance with Russia on the 12th of May 1812, being alarmed at the representations of Buonaparte's increasing power, which it was said would soon threaten the shores of the Bosphorus. This disappointment was less severely felt than the defection of Bernadotte, who also signed a similar treaty with Alexander about the same time. This man was the creature of Buonaparte, and he turned against his benefactor: he was a Frenchman, and he turned against his country; he was chosen King of Sweden, and he

leagued with Russia, its most dangerous rival and late despoiler; and all this, to gratify a private pique and the natural perverseness of his disposition. Bernadotte was one of those men who had been raised into public notice, "drawn from the dregs of a democracy." There are two extreme vices in political character; servility, which may be described as an abject submission to power whether right or wrong; and faction, which has its root in the envy and hatred of all power, with the same disregard of truth and justice.* This is the low-minded and self-destructive side of republicanism. It abhors all superiority whatever, not because it is unmerited, but the more for its being merited; it is jealous of all distinction, but doubly so of that which is founded on great ability and public service. It repays obligations with ingratitude, for the act of conferring them implies a painful sense of pre-eminence; and even generosity in forgiving a number of offences, as denoting excellence and virtue, is in its eyes a crime. While the loyal are heaping their idols with incense, these pretended patriots are decrying and pulling in pieces all who can take the lead or do any good on their own side of the question. They cannot bear the success of any thing, not even of their own cause; and they would sooner see it perish by the hands of men, whom while they hate they can despise, than prevail under

* Independence or true patriotism lies between.

the guidance of those whose triumph they ought to share, and whom they hate because they are compelled to admire them. This is one great reason of the failure of the popular cause, that it is clogged with so much of that love of freedom which is merely the envy of fortune, and that its most ardent partizans being actuated by the spirit of contradiction and a moody, captious, discontented humour, are dissatisfied with liberty itself as soon as it is attained, and fall out with their comrades and leaders, even before they have got rid of their enemies. They are the proud-flesh and ill-humours of the state, whether in a monarchy or a republic. They screw up their professions of patriotism and independence to a romantic height in order to serve as a foil and be a stumbling-block in the way of practical good; and if that will not serve the turn, run into the opposite extreme and make a traffic of their baseness and fickleness, rather than be baulked in their career of selfish vanity and low rancour. It was a scion of this set of men, who by their headstrong perversity and mutual antipathies tore the Revolution in pieces, that in the person of an upstart king gave it its death's-blow. Bernadotte had been one of the society of the *Manége* (a remnant of the most violent agitators among the Jacobins) —he had opposed Buonaparte's accession to power on pure republican principles; he then tried to sow discord in the army; endeavoured to lose the

battle of Averstadt to dim the lustre of the French arms; pretended he had won the battle of Wagram (claiming the merit he could not gainsay) he was then chosen Crown-Prince of Sweden, the electors thinking it would please Buonaparte; he received a sum of money from him to enable him to go; was full of acknowledgments till he had passed the frontier when he wrote a letter to disclaim all future obligation; insisted on the neutrality of Sweden to favour the English monopoly of the sea; sided with Russia to maintain the balance of power and the independence of nations, Norway being the bait and France the sacrifice; and asserted the republicanism of the *Manége* by agreeing to restore the Bourbons, merely because they had never come into personal collision with him. And all this he was empowered to do with insolence and with impunity, because he had married a woman to whom Buonaparte had been attached and wished to gratify by making his god-son Oscar a prince. In such cases, his forbearance and security were wonderful; and with all his fine-spun policy, his weakness when private friendship or family-connections were concerned, was that of a girl.—Buonaparte among his other ways and means had one resource open to him in the ardent and inextinguishable longing of the Poles for liberty (not unmixed with revenge) which he might have opposed with effect to the stubborn attachment of

the Russians to their native soil and tyrannical masters. But of this he did not choose to avail himself, but stopt up its sluices, as he was not fond of giving a loose to those elements and movements of power, of which he could not calculate the extent or controul the direction. If he had ever intended seriously to encourage the zeal and patriotism of the Poles, he ought not to have sent the Abbé de Pradt as his ambassador to Warsaw, merely to amuse them with words. In making war on serfs, he should have raised up a nation of free men; and instead of considering the liberation of Poland as the consequence, have made it the instrument and the pledge of his success in Russia. But regrets are vain on this subject: were it to do over again, he would follow the same course. Even on his return from Elba, he would not lend himself to the popular ferment in his favour.

On the 9th of May, 1812, Napoleon quitted Paris to join the army. A scarcity with which France was threatened had kept him back for some weeks; as he would not stir from the capital till by incredible exertions and judicious precautions the danger had been averted. From Paris to Dresden his progress was a continued triumph. He was followed by the Empress and a numerous court. The eastern Departments through which he had to pass set no bounds to the demonstrations of their enthusiasm. This side of France, like all

frontier countries, was always noted for its patriotism. This is not from what they gain but from what they have suffered by war. Buonaparte had thus far kept invasion at arm's-length. The distant provinces might grumble at their ease. But as long as he was successful, French patriotism was not local; for French vanity is not confined to the eastern Departments. In Germany, the feelings were no doubt different: still the inhabitants crowded to line the long route pursued by the Emperor, gazing at him who had so often vanquished them as a preternatural being. He had intimated a wish that the Emperor of Austria, several kings, and a great number of princes should meet him at Dresden. This wish was eagerly obeyed. The King of Prussia came uninvited, and though Buonaparte was by no means anxious to see him. The adulation was excessive and universal. He was the only object of attention; and every one else gave way before him. Seated in the palace of one of the capitals of Germany, surrounded by the descendants of her ancient kings, showing his imperial spouse, the daughter of the Cæsars, at his side, he seemed more like a monarch receiving his vassals than a soldier of fortune who had obtruded himself into the presence of kings. The population of whole cities had deserted their dwellings, and spent days and nights in gazing on the gates and windows of his palace or waiting

in expectation of seeing him pass. Yet it was not his crown, his rank, or the luxury and splendour in which he lived that excited this intense curiosity and interest: it was the man himself; they wanted to stamp on their minds his figure and lineaments: they wanted to have it to say, that they had seen Napoleon.

Besides gratifying himself (which did not however go for much) the French Emperor had perhaps two objects in view in this display, to dazzle Alexander and conciliate the good-will of the sovereigns; in each of which it failed. Alexander only turned more averse from a pomp of which he was already jealous, and from a parade of friendship and alliance which he knew to be forced and hollow. As to the monarchs, it wounded their pride and ripped up instead of healing old wounds and recollections. They did not like to see themselves appear as ciphers before one who owed all to himself; or to be elbowed in his ante-chambers by his marshals and officers. Poets (ever flatterers of power) paid him divine honours at the theatres. Even their own subjects seemed ready to kneel down before him. They had then come to Dresden merely to heighten the splendour of Napoleon's triumph over them, for it was over them that he triumphed; every acclamation he received was a reproach to them; his grandeur was their abasement, his victories were their defeats. As to Na-

poleon himself, there must have been a lurking feeling of something theatrical and burlesque in these state-ceremonies and repeated rehearsals of etiquette; and as he did not enjoy them himself, he could not make others enjoy them. He liked either serious business or simple and familiar intercourse: he had no taste for artificial restraint and formal *nothings*. He however submitted to necessity, and did the honours with what grace he could. The Empress unwittingly had her share in exciting the heart-burnings, that were not kept a secret on this occasion. She eclipsed her step-mother (the Empress of Austria) in finery and jewels; and if Buonaparte endeavoured to check her, she resisted or wept. The Empress-mother, who was of the house of Este, had retained in her mind a deadly resentment of her family having been dispossessed of the duchy of Modena by General Buonaparte; and let it escape her in unguarded starts and ebullitions of spleen. It was in this glass that Napoleon should have studied the figure he made in the eyes of princes and courtiers. Women, who are not implicated in political transactions nor perplexed with the pedantry of reasoning, are the true mirrors of all that relates to floating opinion or instinctive prejudice. This princess died in 1816; but she lived to taste the full gratification of her revenge; and to see the time when mines of jewels would not have extorted a

smile or a sigh from the consort of an Emperor and a King, who was hurled from that elevation because he was his own Rodolph of Hapsburg, and not descended from the tyrants of some petty state in Italy!

In the mean time and while the columns of his armies were marching through the territories of his allies to the place of rendezvous, Napoleon directed Lauriston, the French ambassador at Petersburgh, to apply for a definitive proposition to be sent to Wilna, and made General Narbonne repair to Alexander's head-quarters to assure that prince of the pacific disposition of France; and even (it is said) to invite him to come to Dresden. Lauriston was not listened to; and Narbonne on his return stated, that "he had found the Russians neither depressed nor boasting; that the result of all the replies of the Emperor was that they preferred war to a disgraceful peace; that they would take good care not to risk a battle with an adversary so formidable; and finally, that they were determined to make every sacrifice to protract the war and drive back the invader." Buonaparte received this reply at Dresden, where he remained till the 29th of May, when he proceeded to Posen, and from thence to Thorn, avoiding Warsaw where the war did not require his presence, and where he must have plunged into politics again. At Thorn he severely upbraided and even menaced his brother

Jerome, on account of the complaints of the inhabitants against the exactions and insolence of the Westphalians; though in consequence of the bustle and rapid movement of the troops, the natural effect of his interference was too often lost. Provisions, it is true, were supplied in abundance and with regularity all the way to the Niemen; but the chief difficulty arose in respect to the more bulky articles of fodder, and the cavalry soldiers were sometimes obliged to mow the green corn or to strip the roofs of cottages of their thatch as food for their horses. Beyond the Niemen, the evil increased. Many of the provision-waggons broke down, and the carriages were too heavy for the sandy roads they had to pass. Provisions were therefore procured on the march; horses, cattle, and food of every kind were seized upon; and in the hurry and confusion of forced marches to overtake and overcome the Russians by a *coup-de-main*, there was no time to try or even to discover the guilty. Napoleon, however, did all he could to remedy the mischief and preserve discipline. Among the accusations brought against the troops he at one time distinguished with indignation the names of certain individuals of high rank; he had the complaints against them inserted in the orders of the day; and soon after seeing one of them at the head of his regiment, he angrily said, "You disgrace yourself; you give an example of pillage;

either forbear or go back to your father: I can dispense with your services."

From Thorn Napoleon had descended the Vistula. Graudentz belonged to Prussia: he avoided passing through it, though he sent an artillery-officer under some trivial pretence to inspect it. At Marienburg he met Davoust, who had a violent quarrel in his presence with Berthier. Though Davoust had the best of the argument at the time, it turned to his detriment afterwards, as well as to that of the service, Buonaparte being prejudiced against him by the representations of those about him, and neither making use of his advice or assistance with the confidence they merited. His zeal was construed into officiousness, and his methodical and systematic preparations for carrying on the grand expedition into a desire to take the conduct of the war into his own hands. From Dantzic the Emperor proceeded on the 12th of June to Königsberg. Here terminated the inspection of his immense magazines and of the second resting-point or grand station of his line of operations. Here were collected stores of provisions, enormous as the enterprise for which they were designed. No detail had been neglected. The active and ardent mind of Napoleon was wholly intent on that most important and difficult part of the expedition. The day was swallowed up in dictating instructions on this subject; and at night

he rose to repeat them. One general alone received in a single journey six dispatches from him, all expressive of his anxious vigilance. In one of these he says, "The result of all my movements will be the concentration of four hundred thousand men upon one point: nothing can then be expected from the country; and consequently, we must carry every thing with us."

From Königsberg to Gumbinnen, Napoleon passed in review several of his armies, talking to the men with gaiety, frankness, and a soldier-like bluntness. As his custom was, he walked leisurely along the ranks. He knew the wars in which every regiment had been engaged with him. He stopped for a few moments before some of the oldest soldiers; and to one he recalled the battle of the Pyramids, to another that of Marengo, Austerlitz, Jena, or Friedland by a single word, accompanied with the most familiar address. The veterans, thus recognised by their Emperor, felt elated before their junior comrades, who looked up to them with admiration and envy. Napoleon continued his round. He did not neglect the young: he showed an interest in all that concerned them, and was well acquainted with their smallest wants. He questioned them: "Did their captains properly attend to them? Were they regularly paid? Was there any article they wanted? He should like to see their knapsacks." He halted

at length before the centre of the regiment. There he informed himself of the places that were vacant, and inquired aloud who were most worthy to fill them. He called before him those who were pointed out by their companions, and interrogated them as to their length of service; their campaigns; their wounds; their feats in arms. He then created them officers; and they were accordingly introduced as such in his presence, and in the manner which he prescribed. These individual attentions to the soldiers absolutely charmed them. They remarked to each other that their great Emperor, who decided on the fate of nations in a mass, descended in respect to themselves into the most minute particulars: that they were his old, his genuine family! It was thus that he attached them to war, to glory, and to himself.

The army now proceeded from the Vistula towards the Niemen. That river, from Grodno as far as Kowno, flows parallel with the Vistula. The river Pregel runs from one to the other; it was covered with boats and provisions. Two hundred thousand men arrived there from four different points. They here found bread and a quantity of forage; and these supplies, at first ascending the river with them, were afterwards forwarded to Wilna by land. The French were now close upon the Russian frontier. From the right to the

left, or from south to north, the army was drawn up before the Niemen as follows: first, upon the extreme right and advancing out of Gallicia upon Drogicsen was Prince Schwartzenberg, with thirty-four thousand Austrians; on his left coming from Warsaw and moving on Bialystock and Grodno, Jerome Buonaparte at the head of sixty-nine thousand Westphalians, Saxons, and Poles; close to them, the viceroy of Italy, who had just completed his junction at Marienpol and Pilony, with seventy-nine thousand Bavarians, Italians, and French: then the Emperor with two hundred thousand men, commanded by Murat, Davoust, and the Dukes of Dantzic, Istria, Reggio, and Elchingen. They came from Thorn, Marienwerder, and Elbing on the Vistula; and on the 23d of June were collected at Nogarisky, a league beyond Kowno. Finally, before Tilsit, at the mouth of the Niemen, Macdonald and thirty-two thousand five hundred Prussians, Bavarians, and Poles formed the extreme left of the Grand Army.

All was now ready. From the borders of the Guadalquiver and the Calabrian sea to the banks of the Vistula, above four hundred thousand men, six bridge-equipments, one for siege, some thousands of provision-waggons, innumerable herds of oxen, thirteen hundred and sixty-two pieces of cannon, and thousands of artillery and hospital-waggons were now brought together and stationed

within a few paces of the frontier-river of Russia. The provision-waggons alone experienced some delay. The army, of which not more than two-thirds were French, was in the best disposition and spirits. The old looked back with pride and confidence on the past; the young with hope and curiosity to the future. All talked of what they had done or of what they meant to do. The Poles who were mixed up with the army infused their patriotic feelings and their hatred of the Russians into it. Those who could, wished to be near Napoleon, where the chief action was; and where what was done under his eye was immediately rewarded by his hand. The generals who had been accustomed to luxury and splendour, but who were compelled by him to live up to their incomes, were still for the most part dependent on him for fortune; nor, however they might prefer ease, could they bear to be left behind in the race of glory. The great and general sensation, moreover, excited by the expedition was no slight attraction: its success appeared certain; they were going to carry their achievements and fame to the very confines of the civilised world. This one effort more, and all would be over. It was a last opportunity; so that those who did not avail themselves of it would bitterly repent and listen with anguish to the glorious recitals that would be made of it by others. In short, the vastness of the enterprise; the

agitation of all Europe co-operating to accomplish it, or waiting the event; the equipment and array of four hundred thousand infantry and eighty thousand cavalry; the clash of arms, the trampling of horses, and the notes of martial music, the incessant warlike reports and military orders kindled even the veterans to enthusiasm. The most insensible could not escape its animating influence; the contagion was universal. Napoleon was satisfied with the spirit manifested by the army, and addressed them as follows:—"Soldiers! the second Polish war is begun. The first was terminated at Friedland and Tilsit. At Tilsit Russia swore to an eternal alliance with France and war against England. She has violated her oath; she refuses to give an explanation of her singular conduct till the French eagles shall have repassed the Rhine, and consequently left our allies at her discretion. Russia is driven onwards by fatality; her destinies are about to be accomplished. Does she believe we have degenerated? Should we be no longer the soldiers of Austerlitz? She has placed us between disgrace and war; the choice cannot be for an instant doubtful! Let us then march forward, cross the Niemen, and carry the war into her territories. The second Polish war will be glorious to the French arms like the first: but the peace which we shall conclude will carry its own guarantees with it, and will

put an end to the fatal influence, which for the last fifty years Russia has had on the affairs of Europe." This address was appropriate enough in the circumstances: it was only belied by the event. Alexander also addressed a proclamation to his troops. The plea which he made use of would have been unanswerable, if he and Napoleon had met now for the first time; or if Russia never having passed and never intending to pass beyond her own limits, her soil *alone* became by this circumstance sacred and inviolable.

Volhynia, Lithuania, Courland, and Livonia were all favourable to the French, and expected their arrival with eagerness. Alexander kept these countries in awe with an army of three hundred thousand men. Alexander, and under him his Minister of War, Barclay de Tolly, directed the whole of these forces. The centre under Barclay extended from Kowno as far as Grodno: to the south of Grodno, Bagration had sixty-five thousand men near Wolkowisk; and Wittgenstein twenty-six thousand to the north of Kowno, at Rossiana and Kedani. Besides this, Tormasof had an army of fifty thousand men in Volhynia, to keep Schwartzenberg in check, till Tchitchakoff should come up with the army of Moldavia, released by the treaty with the Turks: two other corps were formed at Bobruisk and Riga: the reserves were at Wilna and Swentziani, and there was a vast

entrenched camp raised before Drissa on a bend of the Duna. Napoleon thought that this position of the Russians behind the Niemen was neither good for attack nor defence; that it was extended over too large a space; that the marshes of the Berezina behind Bagration cut off his retreat; and that by advancing in full force upon Kowno and Wilna, he could drive back and separate Alexander from his two wings, and by a sudden turn to the right, surround and take the whole left of their army prisoners. While the Emperor was preparing to carry this movement into effect, Schwartzenberg at first defeated Tormasof; but after the arrival of the second Russian army from Bucharest, did nothing more, acting supinely, and as there is reason to believe, with bad faith, during the rest of the campaign; while Macdonald in the north maintained the war with vigour and judgment, though without any decisive results, and was at last obliged to retreat not by the enemy, but by the Emperor's orders.

Between these two extreme points, the Grand Army marched towards the Niemen, in three separate masses. The King of Westphalia with eighty thousand men took the direction of Grodno; the Viceroy with seventy-five thousand, that of Pilony between Grodno and Kowno; the Emperor with two hundred thousand men, that of Nogarisky, a farm situated beyond Kowno. On

the 23d of June, before day, the Imperial columns approached the Niemen, though the borders of the great Prussian forest of Pilwisky and the hilly ground that lines the river prevented them from seeing it. Napoleon mounted on horseback and went to reconnoitre the situation to find a passage over. When he had nearly reached the river, his horse fell, and threw him on the sand. "That," said some one present, "is a bad omen: a Roman would go back!" Having examined the ground, he ordered three bridges to be thrown across the river the same evening near the village of Poniemen; and went and passed the rest of the day in his tent, motionless and oppressed with the heat, which at this time was excessive. The first that crossed the river were some sappers in a skiff. They landed on the Russian side, without meeting any impediment or seeing any one but a single Cossack, who after the exchange of a few questions, withdrew into a wood, into which three of the French soldiers discharged their pieces after him. No other sound announced the new war and the invasion of a vast empire. Three hundred *voltigeurs* immediately crossed the river to protect the establishment of the bridges. Then all the French columns passed to the river-side, in perfect silence and under cover of the darkness. All fires were forbidden; and they lay down to sleep with their arms in their hands. The green corn, wet with the

dew, served as a bed for the men and as food for their horses. During the night, they repeated passages of the Emperor's proclamation which had just been read. As the day dawned, they looked towards the country they were about to enter, but saw only a dry and sandy plain and dark forests. About three hundred paces from the river, on a rising ground, was the Emperor's tent; around it the tops and sides of the hills and the intervening valleys were completely covered with men and horses. As soon as the sun had risen upon these moveable masses glittering in arms, the signal was given; and they all set forward in three columns towards the bridges. Two divisions of the advanced-guard, while contending for the precedence in passing over, nearly came to blows, and were separated with difficulty. Napoleon took his stand near one of the bridges, surveying the men with looks of encouragement as they passed. But at length he grew impatient, and darted off at full gallop into the country as if eager to find an enemy. He returned and proceeded with the Guard to Kowno. A violent storm soon after came on, and a distressing accident happened in the course of the day. The Cossacks having broken down the bridge over the Vilia, where Oudinot was to pass, Buonaparte ordered a squadron of Poles of the Guard to throw themselves into it and swim it. This they did at first

without difficulty; but coming into the middle of the stream, they were disunited and carried away by its violence. Some of them struggled to save themselves in vain; but in the very moment of sinking, they turned their last looks towards Napoleon, and cried, "Long live the Emperor!" The army looked on with admiration and terror. Napoleon, suppressing his emotion, gave every necessary order, so as to save the greater number. A bridge was shortly after thrown across, over which Oudinot and the second corps marched towards Kedani. It took the rest of the army three entire days to pass the Niemen.

From Kowno Napoleon arrived in two days at the defiles defending the plain of Wilna. He hoped that Alexander would have waited for him here; but information was brought that the city was evacuated. He moved forward to it, not well-pleased, complaining that the generals of the advanced-guard had suffered the Russian army to escape. The same day, a number of hussars of the 8th having pushed on too rapidly were cut to pieces by the Russian guard that had been concealed in a wood. The enemy was in full retreat to Drissa. Murat was made to follow the track of Alexander, while Ney was sent to support Oudinot, who attacked and drove back Wittgenstein on the left as far as Wilkomir. The Emperor returned to Wilna, which he had hastily

hurried through, where his unfolded maps, military reports, and a crowd of officers awaited his arrival. He threw himself on a bed, as if fatigued, but in reality to meditate; and soon after starting up, dictated all the requisite orders. He received accounts from Warsaw and the Austrian army. The address at the opening of the Diet displeased him. "It is French, it ought to have been Polish." He was also assured that of the whole Austrian army he could depend only on their leader: this he thought sufficient.

The French were welcomed as deliverers in Lithuania. Everywhere the same sentiments were observable; in the interior of houses, at the windows, and in the public places. The inhabitants stopped to congratulate and embrace one another in the streets and on the roads: the aged reappeared, clothed in the ancient costume, which recalled ideas of glory and independence. They wept for joy at sight of the national banners which had just been unfurled; and which were followed by an immense multitude, rending the air with acclamations. The Diet of Warsaw had shown great spirit; it had formed itself into a general confederation; declared the kingdom of Poland to be re-established; required all Poles in the Russian service to return home; appointed a representative of itself in a general council, and presented an address to Napoleon at Wilna,

in which he was called upon to pronounce the sentence, "*Let the kingdom of Poland be,*" and it would be! Napoleon, it must be granted, did not do much to fan this rising flame into a conflagration, but a good deal to damp it. He gave them, however, his good word and good wishes, pleaded his engagements to Austria, recommended unanimity, said they must do all for themselves; and accordingly they did nothing either for themselves or him. They had looked upon him as the arbiter of the world, and they found him talking like a diplomatist. His situation was embarrassing enough: but when he chose, he knew how to cut the Gordian knot of policy with his sword. He could irritate a people by cheating them of a government to which they were stupidly attached: why not make the *amende honorable* by relieving a people of a yoke to which they were naturally averse? He had made war upon Russia chiefly to erect Poland into a barrier against that power: how then could he pretend that the liberation of Poland might be a bar to his making peace with Alexander? If he had come all this way to fight him as a piece of gladiatorship, the object was not worth the cost and trouble. But if Napoleon did not second the enthusiasm of the Poles at this time, he was too just and too proud to reproach them with the want of it afterwards.

The exactions and excesses of the army did not tend to increase the cordiality of the natives. In Prussia, the Emperor had ordered the troops to take with them provisions to last twenty days, that is, till they reached Wilna. Victory would effect the rest. But the flight of the enemy postponed that victory. Yet having overtaken and disunited the Russians, he did not like to forego this advantage. Dantzic alone contained grain enough to supply the whole army. The supplies were intended to be forwarded by the Vilia, which the drying up of that river prevented. The convoys at length arrived by land at Wilna, but not till after the army had left it. It was the centre-column that endured most hardship: they followed in the track which the Russians had already laid waste. Not only the inhabitants, but the army therefore suffered severely on its march. On its being represented to Napoleon that many soldiers even of the Guard had died of hunger, he exclaimed, "It was impossible: soldiers well-officered could never die of hunger!" He was then told that the men had not died from hunger but intoxication. "We must bear," he said, "the loss of a few horses and a few equipments, and even the destruction of a few habitations; it is the unfavourable aspect of war: misfortune must have its share in every thing; my riches and benefits will repair any losses; one

grand result will compensate for all; I only want one victory: if I have enough left to obtain that, it is every thing."

In this state of things, Balachoff (a Russian flag of truce) presented himself, bringing a verbal message from Alexander, that "there was yet time to treat from one bank of the Niemen to the other;" but as he was charged with no specific proposals, and as his character excited some suspicion, being the minister of police, he was dismissed without any satisfactory result. On this occasion Buonaparte is said not to have been sparing of his sarcasms. He observed that "Alexander was a mere parade-general," and accused Caulaincourt (it is supposed with a view of making him a more welcome messenger to Alexander at some future time) of being "a Russian in the French camp." But a number of things are put into Buonaparte's mouth in the current reports, to which he perhaps would not have pleaded guilty. There is even in the best French accounts so much *ex-post-facto* criticism mixed up with the history, such a desire to make up for the failure of the enterprise by a premature sagacity in foreseeing it, such an air of nervous apprehension thrown over its very outset, such a disposition to find or to insinuate faults in the execution of the plan rather than in the plan itself, to throw the blame on the individual as a salvo for the national vanity,

that we cannot be too much on our guard in determining what to believe or what to reject, whenever this bias may be supposed to come into play.

Meantime, Murat was attempting to obtain that victory so much desired: he commanded the cavalry of the advanced-guard; and having come up with the enemy on the road to Swentziani, drove them before him towards Druia. Every morning the Russian rear-guard seemed to have escaped him; every evening, he discovered it again, but too late for an attack. On the 15th of July, the Duna had been reached at different points by Murat, Montbrun, Sebastiani, and Nansouty, by Oudinot and Ney, and by three divisions of the first corps which had been placed under the command of Count Lobau. Oudinot made a feeble attempt upon Dunabourg: Wittgenstein retreating from it towards Drissa surprised and overthrew a division of French cavalry at Druia, taking most of them prisoners. This *coup-de-main* gave Napoleon hopes that Barclay was assuming the offensive; and he suspended his march upon Witepsk in order to be ready for battle. Thus far his plan had been completely successful. In breaking the enemy's line by a violent attack on a single part, he had repulsed and driven the largest mass of his forces under Barclay upon the Duna, while Bagration, against whom he had directed no attack till five days later, was still left behind

upon the Niemen. Already Davoust at Osmiana to the south of Wilna had observed some of his scouts, who were anxiously seeking for an outlet to the north. Measures were taken accordingly. Davoust on the 8th had stationed himself in advance of the Russian general towards Minsk and Vigumen, while the King of Westphalia received orders to press upon his rear and compel him to involve himself in the defiles or long narrow causeways over the marshes of the Berezina, which constituted his only retreat. He accordingly presented himself at the outlets, first at Lida and then at Minsk, but found Davoust there before him. On receiving this intelligence and finding Bagration with forty thousand Russians cut off from his communication with Alexander, and enclosed by two rivers and two armies, Napoleon exclaimed, "I have them!" In fact, the Russian general was completely entangled, had Jerome Buonaparte behaved as he ought to have done. But while Davoust was waiting for him to drive the Russians into the snare prepared for them, that young prince, who had been put under Davoust's orders, disdaining to serve under a subject, had flung up his command and retired in disgust into Westphalia, without (as it is said) even forwarding the instructions he had received. Thus perhaps by entrusting power in the hands of family-connections was all reversed

that had been done or attempted by taking it out of them and giving it to *the most worthy!* Bagration not being closely pressed by the Westphalians, turned farther south, passed the Berezina at Bobruisk and reached the Boristhenes at Mohilef. Here the two generals again stumbled upon each other by chance. Bagration had at this time thirty-five thousand men; Davoust only twelve thousand with him. The latter however determined to intercept his progress; and placing himself on a narrow height between two woods with a ravine before it, gave battle to the Russian commander and defeated him with great loss. The Russians excused themselves by saying they believed Napoleon had been there in person; his fame thus multiplying his influence all round him, for Barclay fancied he was before him at Drissa, while Bagration thought he was at Mohilef. The latter retreating once more, passed the Boristhenes at Novoi-Bichof, where he at length united with Barclay beyond Smolensk.

Napoleon disappointed at the failure of his plan attributed it to his not being able to be present everywhere. The circle of his operations was so greatly enlarged, that while compelled to remain in the centre, he was wanted everywhere at the circumference. He had been twenty days at Wilna, waiting the result of his different combinations. He now, therefore, prepared to set

forward, having first appointed Maret (Duke of Bassano) to the government of Lithuania and to be the medium of his communication with the army and France, and published a sort of manifesto against Russia in the following terms:— "Behold then this same empire of Russia at a distance so formidable! It is a desert, of which the scattered hordes are not sufficient for its protection; they will be conquered by that very extent, which ought to be their safeguard. They are barbarians. They scarcely even have arms. They have no recruits in readiness. It would require more time to collect them than we should take to go to Moscow. It is true that since the passage of the Niemen, the unsheltered and unsheltering waste has been either inundated or parched up; but such calamities are less an obstacle to the rapidity of our invasion than an impediment to the Russians in their flight. They are conquered without battles by their own mere weakness, by the remembrance of our victories, and by the pangs of remorse which urge them to restore that Lithuania, which they obtained neither by peace nor war, but by perfidy alone." The army being united, and a battle requiring him in the field, Napoleon left Wilna on the 16th of July, stopped the next day at Swentziani during the heat of the day, and on the 18th arrived at Klubokoe. He there took up his abode

in a monastery, from which the small town immediately under it appeared to him more like a collection of the huts of savages than the habitations of civilised Europeans.

An address from the Russians to the French had just been circulated in the army. It contained a good deal of abuse, accompanied with an invitation to desertion. The Emperor was irritated on reading it, and dictated a reply, which however he immediately tore to pieces; he dictated a second, which underwent the same fate; and at last a third, with which he was satisfied. This was the paper which was published at the time in the journals under the signature of a *French Grenadier*. While he was engaged about this answer, he was apprised that on the 18th Barclay de Tolly had abandoned his camp at Drissa and was marching towards Witepsk. He immediately ordered all his corps upon Beszenkowicsi; he ordered Murat and Ney to that place from the neighbourhood of Polotsk, where they then were, and where Oudinot was left. He himself proceeded from Klubokoe, where he had been surrounded by his Guard, the army of Italy, and the divisions detached from Davoust to Kamen. Thus far the greater part of the army had gone on marching in astonishment at not finding any enemies. They appeared in many instances less like an army of warriors than like men pursuing a

comfortless and unprofitable journey. But if war and the enemy should thus continue to fly before them like the horizon, how far should they advance in the pursuit? At length on the 25th a cannonading was heard; and the army as well as their leader hoped for a battle, a victory, and peace. The sound came from the quarter of Beszenkowicsi. Prince Eugene had just had an encounter with Doctorof, who commanded the rear-guard of Barclay. He had cleared the passage of the Duna and burnt the bridge, which the Viceroy had repaired. Napoleon hastened to the spot, and passed over the bridge to ascertain what progress the Russian army had made, and whether he could overtake it before it reached Witepsk. But being soon convinced that Barclay had outstripped him, he returned to Beszenkowicsi, where his armies now arrived at the same moment by the north and west roads. His orders of march had been so clearly laid down and were executed with such perfect precision, that all these corps, after leaving the Niemen at different periods and by different routes, notwithstanding every species of impediment, after a month's absence and after traversing a hundred leagues from the time of their departure, were all re-assembled at Beszenkowicsi, which they reached on the same day and at the same hour. In consequence, the greatest

confusion now prevailed in that place: but before midnight, all these masses which had appeared inextricably intermingled gradually cleared away: the vast collection of troops flowed off towards Ostrowno, or was absorbed in Beszenkowicsi; and the most frightful tumult was succeeded by the profoundest calm.

Every thing announced a battle on the ensuing day. Napoleon, not having been able to gain Witepsk before the Russians, was determined to expel them from it; after entering it by the right bank of the Duna, they had passed through the city, and presented themselves in front to defend the long defiles by which it is covered. Murat had marched on with his cavalry the day before (the 26th July) towards Ostrowno. At the distance of two leagues from that village, the 8th hussars were advancing in column on a wide road, bordered by a double row of large birch-trees. They thought they had been preceded by two other regiments of their division who were to pass along the fields, but whom they had in fact left behind; and seeing only a part of three regiments of cavalry of the Russian guard at the top of a hill before them, they marched on with the utmost confidence, not suspecting much resistance. Presently an officer whom they sent forward to reconnoitre was cut down, and six pieces of

cannon began to play upon them. They lost no time in deliberating, but darted between the trees and ran forward to extinguish the fire. They seized the guns; and in the impetuosity of their attack, repulsed the centre regiment of cavalry which was stationed on the high road. They now perceived the two other regiments; attacked and overthrew that on the right; and before the one on the left could effect its retreat, fell upon it and were the third time vanquishers.

Murat inflated by this exploit pushed into the woods of Ostrowno in search of an enemy. He soon found one. The ground hastily won by the 8th hussars was now fiercely contested with himself; and his advance-column composed of the divisions Bruyeres and St. Germain and the 8th regiment of infantry had to defend themselves against superior numbers under the Russian General Ostermann; but after an obstinate engagement, the division Delzons coming up to their assistance, the victory was with the King, who led on the attack now and hazarded his life with the same dauntless bravery as when he had been a private in the ranks. That same evening, the Viceroy rejoined Murat, and the following day saw the Russians in a new position. Pahlin and Konownitzin had united with Ostermann. While the two French princes were consulting how they

should commence the attack with their right wing, they heard an immense clamour on their left, and saw their own men repulsed by the Russians who were issuing with the utmost intrepidity and in large masses, out of the woods whence those deafening war-cries had first been heard. A battalion of Croats and the 84th regiment in vain attempted to stem the torrent; the ranks were broken; the ground in front was covered with the slain, that behind with the wounded or those who were glad of the excuse for leading them off; the artillery-men, not seeing themselves relieved, were retiring with their cannon, and the confusion was becoming general and irretrievable. At this moment Murat in a state of violent agitation placed himself at the head of a regiment of Polish lancers, and rushed headlong on the enemy. Murat's object had been at first merely to excite and animate them to the combat, but the lances of the Poles were in their rests, and closely filed behind him; they occupied the whole width of the road, they pushed him on with the utmost speed of their horses, and he was absolutely compelled to charge with the regiment before which he had placed himself merely to harangue it. General Anthouard running forward to his cannons, and General Girardin rallying the 10th regiment, seconded by General Piré,

they retrieved the fortune of the day, and the Russians fell back upon their forests. One division alone still occupied a thick wood in advance, which was carried by General Belliard. At this point of time the Emperor came up. The Viceroy and Murat hastened to inform him of what had happened, and to consult him on the propriety of proceeding. Napoleon instantly ascended the highest point of ground in the neighbourhood; and having reconnoitred the forest which lay before them, and which had presented so formidable an aspect to the two victorious princes, gave orders for advancing; and that same evening, Witepsk from her double hill might see the French riflemen debouching into the plain by which it is surrounded. Here every thing made it necessary to halt. Napoleon slept in his tent on a spot of rising ground to the left of the road and behind the village of Kukowiacsi.

On the 27th the Emperor appeared at the advanced posts before sun-rise. Its earliest rays discovered the Russian army encamped on an elevated plain, which commanded all the avenues of Witepsk. The river Luczissa, flowing in a channel of extraordinary depth, marked the foot of this position. In front of it, ten thousand cavalry and a body of infantry showed an apparent intention of defending its approaches: the infantry

was in the centre on the high road; the left on woody eminences; and the whole of the cavalry on the right, in double line, supported by the Duna. Buonaparte was on a small hill, from whence he could survey both armies. The front of the Russians was no longer directly opposed to the French, but inclined with a bend in the river, so that it was necessary for the latter to effect a change in their position in order to face them. The first who advanced were two hundred Parisian *voltigeurs,* belonging to the 9th regiment: the 16th of horse-chasseurs came next, with some pieces of artillery: the Russians merely looked on. The King of Naples, intoxicated with the view of such an assemblage of spectators, could not restrain himself, but precipitated the chasseurs of the 16th on the whole of the Russian cavalry. They were driven back, and cut almost to pieces. Murat, stung to madness at perceiving the result, threw himself sword in hand into the very midst of the rout and confusion, with the sixty officers and cavalry that he had about him. The mere audacity of the attack disconcerted the Russian lancers, who halted. The remains of the 16th rallied and were joined by the 53rd regiment. The successful charge of the Russian lancers had brought them near the foot of the hill, where Napoleon was giving directions. Some of the

chasseurs of the French guard dismounted according to custom to form a circle round him; and by discharging their carbines drove back the lancers, who on their return fell in with the two hundred Parisian *voltigeurs* who had been left alone between the two armies. Every body gave them up for lost. But though alone, they themselves had no feeling of despair. Their commander led them, desperately fighting all the way, to a spot of ground interspersed with thickets and deep gaps, which bordered on the Duna. Here they formed in an instant with that quick sense, which habit and danger together inspired. The Russian lancers embarrassed by the brambles and brushwood and impeded by the many rents and openings in the ground, could not act to advantage; and while they were endeavouring to surmount these obstacles, they were struck by the French bullets, and fell wounded to the earth; their own and their horses' bodies encumbering the field still more. At length they were repulsed; the flight of their enemies, the applauding shouts of the French army, the insignia of the Legion of Honour which the Emperor on the instant dispatched to the bravest, the words he used on the occasion, which were afterwards read by all Europe, every thing served to complete the satisfaction of the men at the danger they had

escaped and the glory they had just achieved. After another sharp action the Russians withdrew behind the Luczissa, and united on the opposite bank, presenting a force of eighty thousand men.

Their assured aspect and strong position in front of a capital, made Napoleon believe they meant to give battle here; and this was in fact their intention. He put an end to the attack, though it was only eleven in the forenoon, to prepare for the next day. He breakfasted on a hillock among the riflemen; while surveying the ground, a ball hit one of the persons in his suite. On taking leave of Murat, he said, "To-morrow at five you will see the sun of Austerlitz!" Murat had no faith in the prediction, to which indeed the event did not answer, though the Russian general, believing Bagration near Orcha, had resolved to give battle, and his determination was changed solely in consequence of his receiving in the course of the night intelligence of the retreat of Bagration towards Smolensk. Still perhaps Buonaparte was to blame in leaving any opening for such a change of purpose, and there was a time when he would have taken opportunity by the forelock. There is no doubt that an accumulation of adventitious honours and distinctions, like a weight of golden armour, clogs the mind and presses on the nerve of action; and they

are therefore fittest for those who have nothing to do either to gain or keep them. Even fame itself in a manner suspends the aspirations after excellence; and it is therefore an advantage rather than a subject of complaint that it is generally posthumous! On the 28th at day-break, Murat sent to inform the Emperor that he was going in pursuit of the Russians, who were no longer within sight. Napoleon would not at first credit the report; but their empty camp soon convinced him of its truth. Every thing in this camp bore testimony to the commander's science in war; nothing had been left behind, nor was there the least trace to indicate the route they had taken; and the capture of a Russian soldier who was found asleep in a thicket, was the only trophy of a day which was expected to have been so decisive and brilliant. The army entered Witepsk and found it as deserted as the Russian quarters. No one was to be seen in it but a few Jews and Jesuits. They could give no information. The French followed in pursuit for six leagues, through a deep and burning sand. At last night put an end to their progress at Aghaponovchtchina. The soldiers, parching with thirst, could get only muddy water to quench it; and while they were busy in procuring it, Napoleon held a council, the result of which was that it was useless

to pursue the Russians any farther at present, and that it was advisable to halt where they were, on the confines of Old Russia. As soon as the Emperor had formed this resolution, he returned to Witepsk with his guards. On entering his headquarters in that city on the 28th, he took off his sword, and laying it down on the maps which covered his table; "Here," said he, "I halt. I want to reconnoitre, to rally, to rest my army, and to organise Poland. The campaign of 1812 is over; that of 1813 will do the rest!"

CHAPTER XLIV.

THE SAME SUBJECT CONTINUED.

Those who expected Napoleon to stop short in the middle of an enterprise like the present or who seriously advised him to fall back to a place of greater safety, could have known very little of his character. He was not one of that description of warriors to whom the trite satire could apply :—

> "The King of France with twenty thousand men,
> "Marched up the hill, and then marched down again."

He had however those about him who gathered up the "sweepings" of his mind, and who expected him to be afterwards bound by them, if they fell in with their own timid resolutions or an unforeseen event. Every thing unfavourable to the expedition is sedulously recalled and stamped with a prophetic character and as if it had met the approbation of all that was sound and judicious in the army, though in the endless agitation of the question and suggestion of every possible view of the subject, it was probably only as one remark in a thousand, that on which the least stress was laid at the time,

and though in all likelihood not a single individual in the whole camp ever dreamt of the catastrophe that followed, but which in these retrospective pages is traced out in its fullest extent and with every mark of verisimilitude upon the face of it. Buonaparte might in a fit of weariness and disgust have thrown out some such expressions as those mentioned at the end of the last chapter or traced an hypothetical line of defensive operations from Riga in the North to Bobruisk in the South, and laughed at Murat who resented the retreat of the Russians as if it were the breach of an appointment by saying "It is a three years' war; 1813 will see us at Moscow, 1814 at Petersburgh"—but it is very unlikely he ever seriously entertained any such ideas. The agitation and restlessness he is said to have manifested at this period are easily accounted for from the heat of the weather, the lassitude he experienced, and a variety of projects for circumventing and detaining a foe that constantly eluded his grasp, without supposing that he balanced between action and inaction or had determined upon taking up his winter-quarters in the height of summer. It became him to do something. If he could not find men to fight with, he must go in search of places, of which the conquest would give an *eclat* to his arms and put a natural period to his march. Accordingly, we find that now more than ever, his imagination was possessed with the idea

of Moscow captive: this was the term of all his fears, the object of all his hopes. In the possession of that city he was to find every thing, or a compensation for it in romantic achievement and endless renown. It was absurd to suppose that he would wait eight months for an object, which he felt to be within his reach in twenty days. If there had ever been an appearance of indecision, it very soon vanished. Already full of the plan which was to crown him with success, he ran to his maps. He here saw nothing but Smolensk and Moscow—the great Moscow, the holy city—names which he repeated with satisfaction, and which seemed to increase his eagerness. At the sight of them, he appeared inflamed by the genius of war. His voice became harsh, his glance fiery, and his whole air stern and fierce. His attendants retired from his presence, through fear as well as respect: but at length his mind was fixed, his determination taken, his march traced out: immediately the tempest was calmed, and having given consistency and utterance to his conceptions, his features resumed their wonted character of placidity and cheerfulness.

He did all he could to gain over the officers to his opinion, resolving doubts, answering objections, and entering into the question with that frankness and simplicity which secured by manners the fidelity and attachment of many whom neither his misfortunes, their country, nor the cause of mankind

could bind. He redoubled his attentions to the soldiers; if he met any parties of wounded, he stopt them to inquire into their situation and history; he often sent wine from his table to the sentinel nearest him; and reviewed the troops which were in his neighbourhood every day. Encouraged in this manner, the formidable names of Smolensk and of Moscow did not alarm them. In ordinary times and to ordinary habits, an untried soil, new tribes of people, a distance which magnified every thing, would have appeared insuperable obstacles; but to such men, these were precisely the strongest attractions. They delighted only in hazardous situations, which became the more exciting in proportion as their peril and their novelty gave them an air of singularity and of adventure. Ambition was now let loose from all restraint: every circumstance tended to inspire a passion for renown; they had plunged into a boundless career. How indeed was it possible to estimate the ascendancy gained and the impulse given by a powerful conqueror, who had said to his soldiers after the victory of Austerlitz, "Name your children after me; I give you leave; and if one among them shall prove worthy of us, I will bequeath him my property and declare him my successor!"

The union of the two wings of the Russian army near Smolensk and a severe repulse received by Sebastiani at Inkowo, together with the news of

the peace of Bucharest, hastened the decision of Napoleon. The march of Barclay upon Rudnia and other circumstances convinced him that the Russian forces were gathering to a head and meditated an attack upon him. He therefore determined to strike the first blow. He wrote letters to the Prince of Echmuhl and his other lieutenants to follow him with all speed to Smolensk. He then separated himself from Oudinot, leaving St. Cyr to reinforce him; and removing his line of operation from Witepsk to Minsk, suddenly threw himself southward with a hundred and eighty-five thousand men to the left of the Dnieper, on the left flank and in the rear of the enemy, who were thinking of surprising him. In this manner he proposed to outmarch the Russian General and reach Smolensk before him: if he succeeded, he would have cut off the Russian army not merely from Moscow, but from the centre and the south of Russia; and have accomplished against Barclay and Bagration united what he had vainly attempted at Witepsk against Barclay alone. This was one of those grand resolves, which ably executed change the face of war and of empire; the result in this case was not answerable.

Buonaparte left Witepsk on the 13th of August, after halting there a fortnight. He was accompanied by his guard, the army of Italy, and three divisions of Davoust's. From Orcha (to the south

of Witepsk), as far as Liadi, the French proceeded in a strait column along the left bank of the Dnieper. In this moving mass, the first corps, which had been trained by Davoust, was distinguished by the order and completeness which prevailed through its several divisions; and it was held up as a model to the rest of the army. The division of Gudin lost its way in swampy woods, owing to an ill-written order, and did not join till twenty-four hours after. The Emperor traversed the mountainous and woody country lying between the Duna and the Boristhenes in a single day, and crossed the latter river at Rassasna. Its distance from their native country, its historical celebrity, the antiquity of its name excited the imaginations of the French, who at last perceived only a narrow stream lined with brambles and brushwood. The Emperor slept in his tent in advance of Rassasna. On the following day the army marched together, ready to fall promptly into order of battle, with the Emperor on horseback in the midst of them. The advanced-guard drove before it two *pulks* of Cossacks, who only wanted to destroy the bridges and some stacks of forage. As far as Liadi, the villages bore rather a Jewish than a Polish aspect. The Lithuanians sometimes fled at the approach of the army: the Jews always remained, indifferent to ill-usage and bent on gain. They were of great service to the French both from their dexterity in

business and their knowledge of German. Beyond Liadi, Old Russia commenced, and the Jews were seen no more; the general quarrel which mankind wage with that people being enhanced by their aversion to images, for which the Muscovites entertain a reverence approaching to idolatry.

On the 15th of August, at three o'clock, the army were in sight of Krasnoe, which a Russian regiment seemed disposed to defend, but it was defeated by Marshal Ney. On entering the town, six thousand Russian infantry were observed beyond it in two columns, with several squadrons covering their retreat. This was the corps of Neweroskoi. The ground was well adapted for cavalry, and Murat took possession of it; but the bridges having been broken down, he had some difficulty in getting at the enemy. Neweroskoi united his columns and formed them into a complete square of such thickness, that Murat's cavalry was unable to penetrate or throw it into disorder: when closely pressed, they faced about, awaited the onset with firmness, and discharged their musquets; then profiting by the disorder they had created, they continued their retreat. At one time, this column was marching on the left of the high road through some standing corn, when suddenly its progress was impeded by a row of strong palisades, and the Wurtemburghers were ordered to rush upon them and make them lay down their

arms. But they stood their ground, repulsed the Wurtemburg corps and (having made an opening in the palisades) pursued their way. Neweroskoi hastened to attain a defile which Grouchy had orders to reach before him; but that general had only six hundred horse with him. The 8th chasseurs were also too weak to intercept so powerful a column, which was the only Russian corps between Smolensk and the French; and had it been taken, that capital would have been left without defence, Neweroskoi however effected his retreat like a lion, leaving behind him one thousand two hundred killed on the field of battle, a thousand prisoners, and eight pieces of cannon. It so happened that this action took place on the Emperor's birth-day. Murat and Ney, on delivering in the report of their success, ordered a salute to be fired from a hundred pieces of artillery. The Emperor, somewhat displeased, observed that in Russia it was necessary to be economical of French powder. But he was told that it was Russian powder that had been taken the night before; and this explanation seemed to satisfy him. Neweroskoi hastened to shut himself up in Smolensk, leaving some Cossacks in his rear to burn the forage.

In the mean time, Barclay and Bagration stationed towards Inkowo between the Dnieper and Lake Kasplia, hesitated about attacking the French army, whom they believed to be still in their front.

Twice they had resolved upon it, and twice drew back. A misunderstanding existed between the two generals; Barclay, a German, cool, scientific, systematic, wishing to protract the defensive war; Bagration, an old Russian of the Suwarrow school, brave, impetuous, and eager for battle. The former had no one but Alexander on his side: the army and the other generals as well as Bagration looked upon the advance of the French on the Russian soil as little less than sacrilege. But when they heard of the situation of Neweroskoi, there was no longer a question of forcing the French lines; all ran to arms and hastened to the rescue of Smolensk. The deluded inhabitants were returning from their temples where they had been to give God thanks for the success of their troops; when they beheld them bleeding and conquered, flying before the victorious French. Murat and Ney had already commenced an attack on the city. Ney had indeed attempted to carry the citadel by a *coup-de-main*, in which he lost two or three hundred men and was himself slightly wounded. His ardour having cooled, he withdrew to an eminence on the river's bank, where he was examining the city and the surrounding country, when on the other side of the Dnieper he thought he could perceive considerable masses of troops in motion: he hastened to inform the Emperor of the circumstance and to conduct him to the spot. Napoleon having

arrived there, distinguished in the midst of clouds of dust, long dark columns interpersed with the glittering of innumerable arms. These masses were advancing with such rapidity that they seemed to run. It was in fact Barclay and Bagration at the head of a hundred and twenty thousand men. At this sight, Napoleon clapped his hands in a transport of joy, and exclaimed "At last I have them!" But once more he was deceived. He immediately passed along the line of his own troops, and assigned to each commander his station, leaving a large plain unoccupied in front between himself and the Dnieper. This he offered to the enemy for a field of battle. They did not choose to accept it; and the next morning, while various opinions were entertained on the subject, were seen in full retreat towards Elnia on the opposite bank of the Dnieper. Napoleon could neither stop nor overtake them. He had nothing now to do but to secure Smolensk. The attack was carried on with various success during the day. Here a cannon-ball cut down an entire row of twenty-two men belonging to a battalion that had presented itself in flank before the Russian batteries; there stationed on a number of little hills, the army applauded as in a theatre by the clapping of hands the struggles and the success of their comrades. Ney was to attack the citadel; Davoust and Lobau the suburbs; Poniatowski was to descend the river,

destroy the bridges and cut off the retreat of the garrison. The sharp sounds of the discharge of musquetry from the walls continued all the day, and annoyed Napoleon, who wished to draw off the troops.

Night now came on: Napoleon withdrew to his tent, and Count Lobau, having obtained possession of the ditch, had ordered some shells to be thrown into the city to dislodge the enemy. Almost immediately were seen rising thick and black columns of smoke, with occasional gleams of light, and then sparks and burning flakes; at length, pyramids of flame ascended from every part. These distinct and distant fires soon became united in one vast conflagration, which rose in whirling and destructive grandeur, hung over nearly the whole of Smolensk, and consumed it amidst ominous and awful crashes. This disaster, which Count Lobau very naturally imputed to himself (though it was the work of the Russians) threw him into great consternation. The Emperor, seated in front of his tent, viewed the terrific spectacle in silence. Neither the cause nor the result could be yet ascertained; and the night was passed under arms. About three in the morning, a subaltern officer belonging to Davoust had ventured to the foot of the wall and scaled it, without giving the least alarm. Emboldened by the silence which reigned around him, he made his way into the city; when suddenly hearing a number of voices, speaking with the

Sclavonian accent, the Frenchman gave himself up for lost. But at this instant the level rays of the sun discovered in those whom he first imagined to be enemies, the Poles of Poniatowski. They had been the first to penetrate into the city, which Barclay had just abandoned to the flames. Buonaparte the next day entered Smolensk, walking over its smoking ruins amidst heaps of dead, and sat down on some matting at the door of a cottage (while the bullets from the citadel, still in possession of the Russians, were whizzing round his head) to declaim for an hour on the cowardice of Barclay, the fine field of battle he had offered him, and the speedy dissolution of the Russian army from such base and dispiriting conduct, not being as yet in the secret of the new Scythian tactics of defending a country by burning its capitals! While heated with this discourse, a messenger came up with the news that Regnier and Schwartzenberg had beaten back Tormasof, who had made an attempt on Warsaw. "See," said he, "the wretches, they even suffer themselves to be beaten by Austrians;" and glancing round a quick and inquisitive eye, added, "I hope none but Frenchmen hear me." About this time Rapp and Lauriston arrived at head-quarters, the one from France, the other from Petersburgh; they brought the Emperor important information, but made no change in his determinations. Although the multiplied

disasters and fugitive nature of the war were with some a reason for stopping short or turning back, they were with Napoleon an additional motive for advancing forward and bringing it to a speedy and decisive issue. To lose no time, he confided the advanced-guard to Murat and Ney; and placed Davoust under the orders of the King of Naples.

The Russians still defended the suburb on the right bank of the Dnieper. The French employed the 18th of August and the ensuing night in reconstructing the bridges. On the 19th before day, Ney crossed the river by the light of the burning suburb. He and his men at first ascended slowly up the steep acclivity before them, not knowing whether a large Russian force might not be waiting at the top to rush down upon them; but they found only a band of Cossacks who disappeared at their approach. The two roads here diverge to Petersburgh and Moscow; and it was discovered with some difficulty that the Russian infantry had taken the one to Moscow. Ney might soon have got up with them; but as that road follows the course of the Dnieper, he was obliged to cross the streams running into it. Each of these had excavated a channel or deep bed, on the opposite side of which the enemy successively established themselves, and whence it was necessary to dislodge them. The first which was that of Stubna, did not detain him long; but the hill of

Valoutina, at the foot of which flows the Kolowdnia, was very severely contested. The stubborn resistance experienced on this spot has been attributed by some to an ancient tradition, which represented it as ground consecrated by victory. But what was ascribed to superstition, was owing to accident. Barclay not liking to take the direct road to Moscow, along the right bank of the Dnieper, which exposed him to the French fire from the other side or would have betrayed his retreat in the night by the rolling of the carriage-wheels, had gone round by a circuitous route which joins the main-road near Valoutina, and where Ney arrived almost at the same time as the Russians. He had only to pass the height in order to block up the defile into which they had entered with all their artillery and baggage. A furious combat ensued. Thirty thousand men were successively engaged in it on either side: the obstinacy and carnage were equal, and night put an end to it, during which the Russians made their escape. Junot with the Westphalians had at one time got in their rear; but at the moment of attack, his heart failed him, and he nearly lost his marshal's staff by it. Buonaparte, who was at Smolensk buried in business and dispatches, and who thought that the report of cannon was merely owing to some affair of advanced posts, would hardly believe there had been a battle, till the account of the

misfortune of General Goudin, an excellent officer, (who soon after died of the wounds he had received), overwhelmed him with chagrin. It is supposed that had he been on the spot to give directions, the Russian army might have been completely disabled. Such is the consequence of undertaking more than human capacity can effect!

The next day at dawn, he appeared on the field of Valoutina. The soldiers of Ney and those of the division Goudin (bereaved of their leader) were ranged round the dead bodies of their companions and of the Russians. The battalions of Goudin appeared reduced to mere platoons, but they seemed to feel a pride in the reduction of their numbers. The Emperor could not proceed in front of them without stepping or trampling upon the bodies of the slain and scattered bayonets absolutely wrenched and twisted by the violence of the conflict. But over these horrors he threw a drapery of glory. His gratitude transformed the field of battle into a field of triumph. He felt that the time was come in which his soldiers required the support both of praises and rewards. Accordingly, never were his looks more impressive and affectionate. He declared that this battle was the most brilliant exploit in their military history. In his rewards he was magnificent. The 12th, 21st, and 127th of the line and the 7th of the light troops received eighty-seven decorations and promotions. These

were the regiments of Goudin. Hitherto the 127th had marched without an eagle, because it had not according to the established rule conquered one on the field of battle. The Emperor delivered one to it with his own hands. He also rewarded and distinguished the corps of Ney. The favours were valuable in themselves and for the mode in which they were conferred. He was surrounded by every regiment in turn as by a family of his own. These cordial manners, which had the effect of making the privates the companions in arms of the master of Europe—forms which brought back the long-regretted usages of the republic—delighted and transported them. He was a monarch, but he was the monarch of the Revolution; and they were devotedly attached to a sovereign who had elevated himself by his own merits and who elevated others in proportion to theirs. In him there was every thing to stimulate zeal and effort, nothing to excite offence or imply reproach.

Never was there a field of battle better employed to stir and exalt the feelings; but when out of the observation of the soldiers, his reflections took a different tone. On his return to Smolensk, every object tended to oppress and deject him. This city was one vast hospital, and the groans of anguish which issued from it, prevailed over the acclamations of triumph which had been just heard on the field of Valoutina. At Wilna and Witepsk

there had been a want of hospitals, but this was not the case at Smolensk. Fifteen large brick-buildings saved from the flames had been set apart for this purpose; and there was plenty of wine, brandy, and medicines. There was only a want of dressings. At the end of the second night, the surgeons who were indefatigable had used up all the linen for bandages or for staunching the wounds; and it was necessary to substitute the paper found in the city-archives. One hospital containing a hundred wounded had been forgotten for three days, and was discovered by Rapp in the most distressing state: Napoleon immediately ordered his own stock of wine and many pecuniary gratuities to be bestowed on these unfortunate men, whose sufferings had only kept them alive. There was another consideration in addition to the inevitable accidents and evils of war, which now gave the Emperor a good deal of uneasiness. The burning of Smolensk he could no longer believe to be merely casual or even the result of a sudden fit of desperation. It was the effect of cool determination. The Russians had employed the utmost caution and arrangement in this work of destruction, and then (as he learnt from a Greek priest) laid it on the French, whom they represented as bands of incendiaries or legions of demons, headed by Antichrist. The nobles and their slaves fled from their approach like a pestilence. The natives even

refused to touch the utensils which the French soldiers had employed. One great fear of the Russians was that their slaves would rise up and throw off their bondage; and it was therefore an object to prevent their having any communication with the French. They made use of the most improbable and disgusting fables to excite their terror and hatred, and of their ignorance and degradation, to perpetuate that ignorance and degredation. It was their dread that the doctrines of the Revolution might loosen their grasp on the wretched serfs who compose the population of the country that first made them send their barbarous hordes against the French territory; the consequences of which now came back to themselves to their infinite horror and surprise in the shape of an invasion, which might produce the same effects. Buonaparte should have availed himself of the offers that were made him to detach the serf from the proprietor and the soil. But this was his weak side. He did not understand extreme remedies; and he was fonder of power than of liberty!

The intelligence which now reached him from every side roused and kindled his ardour. His lieutenants seemed to have performed more than himself. Accounts were just received that St. Cyr, having taken the command from Oudinot who was wounded, had obtained an advantage over Wittgenstein, which would have been more decisive,

had not a French brigade, stationed to support a battery, but seized with a sudden panic, fled across the mouths of the cannon so as to prevent their discharge, and to enable the Russian cavalry to get possession of them. In this action two Bavarian generals were killed, of the names of Deroy and Liben. They were of the same age, had served in the same wars, had advanced by the same steps, and met the same death: one grave received them both. On hearing of this victory, the Emperor dispatched the bâton of marshal of the empire to General St. Cyr, and placed a number of crosses at his disposal.

Barclay had retreated as far as Dorogobouje without offering resistance; but a little beyond that town on the morning of the 23rd of August, a slight wood which Murat wanted to reconnoitre was vigorously disputed with him; and having pierced through it, he saw the whole Russian army (Barclay being just then joined by Bagration) drawn up in order of battle. He immediately sent word to the Emperor to inform him of it. Davoust also, who did not approve of the dispositions which Murat had made, wrote to him to hasten forward if he did not wish Murat to engage without him. At this intelligence which he received in the night between the 24th and 25th of August, Napoleon started from his state of inaction with transport. To a disposition so enterprising and determined,

suspense was torture. He pressed on with his Guard, and proceeded twelve leagues without stopping; but on the evening of the day before, the enemy had disappeared. Their retreat was attributed by the French to a movement made by Montbrun to their left; by themselves to a false position taken up by Barclay, which Bagration having immediately discovered, did not even abstain from imputations of treachery. Discord and impatience were at their height in the Russian camp, and they only waited for the arrival of Kutusof to supersede Barclay. The French Emperor on his side was no longer in a state of fluctuation; he pressed forward, without apprehending any formidable consequences from the defection of the Swedes and Turks; and neglecting the hostile armies of Essen at Riga, of Wittgenstein before Polotsk, of Hoertel before Bobruisk and of Tchitchakof in Volhynia. He knew that wherever he was, there was the centre of the war; and he thought that every obstacle, both of arms and policy, would vanish at the first shock of the thunderbolt which he was about to launch. And yet his column of attack, which when he entered Witepsk amounted to one hundred and eighty-five thousand men, was not now more than one hundred and fifty-seven thousand: part he had left to occupy Witepsk, Orcha, Mohilef, and Smolensk:

the rest of those that were missing had been killed or wounded, or were straggling in his rear. But a hundred and fifty-seven thousand men he deemed sufficient to destroy the Russian army by a complete victory and to gain possession of Moscow.

The Emperor had advanced so rapidly to Dorogobouje that he was obliged to wait there for his army and let Murat go in pursuit of the Russians. He found that place in the same state as Smolensk, that is, in ashes; particularly the trading-quarter, where the people had something to lose, and who forming a sort of middle class, a commencement or *nucleus* for a "third estate," might be accessible to the promises of liberty. The army now moved on in three columns abreast; the Emperor, Murat, Davoust, and Ney in the middle, on the great road to Moscow; Poniatowski on the right, and the army of Italy on the left. The principal column, which followed the track of the Russians, fared the worst; but orders had been given to the troops to take provisions with them for several days. Each regiment was accompanied by a number of little Polish horses, carts for the conveyance of the baggage, and a drove of oxen. Each soldier had in his knapsack four biscuits of a pound each, and ten pounds of flour; and the army had with them a number of little portable ovens. The soldiers were becoming accustomed to this wandering life, and

learnt to make the most of the scanty means afforded them. From Slawkowo, a few leagues in advance of Dorogobouje, Napoleon on the 27th of August sent orders to Marshal Victor, then on the Niemen, to repair to Smolensk. It was also from the same head-quarters that he published the details of his review at Valoutina, in which were inserted the names even of the private soldiers who had there distinguished themselves. He added that "at Smolensk the conduct of the Poles had astonished the Russians, who had been accustomed to despise them." This had the effect of redoubling the hatred and efforts of the Poles against them. In the course of the march, he took a delight in dating from the middle of Old Russia a multitude of decrees which would find their way into the smallest hamlet in France. Murat had pushed the enemy beyond the Osma, a narrow river with high banks, like the greater number of rivers in that country. The Russian rear-guard had taken up a position on the opposite bank; but Murat had gone round by a ford, and placed himself between the enemy and the river at the imminent risk of being precipitated into it, which nothing but his desperate courage could have prevented. He only lost a great number of lives to no purpose. At the moment of the chief danger, a battery of the Prince of Echmuhl refused to fire. This incident

produced a violent altercation the next day between Murat and Davoust in the presence of the Emperor at Semlewo. It had nearly ended in a challenge.

On the 28th of the month, the army traversed the vast plains of the government of Wiazma. They passed hastily over open fields, several regiments marching abreast. The high road was given up to the train of artillery and to the hospital-waggons. The Emperor appeared in every part on horseback. Murat's letters and his approach to Wiazma still gave him hopes of a battle. He was engaged in calculating as he rode forward how many thousand cannon-balls would be required to destroy the enemy's army. Napoleon had appropriated a certain station for the baggage, and had published an order for burning all carriages that should be found among the troops, as they might impede and seriously endanger the operations of the army. A carriage of General Narbonne, his aide-de-camp, being found in this situation, was burnt on the spot without suffering any thing to be taken out. A letter from Berthier to Barclay, dated from Ribky, and relating to some indifferent matters, concluded with these words: "The Emperor commands me to entreat you to present his compliments to the Emperor Alexander, and to say to him that neither the vicissitudes of war nor any other circumstance can

impair the friendship which he feels for him." On the same day, the 28th of August, the advanced-guard drove the Russians before them into Wiazma. The troops, parched with thirst, could here procure only a little muddy water, of which the Emperor himself was glad to drink. At night the enemy destroyed the bridges of the Wiazma; and after pillaging the town set fire to it. It was here first ascertained beyond a doubt by the especial orders of the Emperor, that the Russians and not his own soldiers were the incendiaries. A sutler whom he found pillaging was ordered to be shot. But those about him stationed the man a short time after where the Emperor was expected to pass, with a woman and several children kneeling by his side, who were to represent his wife and family; and the man was immediately forgiven. Such was his well-known easiness of disposition.

He was still on horseback when he saw Belliard riding up with an account of a new disagreement between Murat and Davoust, and that Davoust had refused to let his divisions act under Murat's orders. In consequence Buonaparte sent Berthier to place the division Compans, which gave rise to the dispute, under the immediate command of the king. Davoust shut himself up in his obstinacy and in his tent; Murat gave vent to his vexation at the indignity offered him in a torrent

of complaints and even of tears. While the advanced-guard were pursuing the Russians as far as Gjatz, exchanging only a few shots with them, Napoleon heard at Wiazma that the Russians were celebrating *Te Deum* at Petersburg for the victories of Witepsk and Smolensk. The Emperor was astonished at this account. "*Te Deums!*" he exclaimed, "they dare then to lie not only to man but to God!" In this retreat of the Russians, though they burned the towns, the villages were spared, which supplied the French with forage, grain, ovens, and shelter. This preference was attributed by some to the hatred of the Cossacks to towns as implying a greater advance in civilization. On the 1st of September at noon Murat was separated from Gjatz only by a coppice of pines. Gjatz is divided in two by a river, the trading part being on the side nearest Asia; and the French took possession of one half, while the Russians were burning the other. The latter had disappeared behind the flames, and the foremost of the light troops were in pursuit, when one of the inhabitants came out and ran towards them, exclaiming that he was a Frenchman. He was conducted to Davoust, who interrogated him. He said, that an entire change had taken place in the Russian counsels; that Kutusof had succeeded Barclay; that a battle was to be the consequence; and

that they had retreated to Borodino, not to avoid the enemy, but to take up a strong position, to root themselves there, and either conquer or perish.

An officer that arrived as a flag-of-truce about the same time confirmed this intelligence by his sinister looks and answers. Being asked by one of the French generals what they should meet with between Wiazma and Moscow, he sternly replied, "Pultowa." He expressed his surprise at the utter absence of precaution in the French camp. Some Cossacks in their eagerness to burn the bridge over the Gjatz, had been left behind. Napoleon had two of them called to him, and rode into the town with his interpreter and one of these barbarians (with their uncouth costume and wild physiognomy) on each side of him. Their answers corresponded with the information that had just been received. Barclay having thus carried into effect, in spite of clamour and increasing opposition, the plan of retreat which he had boasted of in 1807 as the only one to save Russia, was superseded by Kutusof, a general of the old school, with Tartar features and character, fierce and supple, a favourite with his countrymen from his resemblance to them, and possessed of more reputation than skill, though not without a certain tact in availing himself of circumstances. Barclay continued to serve under his new chief

for the rest of the campaign with the same steadiness and perseverance that he had shown in the command of the army. At length, the Russian army halted. Miloradowitch, sixteen thousand recruits, and a vast multitude of peasants bearing the cross and shouting, "It is the will of God," repaired to the plain of Borodino, which was already broken up and formed into entrenchments. Napoleon announced an approaching battle to the army. He allowed them two days to rest, to prepare their arms, and collect provisions; at the same time warning the detachments sent off for supplies, that if they did not return on the morrow, they would deprive themselves of the honour of fighting. He then employed himself in surveying the environs of his head-quarters. He remarked the advance which they exhibited in agriculture; but at the sight of the Gjatz which pours its current into the Wolga, the early and habitual feelings of glory superseded in the conqueror of so many rivers every other sentiment, and he expressed a lofty complacency in having become the lord of those waters which were destined to visit Asia, as if they were flowing on to announce to that quarter of the world his fame and conquests, and to open a passage for him to it.

On the 4th of September, the army still divided into three columns left Gjatz and its environs.

Murat had advanced a few leagues onward. Since Kututof's arrival, troops of Cossacks had hovered about the heads of the French columns. Murat was vexed at seeing his cavalry compelled to attack so contemptible an adversary. It is asserted that on this day, under one of those impulses which would have become the age of chivalry, he darted suddenly and alone towards their line, halted at only a few paces from it, and there, waving his sword, intimated his orders for them to withdraw with an air and gesture so commanding that the barbarians instantly retired in astonishment. He had proceeded but a little way further, when he was compelled to halt at Griednewa. A deep ravine was here obstinately defended by Konownitzin; and the advanced-guard of the Viceroy coming up had engaged with the Cossacks, who for a wonder stood their ground. Platof afterwards related that in this affair an officer near him was wounded, who immediately ordered the sorcerer who accompanied him to be soundly beaten in the presence of the whole body of Cossacks for not having turned aside the ball by his incantations, as he had been expressly charged so to do! Konownitzin withdrew; and on the 5th his bloody track was traced as far as the enormous monastery of Kolotskoi, a Gothic building constructed in former ages, when even the temples of religion were not sacred from the fury of domestic

war. As the army advanced, they found the whole plain infested by clouds of Cossacks; the corn spoiled, the villages sacked, and the devastation general. These were signs that clearly indicated the field of battle, which Kutusof was preparing for the Grand Army. Napoleon ascended an eminence from which he surveyed the whole country. From the nature of the ground, the Kalouga making a sudden turn to the left at Borodino to join the Moskwa, he concluded that the enemy stationed on the heights behind this river, must be strong on their centre and right, and weak on their left. In proof of this, they had here posted a great number of troops and constructed a redoubt with great care on one side of the high-road. Napoleon as a preliminary step, gave orders for the carrying of this redoubt. The villages and woods were immediately taken possession of. The attack was general. The Russians were driven back on Borodino. The redoubt remained exposed in front of their army. Compans placed his cannon on some high ground which served as a platform to batter it, and as a shelter for his infantry to advance. The 61st marched foremost, and the redoubt was taken at the first onset at the point of the bayonet: but Bagration sent reinforcements, which retook it. Three times did the 61st wrest it from the possession of the Russians, and three times were they driven from it by them.

At last, however, they maintained their acquisition, though covered with blood, and nearly half of them destroyed. Next day when the Emperor passed this regiment in review, he inquired where the third battalion was: "It is in the redoubt," replied the colonel. A neighbouring wood still swarmed with riflemen; but at length the attack on Schewardino by Morand and on the woods of Elnia by Poniatowski succeeded in driving back Bagration's troops, and Murat's cavalry swept the plain. The Emperor appointed its station to each corps: the remainder of the army entered into line; and a general discharge of small arms continued till each party had fixed upon its ground and till night fell. One of Davoust's regiments, taking its rank in the foremost line, and deceived by the darkness, marched into the very midst of the Russian cuirassiers, and effected its retreat with difficulty and with considerable loss.

CHAPTER XLV.

THE BATTLE OF THE MOSKWA.

The Emperor encamped behind the army of Italy on the left of the high-road; the Old Guard having formed a square round his tent. As soon as the discharge of small-arms had ceased, the fires were kindled. The Emperor slept but for a short time. General Caulaincourt arrived from the captured redoubt. Hardly a single prisoner had fallen into the hands of the French, which was accounted for from the circumstance that the Russians, having been lately accustomed to fight with the Turks who give no quarter, would rather be killed than surrender; Napoleon on this determined that a battle of artillery would be the surest; and sent orders to hasten on those parks which had not yet come up. On that night a thin, cold rain began to fall, and autumn proclaimed its arrival by violent gusts of wind. A good deal of stress is laid on this circumstance by those who wish to accuse Buonaparte of inertness and indecision two days after, and who to confirm their theory assume a peculiar sympathy between the seasons of life and the seasons of the year.

The speculation would be more pertinent, if he had lost the battle, or if he had not lost another nearer to the solstice. It is certain from better authority that he had a severe cold on the morning of the 7th, if that must be supposed to have thrown a damp upon his faculties, or if his scruples and suspense (whatever they might be) did not arise from another cause, the seeing a still more formidable enemy—the hatred, fear, and despair of a whole people, and the very genius of barbarous desolation standing aghast behind the physical force opposed to him. This in truth waited for him in the sullen back-ground, and he was likely to see and feel it sooner than others. He himself calls the battle of the Moskwa "the most brilliant of all his feats of arms;" and he would hardly do this, if it had been the least so. It was the most bloody and the hardest-contested, which the French critics consider as a damning circumstance. "The number of the dead," they say, "only proves the determination of the enemy:"—as if French imagination shrunk from the idea even of victory, except over a flying foe. So much has their courage and their sense of glory to do with vanity, and so little with fortitude!

The hostile fires were several times thought to be on the wane during the night; and there was a doubt that they might still retreat before morning.

However, the light of the Russian bivouacs was extinguished only by that of returning day. For once there was no occasion to go far in search of them: the sun of the 6th of September rose upon the two armies in the same position, in which the preceding day had left them. The Emperor took advantage of the earliest dawn to advance between the two lines, and observe from a succession of eminences the whole front of the enemy's camp. He found the Russians in possession of all the heights on a semicircle of two leagues' extent from the Moskwa to the old Moscow road. Their right bordered the Kalouga from where it discharges itself into the Moskwa as far as Borodino: their centre, from Gorcka to Semenowska, formed the salient part of their line. Their right and their left receded. The Kalouga rendered their right unassailable; and it was too far back to be of much consequence. Barclay commanded the centre on a long level height from Gorcka to the still smoking ruins of the village of Semenowska, both which places were strongly intrenched, with a formidable redoubt of twenty-one pieces of cannon to the left of the first, just above Borodino. The Russian left was under the command of Bagration, beginning at Semenowska, and ending at Utitza on the old Moscow road. Two hillocks armed with redoubts were in front of him. This was the most accessible point, since

the redoubt taken by the 61st the day before could no longer defend the approaches to it. Tutchkof, it is true, was stationed still farther on the Russian left behind a wood on the old Moscow road, but there was room to pass between him and the last redoubt of Bagration and take the left wing of the enemy in flank. Having concluded his reconnoitring, the Emperor formed his plan. "Eugene," he said, should be the pivot: the battle must be begun by the right. As soon as under the protection of the woods, it shall have carried the redoubt opposed to it, it must turn to the left, overthrowing and driving back the Russian army upon their right and into the Kalouga." In the course of the night, three batteries, of sixty pieces each, were erected in front of the Russians, two on their left, and one near their centre. As soon as day-light broke, Poniatowski with his Poles had orders to advance on the old Smolensk road, turning the wood on which the French right and the Russian left wing were supported; and the first discharge of his cannon was to be the general signal for battle. The whole of the artillery was then to pour upon the left of the Russians; Davoust, Ney, Murat, lastly, the Emperor with the Guard were to precipitate themselves into the openings; and in the confusion the centre and right of the enemy would be uncovered and almost surrounded. This plan,

apparently a fine one, was not strictly followed up in the sequel, either from accident, a want of proper energy (as is pretended), or from the stubborn resistance of the adversary.

The Emperor was on the heights of Borodino, taking a last survey of the field of battle, when Davoust, who had also been examining the ground where he was to act, came hastily up to him with a proposal for turning the whole left of the Russian army with forty thousand men. But Napoleon, after listening to the marshal with great attention, replied, "It was too extensive a movement;" and on Davoust's persisting, exclaimed rather sharply, "Ah! you are always for turning the enemy: it is too hazardous a manœuvre." Murat was still convinced that the Russians would retreat before the next morning: Rapp was of a different opinion; and the Emperor again going near to reconnoitre (though with only a few attendants) was recognised by the Russian batteries, and the discharge of one of their cannon was the only sound that broke the silence of the day! So still was the calm before the tempest! No longer (from what he had observed) entertaining the slightest doubt about a battle, he returned to his tent to dictate the order of it. He had surveyed the two armies, and considered them nearly equal; about a hundred and twenty thousand men and six hundred pieces of cannon on

each side. Or if the Russians had more men, he had more soldiers: the one were prepared to die, the others resolved to conquer. That same evening he issued the following proclamation, which was read to the army the next morning: "Soldiers! you have now before you the battle which you have so long desired. From this moment the victory depends upon yourselves. It is necessary for us: it will bring us abundance, good winter-quarters, and a speedy return to our country. Act as you did at Austerlitz, Friedland, Witepsk, and Smolensk; and let remotest posterity cite your conduct on this day. Let it be said of each of you, *He was at the great battle under the walls of Moscow.*"

An extraordinary movement had been observed the same day in the enemy's camp. Kutusof surrounded with his priests and with the pomp of religion, had paraded an image of the Virgin, the protectress of Smolensk, through the whole army; pretending it was saved by nothing short of a miracle, and working up the feelings of his audience to a pitch of frenzy against the French as incendiaries, arch-rebels, and sacrilegious disturbers of the sacred soil. All this had its desired and natural effect; for there is nothing so credulous as ignorance; no hatred so strong as that of names; no obedience like that of slaves; no horror like that of barbarians against all that

they themselves are not accustomed to. The liberty for which these people fought was that of being sold like cattle in the market; their only country was the estate on which they were the live-stock; their title to a reversion in the skies, their being deprived of every thing on earth; the invasion of their territory the more shocking as they were convinced they had a perfect right at the call of their leaders to invade and ravage every other country. I do not complain of their fanaticism or self-devotion, for I hold all courage, all attachment to be so far good; what I complain of is that liberty, truth, justice (when it comes to their turn) want the same gross instincts to defend them. Is passion merely brutal? Or has not reason too a spark of ethereal fire? — It happened by mere chance that on the same day the Emperor had received from Paris the portrait of the young King of Rome painted by Gerard. The person who brought it supposed that being so near a great battle, he would put off the opening of the case containing it for some days; but he had it brought to his tent immediately, and expressed the greatest satisfaction at seeing it. He had it placed on a chair outside his tent that the officers and soldiers of the Guard might take a view of it, and said to those about him, "*Gentlemen, if my son were fifteen, believe me he would be here in the midst of so many brave men otherwise than*

in a picture." In the evening, Fabvier, an aide-de-camp of Marmont, arrived with the news of the defeat of Salamanca, and took part in the battle the next day.

Night now returned, and with it the apprehension of the escape of the Russians. This prevented or interrupted Napoleon's sleep. He repeatedly called out to know the hour, and whether any sounds indicative of retreat had been heard. Another care then assailed him, which was the weak and destitute state of the troops; and he sent and ordered three days' provisions to be immediately distributed to the Guard, and soon after rose himself to see if the sentinels near his tent had received them. He asked Rapp, whether he thought they should gain the victory? "Undoubtedly," replied the General, "but it will be a bloody one." Fatigue and anxiety had brought on a feverish irritation and a violent thirst, which he in vain endeavoured to quench during the night. At length, five o'clock arrived. One of Ney's officers came to announce that the Marshal had the Russians still in view, and to request leave to begin the attack. This intelligence revived the Emperor. He instantly rose, summoned his officers around him, and leaving his tent exclaimed, "At last we have them! March! We will to-day open for ourselves the gates of Moscow!"

It was half-past five in the morning when Napoleon arrived near the redoubt, which was captured on the 5th of September. The day dawned, and the Emperor pointing to the east, said to his officers, "There is the sun of Austerlitz." But it came directly in the faces of the French and was of advantage to their enemies. In the night the batteries had not been placed far enough in advance; it was necessary to push them forward, which the Russians did not attempt to hinder, seeming fearful to begin first. While the Emperor was waiting for the sound of Poniatowski's cannon on his right, the battle on a sudden began on his left, one of Prince Eugene's regiments, the 106th, having rushed over the bridge of Borodino notwithstanding the efforts of the officers to keep it back, and attacked the heights of Gorcka, where it would have been destroyed, had not the 92nd hastened to its relief. Seeing the action thus begun, and concluding that Poniatowski was by this time engaged on the old Moscow road, Buonaparte gave the expected signal for attack. In the midst of the thunder that instantly rose on all sides from the previously peaceful plain and silent hills, Davoust with the divisions Compans, Desaix, and thirty cannon at their head, advanced rapidly upon the first Russian redoubt. Their object was to reach the fire of the enemy, and at once silence it. But

Compans was wounded with many of the bravest of his troops; and Rapp coming forward to take his place, and urging on the men with fixed bayonets and at a running pace, was the first to reach the redoubt, where he also was wounded. It was the twenty-second time he had been so. A third general who succeeded him fell also. Rapp was conveyed to the Emperor, who exclaimed, "What! Rapp, always wounded? But how are they going on above there?" The aide-de-camp replied that the Guard was wanted to finish the business. "No," said Napoleon, "I will take good care of that; I will gain the battle without them." Ney with his three divisions, reduced to ten thousand men, hastened to the succour of Davoust, and the fire of the enemy was thus diverted. The 57th Compans, finding itself supported, rushed on against the Russian intrenchments, scaled them, and coming in contact with the enemy, drove them back at the point of the bayonet, and killed great numbers. Ney then attacked and carried the two other redoubts.

It was now mid-day. The left of the Russians being thus forced and the plain open, the Emperor ordered Murat to advance with his cavalry and complete the business. That Prince was almost in the same instant seen on the heights; when the second Russian line and some reinforcements sent by Tchitchakof coming up to the

assistance of the first, the French received a check in the first flush of their victory, and retreated. The Westphalians, whom Napoleon had just sent to succour Poniatowski, and who were traversing the neighbouring wood, from the direction in which the Poles were moving taking them for the enemy, fired upon them and increased the confusion. Murat narrowly escaped being taken by the Russians by throwing himself into the redoubt, where, with a few men, he defended himself as well as he could with mingled bravery and ostentatious defiance, till Ney came to his assistance. In an hour after by obstinate and repeated charges he had effected the entire defeat of the Russian left wing. But the heights of the ruined village of Semenowska, where their centre commenced, were still untouched; and, defended by continual reinforcements sent by Kutusof, poured a dreadful fire upon Ney and Murat. It was necessary to carry that position. Dufour and the 15th light troops were the first to mount the ascent, and dislodge the Russians. General Friand with some of Davoust's infantry supported this attempt, and although wounded, ensured its success.

Murat and Ney were now exhausted, and sent to Napoleon for fresh supplies, who is said on this occasion to have hesitated, thinking that the troops of Friand and Maubourg already upon the heights

would be sufficient to maintain them. Kutusof profiting of the delay summoned all his reserves to the assistance of Bagration, who was enabled to reform his line from the great battery in the middle to the wood near Psarewo on his left; and pushed on his infantry, cavalry, and artillery in one grand and mighty effort against the French. Ney and Murat withstood the rushing tempest; it was as much as they could do. Friand's soldiers, ranged in front of Semenowska, repulsed the first charges; but being assailed by a storm of balls and grape-shot, they were daunted; and one of their chiefs saying to Murat who rode up at that instant, "You see we can stay no longer here!" The King replied, "I can stay here very well myself." The officer rebuked by these words, coolly answered, "It is right! Soldiers, face about! Let us advance to be killed!" Murat had sent Borelli again to the Emperor, who still demurred, saying that "the hour of his battle had not yet arrived," though some of the enemy's balls had just then come and stopped at his feet, showing that they were gaining ground. At length he gave Lauriston permission to advance the artillery of the reserve to the heights. This indeed appeared to him so important that he presently after urged it with marks of impatience. The generals of artillery soon crowned the crests of the hills. Eighty pieces of cannon discharged

their contents at once. The Russian cavalry advanced the first against this brazen barrier; but were obliged to retire in order to escape utter destruction. The infantry then came on in thick masses, in which, though the French batteries made deep and wide openings, yet they still came on; and though divided every instant by death, they still closed their ranks over it, trampling it (as it were) in scorn under their feet. At last they halted, not daring to advance, resolved not to turn back; and Bagration being about this time wounded, either through want of a leader, or stupefaction, or terror, they stood for two entire hours to be cut in pieces without any other movement than the falling of the men, exciting the pity and wonder of their enemies. The ammunition being by this time nearly gone, Ney extended his right to turn the left of the new front opposed to him; Davoust and Murat seconded the attempt, and completed the defeat of what remained of Bagration's troops.

The battle was then over in the plain, and became concentrated near the great redoubt, which Barclay defended with pertinacity against Prince Eugene. The latter immediately after the taking of Borodino had passed the Kalouga in front of this redoubt, where the Russians had relied more especially on the steep heights, surrounded by deep and muddy ravines, upon the exhausted

state of the French, and on eighty pieces of heavy cannon which lined the ridge of the redoubt, now exhibiting all the murderous array of steel and fire. But these powerful defences failed them unexpectedly. Surprised by one of those onsets in which the French excel, they on a sudden saw Morand's soldiers (eighteen hundred men of the 30th regiment with General Bonnamy at their head) in the midst of them and fled with precipitation and terror. In this attack Fabvier, the aide-de-camp of Marmont who had arrived the day before from Spain, particularly distinguished himself. This happened early in the morning; and the attack was more vigorous and successful on that point than had been intended. Morand found himself alone in front of several Russian lines; and Kutusof and Yerndof recovering from their panic, turned round upon the French. The 30th regiment had to defend itself against an army. But Prince Eugene with its remains and the reinforcements that arrived, maintained himself on the slope of the redoubt for four hours against all that war could display of means, of effort, and of fury. At one time his attention was called off by an alarm of some thousands of Cossacks appearing on his left; but they were soon dispersed. General Montbrun had received orders to attack the redoubt in flank with a body of cavalry. Two hours after, news was brought to

Napoleon of his death. He fixed on General Caulaincourt to succeed him, who was overjoyed at the appointment. While the light cavalry was pushing its advantages, he was to turn suddenly to the left with his cuirassiers, and take the formidable redoubt in the rear which Prince Eugene was still in vain attacking in front. Caulaincourt on receiving his instructions, called out, "You shall see me there immediately, dead or alive!" He instantly set forward, overthrowing in his way all that opposed him. Then turning suddenly to the left, he was the first man to penetrate the bloody redoubt, where almost at the instant a musket-ball mortally wounded him. His conquest became his tomb. Intelligence of this victory and loss soon reached the Emperor. His brother, the grand-equerry, heard it, and was much affected. Buonaparte asked him in a low tone, "Would he wish to withdraw?" But he merely lifted his hat, to show that he declined the offer.

While the cavalry were executing this decisive charge, the Viceroy had nearly reached the mouth of the battery, when suddenly he perceived its fire extinguished, its smoke dispersed, and the crest of the acclivity shining with the moveable and polished brass which covered the cuirassiers. Those heights, which had hitherto been Russian, had become French. He hastened to

share the victory, to complete it, and to secure the new position. The Russians, however, were by no means disposed to abandon it easily. They withdrew sullenly, like men bent on resistance and revenge. Fortunately for the French, their last column had presented itself near Semenowska and the great redoubt without artillery, which enabled Belliard with thirty pieces of cannon almost literally to blow them into the air. Grouchy at the same time swept the plain with his cavalry. The Viceroy followed Barclay's retreat at a distance, glad to let him escape. The sounds of the firing became weaker and less frequent. Officers came in from every part of the field. Poniatowski and Sebastiani, after an obstinate struggle, had on their side also conquered. The enemy had halted and was intrenching himself in a new position; the day was drawing to a close, and the battle was ended. It was about four o'clock. The Emperor called Marshal Mortier to him and ordered him to keep the field with the Young Guard, but under no circumstances either to advance or retreat. He then mounted his horse, and rode over the field of battle, showing the most humane attention to the wounded, remarking on the number of the slain, and seeming to think that his victory had cost him too dear. It is calculated that twenty thousand French and thirty thousand Russians fell in this battle, and that not

fewer than fifty-five thousand cannon-balls were fired on each side. During the whole day (according to some accounts) his generals teazed Napoleon to employ the Guard, which he as constantly refused, saying at one time that "he did not sufficiently see the state of his chess-board;" and at another asking, "But how if there should be another battle to-morrow?" Murat after the battle was over, wanted to take horse, pursue the enemy, and annihilate them as they were passing the Mosqua; to which Buonaparte only replied by a smile. The answer to all these hypercriticisms on Napoleon's want of resolution and the incompleteness of the victory seems to be the burning of Moscow. That must surely have been a great and decisive victory which left the enemy no other resource between them and total subjugation than the destruction of their capital. But this catastrophe gave the finishing blow to French vanity and to French frivolity; and it was then thought necessary to find excuses for the result in the conduct of their leader, who (God save the mark!) was not a Frenchman. Besides, the accounts are evidently warped and coloured to suit a purpose. For instance, Montbrun and Caulaincourt, who fell in the assault on the redoubt, are represented as acting under the immediate direction and appointment of Murat, while not a word is said of Buonaparte, who is kept quite

in the back-ground, ignorant and indifferent to what was going on, listlessly walking backwards and forwards, or sitting idly in a chair, unable to support himself or the weather. Whereas the fact is that both these generals went from the very spot where he was, selected and encouraged by the Emperor himself; and under that animating influence parted like the lightning to the war. Davoust, who had been hurt by a fall from his horse, and who would hardly have let him sink into a lethargy, could not keep up with Napoleon on the little platform on which he walked, from his incessant motion. When breakfast was offered him at noon by his faithful Prefect of the Palace, he refused because the battle was not yet won. He afterwards tasted some bread and wine without water, and at ten had taken a glass of punch from being troubled with a severe cold. He supped in his tent at seven in the evening with Berthier and Davoust, when he was remarked to have an air of fatigue and chagrin, which was very uncommon in him. He then dictated the bulletin of the battle. If, however, he was oppressed on this occasion with a "crust of regality," with a sense of assumed dignity and superiority without the spirit to make it good, it was the only occasion on which he could be charged with this infirmity; adversity soon shook it from him; and he never was more like himself than in his

latter campaigns. In fine, if Buonaparte failed (as is insinuated) because he was not a Frenchman, there are surely plenty to take his place: or is it that there are so many who think they could, that they cannot to this hour settle the precedence among themselves?

Murat the next day followed up the rear-guard of the Russians as far as Mojaisk. But no traces of them were found on the road. They had taken up a position in front of the walls of that town, while Kutusof with the whole Russian army appeared on the heights beyond. Murat wished to dash forward and attack the enemy, though a deep ravine lay between them, but was prevented by his generals. Some skirmishing notwithstanding took place, in which Belliard was wounded. The Emperor did not arrive on the field of battle before night, and slept at a village within reach of the enemy's fire. On the 9th of September, Mojaisk was still standing, though deserted like the rest, except by the sick and wounded, on whose account it had been spared out of humanity by the Russians; but in their eagerness to assail the first French who entered the town, which they did with shells, they set fire to it. While some were endeavouring to extinguish the flames, fifty *voltigeurs* of the 33rd climbed the heights which were occupied by the enemy's cavalry and artillery. This *melodramatic* action excited the astonish-

ment of the Russians and the admiration of the French. After pistolling a Russian officer who summoned them to surrender, after being lost in the black mass of cavalry that enveloped them, they at length emerged to sight amidst the acclamations of the French army, who were lookers-on; and the Russian rear-guard retired in amazement, leaving them masters of a field of battle in which they occupied only a few feet. When the Russians perceived that a serious attack upon them was intended, they disappeared as usual without leaving any tokens of their flight. It was doubtful whether they had taken the road to Moscow or Kalouga; but Murat and Mortier took that to Moscow at all hazards, for two days marching forward and eating nothing but pounded corn and horse-flesh. The army of Italy was advancing some leagues to the left of the high road. Near Krymskoie, on the 11th of September, the Russians again came in sight, and Murat, drunk with the fumes of gunpowder, and absolutely bent on engaging, sacrificed without any object two thousand of the Young Guard, who had been kept back so scrupulously on the day of the great battle. Mortier, almost in a state of phrenzy, wrote to the Emperor that he never again would obey Murat. Buonaparte was detained three days at Mojaisk by a cold and fever, shut up in his chamber, writing orders on slips of paper, or dictating to seven per-

sons at a time. He was so hoarse that he could with difficulty be understood; but while Bessieres was enumerating to him the generals who had been lately wounded in battle, he, from the mere vehemence of emotion, recovered his voice all at once, and said, "When we have been eight days at Moscow, that will be all over." He however wrote to Marshal Victor to hasten forward the men to Smolensk that they might be within reach of Moscow. He now learned that Kutusof had not turned on his right flank towards Kalouga as he feared, but had been regularly receding; and that Murat was within two days' march of Moscow. That great name and the great hope which he attached to it, revived his strength and spirits; and on the 12th he was well enough to set off to rejoin the advanced guard.

CHAPTER XLVI.

BURNING OF MOSCOW.

On the 14th of September, Napoleon rejoined his advanced guard. He mounted his horse a few leagues from Moscow, and marched slowly and circumspectly, expecting the enemy and a battle. The ground was favourable, and works had been marked out; but every thing had been abandoned, and not an individual was to be met with. At length, the last height had been gained that is contiguous to Moscow, and commands it: it is called the "Mount of Salvation," because, from the top of it, at the sight of their holy city, the inhabitants make the sign of the cross, and prostrate themselves on the ground. The light troops soon reached the summit. It was two o'clock, and the great city was glittering with a thousand colours in the sun. Struck with astonishment at the spectacle, they halted, and exclaimed in admiration, "Moscow! Moscow!" All then quickened their pace, and at length ran forward in disorder, till at last the whole army, clapping their hands, repeated the exclamation in a transport of joy; as mariners cry

"Land! Land!" at the end of a long and dangerous voyage. At the sight of this golden city, this brilliant clasp of Europe and Asia; this superb emporium, where the luxury, the customs, and the arts of the two finest divisions of the globe meet: a city admirable in itself, but more so in the wide waste that surrounds it (that, like an isthmus, unites the extremes of barbarism and wealth, the north and the south, the east and the west, antiquity and new-born empire, the crescent with the cross, the palaces of the Cæsars with the halls of Runic superstition), the French army halted (as well they might) with feelings of proud and conscious exultation. What a day of glory was that —to be succeeded by what a fall—which was not unnatural neither, for the height of glory is only built on the extreme verge of danger and difficulty! Over this vast and novel scene, which rose at once to the pomp of history, they fancied themselves moving in splendid procession, amidst the acclamations of surrounding nations: here was the termination which had been promised to all their labours; here they ought to stop, as they could no longer surpass themselves or be surpassed by others. At this moment of enthusiasm, all losses and sufferings were forgotten. It seemed impossible to purchase, at too dear a rate, the proud satisfaction of being able to say for the remainder of their lives, "I belonged to the army of Moscow."

Napoleon himself hastened forward to the view. He stopped in evident transport: an exclamation of self-congratulation fell from his lips. The marshals, too, gathered round him with delight, eager to pay homage to his success. But in the mind of Napoleon the first burst of feeling was never of long duration, as he had too many important concerns to attend to give himself up entirely to his sensations. His first exclamation was, "There, at last, then, is that famous city!" And his second, "It was high time!" His eye was now intently fixed on that capital, where he imagined that he saw the whole Russian empire. Those walls enclosed the whole of his hopes, peace, the expences of the war, and immortal glory. When, then, would its gates open, and a deputation issue from it, to lay its wealth, its population, its senate, and its chief nobility at his feet? Already, both on his left and on his right, he saw the hostile city attacked by Prince Eugene and Poniatowski, and in front Murat had reached the suburbs; yet there was not the slightest appearance of any thing like a pacific overture. No one had approached but an officer from Miloradowich, to say that he would set fire to the city, if he were not allowed time to evacuate it. The foremost troops of the two armies were for a short time intermingled. Murat was recognised by the Cossacks, who crowded around him to extol his bravery, and admire his finery. He

gave them his watch and those of his officers. One of them called him his *Hetman.*

In the mean time, the day was passing away, and the Emperor's anxiety increased. The army became impatient. A few officers penetrated within the walls. "Moscow was deserted." At this intelligence, which he repelled with considerable vehemence, but which was confirmed by various reports, Napoleon descended the *Mount of Salvation,* and advanced towards the Dorogomilow gate. He called aloud to Daru, and said, "Moscow deserted! A most unlikely event! We must enter it, and ascertain the fact. Go, and bring the *boyars* before me." He would not believe that these men had all fled. How, indeed, was it possible to conceive, that so many sumptuous palaces and splendid temples and wealthy factories should be abandoned by the owners, like the miserable huts which the army had passed on their march? Daru had now returned, having failed in his mission. Not a single Muscovite was to be found: no smoke was seen ascending from the meanest hearth; nor was the slightest noise to be heard throughout that populous and extensive city; its three hundred thou sand inhabitants seemed all dumb and motionless, as by enchantment. It was the silence of the desert. Napoleon still persisted, till an officer went and brought before him half a dozen miserable objects, who were the only inhabitants he could find.

He then no longer doubted the fact, shrugged his shoulders, and contented himself with saying, "The Russians are as yet little aware what effect the taking of their capital will have upon them."

Murat, with his long and heavy column of cavalry, had entered Moscow for more than an hour. They made their way into that gigantic body, and found it as yet uninjured, but inanimate. Struck with surprise at the mighty solitude, they marched on in silence, and listened to the sound of their horses' feet, re-echoed from tenantless palaces. On a sudden, the fire of small arms attracted their attention. The column halted. Its hindmost horses still covered the plain. Its centre was passing through one of the longest streets of the city: its head was near the Kremlin. The gates of that citadel appeared to be shut: but from within the enclosure proceeded the most savage yells, and a few men and women of the most disgusting aspect, drunk, and uttering frightful imprecations, were observed, fully armed, upon the walls. Murat sent them offers of peace, but in vain; and it became necessary to force the gates with cannon. One of these squalid-looking wretches rushed upon the King of Naples, and attempted twice to kill one of his officers, flying at him like a wild beast, and endeavouring to tear him with his teeth, after his arms were pinioned. Here also were found five hundred recruits, whom the Russians had left behind; and

several thousand stragglers and deserters were taken and set at liberty by the advanced guard, who afterwards rejoined their countrymen. Murat, detained only a short time by the capture of the Kremlin, passed hastily on by the road to Voladimir and Asia, in pursuit of the enemy.

Napoleon did not enter Moscow before night. He stopped at one of the first houses in the Dorogomilow suburb. He there appointed Marshal Mortier governor of that capital. "Above all," said he, "no pillage. Your head shall answer for it. Defend Moscow both against friends and foes." During the night, unfavourable reports came in in rapid succession. Some Frenchmen, who had been residents in the country, and even an officer of the police, announced the intended burning. The Emperor slept little, called for his attendants every half-hour, to make them repeat the ominous intelligence they had heard, but at last wrapped himself up in incredulity; when, about two o'clock, he was apprised that the flames had broken out. It was at the merchants' palace or Exchange, in the centre of the city and most opulent quarter of it. He immediately gave orders, and dispatched messages with great promptitude. As soon as day-light appeared, he hastened to the city himself, and severely menaced the Young Guard and Mortier. The Marshal shewed him houses covered with iron roofs; closely shut up,

and without any marks of violence or an attempt to break into them: yet a black smoke was already issuing from them. Napoleon entered the Kremlin, thoughtful and uneasy. At the sight of this palace, at once of Gothic and modern architecture, founded by the Romanofs and Rurics, of their still extant throne, of the Cross of the great Ivan, and of the most beautiful part of the city, of which the Kremlin commands a view, his hopes revived. He was heard to say, "I am at length, then, in Moscow; in the ancient city of the Czars; in the Kremlin." He examined every part with an eager curiosity and a lofty feeling of complacency. In a moment of satisfaction and triumph, he addressed a pacific overture to the Emperor Alexander. A Russian officer of rank, who had just been discovered in the great hospital, was made the bearer of it.

Daylight favoured the exertions of the Duke of Treviso, who succeeded in checking the flames. The incendiaries kept themselves so well concealed, that their existence was much doubted. At length, order was re-established, apprehensions dispelled, and every one betook himself to rest in the best quarters he could find, and determined to make the most of his present situation. Two officers, who had taken up their quarters in one of the buildings of the Kremlin, overlooking the north and west, were awakened about midnight by

an overpowering light. They instantly looked out, and saw palaces enveloped in flames, which, after exhibiting all their striking and grotesque architecture in a glare of light, speedily converted them into ashes. The wind being in the north, drove the flames directly upon the Kremlin; so that the two Frenchmen felt considerable alarm for that vast enclosure of buildings, where the choicest troops of the army and their renowned commander were reposing. Already the burning flakes and brands began to be carried towards the roofs of the Kremlin, when the wind suddenly shifting, impelled the mischief in a different direction. The officers satisfied of their own security said, "Let others look to it now," and again fell asleep. But they were soon after roused by a new and more vivid burst of light, and saw flames rising in the opposite quarter, which still menaced the Kremlin. Three times the wind shifted; and each time, these stubborn and avenging fires, as if attracted by the size of the building or by what it contained, pointed to the Kremlin. An alarming and awful suspicion now darted on their minds. The Muscovites, informed of the rash and dangerous negligence of their enemies, had possibly conceived the idea of destroying the soldiery together with the city, as they lay overpowered by wine, fatigue, and sleep; or rather, perhaps, they had expected to involve Napoleon himself in the

catastrophe. Moscow seemed no inadequate funeral pile for so mighty a foe. Such a sacrifice might indeed have been made at a cheaper rate than that which was actually paid for it. Not only did the Kremlin enclose a magazine of powder, unknown to the French; but, through inattention, that very same night a whole park of artillery had been stationed under Napoleon's windows. If a single spark out of the myriads that were flying over their heads had dropped upon one of the *caissons*, the flower of the army, with the Emperor, must have been destroyed.

At length, day appeared. It came to add to the horrors of the scene, while it dimmed its splendour. Many of the officers took shelter in the halls of the palace. The chiefs, including Mortier, overcome with the exertions which they had made for six-and-thirty hours, returned to the Kremlin in a state of exhaustion and despair. All were silent; but they inwardly blamed themselves as authors of the disaster. It was supposed that the neglect and intoxication of the soldiers must have commenced what the tempest had aggravated; and they began to regard themselves and to imagine that they would be regarded by all Europe with a sort of horror. But from these painful reflections they were relieved by the accounts which came in fast, and were more and more confirmed, that the Russians were alone chargeable with the

calamity. On the first night, between the 14th and 15th, a globe of fire had been let down on the palace of Prince Trubetskoi, and had consumed it. This was the signal for setting fire to the Exchange. Russian police-officers had been seen stirring up the flames with lances dipped in pitch. When the French soldiers tried to get into a house seemingly uninhabited, they were frequently driven back, either by the smoke issuing from it, or by shells bursting within it. A number of frantic men and women were seen roaming amid the flames, with flambeaux in their hands, spreading the work of destruction, and thus completing an image of the infernal world. It appeared that these banditti had been let loose from prison to execute a design, which it exhausted all the fortitude of patriotism or virtue barely to conceive. Orders were given to try and shoot every incendiary on the spot. The army was drawn out; the Old Guard had taken arms; alarm, astonishment, mortification filled every breast. Napoleon, whose sleep no one had ventured to disturb during the night, was awoke by the double light of day and of the conflagration. Vexed and irritated at first, he was bent on mastering the flames; but he soon yielded to what was absolutely inevitable. Having conquered his enemies by inflicting on them all the terrors of regular warfare, he saw that they were determined to defeat him by in-

flicting still greater evils on themselves. For once he found himself surpassed by barbarous daring and resolution.

The mighty conquest, for which he had sacrificed so much, and which he had at last achieved, was now vanishing from him in a whirlwind of smoke and flame. He was in a state of excessive agitation, and seemed in a manner parched up by the flames with which he was surrounded. He paced the apartments with hurried steps, quitted and resumed his seat, and left business of the most pressing urgency to run to the windows and observe the progress of the fire; his abrupt and eager movements indicated the trouble of his mind, while he gave vent to his oppressed and labouring feelings in short and broken exclamations:—"What a frightful spectacle! To have done it themselves! Such a number of palaces! They are genuine Scythians!" Between him and the fire there was a large and open piece of ground, close to which was the Mosqua with its two quays; yet the glasses of the windows against which he leaned were so violently heated that he could not touch them with his hand. A report was now spread that the Kremlin was undermined: some of the attendants nearly lost their senses through terror; the military waited with firmness whatever doom Fate and the Emperor should assign them: Buonaparte only noticed the

alarm with a distrustful smile. He seemed determined to keep possession of his conquest, though the fire gained ground every moment; seizing the bridges, all the accesses to the fortress, the neighbouring houses, and holding him almost a prisoner in the walls of the Kremlin. Night was advancing, and the equinoctial wind blew with redoubled violence. The King of Naples and Prince Eugene arrived at this crisis; and, in conjunction with Berthier, in vain urged him to depart. On a sudden a cry was heard that "the Kremlin was on fire." Napoleon went out to see the source of the danger, which had been put a stop to in two places; but the tower was still burning, and a police-soldier had been detected there who had set it on fire. The exasperated grenadiers dragged him into the adjoining court-yard, where they dispatched him with their bayonets.

This incident determined Napoleon. All, it was evident, was devoted to destruction: even the ancient and sacred pile of the Kremlin. He descended the northern staircase, celebrated for the murder of the Strelitzes, and gave orders for procuring a guide to conduct him out of the city a league on the Petersburg road, to the castle of Petrowski. The flames, however, blocked up the gates of the citadel, and baffled the first attempts made to leave it. After repeated search, a pos-

tern-gate was discovered leading across the rocks, which opened towards the Mosqua. Through this narrow pass Napoleon, with his officers and guard, effected his escape from the Kremlin. But being nearer to the flames than before, they could neither go back nor stay where they were: how was it possible to cross the waves of that sea of fire? Even those who had passed through and examined the city, now bewildered by the wind and blinded by the dust, were totally unable distinctly to recognize the several parts, as the streets had disappeared amidst the smoke and ruins. There was, however, no time to be lost: the roaring of the flames grew louder every moment. A single narrow street, crooked and in every part on fire, caught their attention, but looked more like an avenue to the hell before them than a way to avoid it. The Emperor darted forward on foot, without a moment's hesitation, into this formidable pass. He advanced over the scorching cinders which grated under his feet, amidst the perils of dividing roofs and falling beams, and domes covered with melting iron, all scattering tremendous ruins around him. These ruins often impeded his progress. The flames which were consuming the houses between which the group proceeded, after mounting to the greatest height, were turned back by the force of the wind in arches of fire over their heads. They were walking on a soil of fire,

under a sky of fire, and between walls of fire. The heat was tormenting and almost putting out their eyes, which yet it was necessary to keep open and intently fixed on the occurring circumstances. A stifling air, hot ashes, innumerable flakes of fire, made their respiration short, dry, and gasping, and they were half suffocated with the smoke. In this state of inexpressible distress, their guide stopped suddenly, quite at a loss and confounded. And if some pillaging stragglers, belonging to the first corps, had not recognized the Emperor through the hurricane of flames, the event must have been fatal. They instantly ran to his aid, and led the way to the still smoking ruins of a quarter of the city which had been laid in ashes in the morning. Just at this time they fell in with the Prince of Eckmuhl. This marshal, who had been wounded at the Mosqua, had actually ordered his men to carry him through the flames in order to extricate Napoleon or to perish with him. He threw himself into his arms in a transport of joy. The Emperor received him well, but with a composure which in the midst of danger never deserted him. In order to effect his escape, it was yet necessary to pass by a long convoy of gunpowder, which was defiling amidst the fire. This was not the least of his risks, but it was the last; and at night they reached Petrowski.

On the following morning, the 17th of Sep-

tember, Napoleon directed his first glances towards Moscow, hoping to find the fire subdued; but he perceived it still raging in all its violence. The whole city seemed to him one vast "fire-spout," ascending in awful undulations to the sky, which strongly reflected its terrific glare. The horizon over-head and all round resembled an ocean or huge furnace of fire. He gazed long at the scene in admiration and horror, and at length broke silence by observing, "This forebodes us no common calamity." The effort which he had made to reach Moscow had exhausted all his means of hostility, and Moscow had eluded his grasp. Where turn next? Three plans presented themselves: to march strait to St. Petersburg; to turn to the south and attack Kutusof at Kalouga, or to retreat and fall upon Wittgenstein at Witepsk. The first of these plans was the only one that pleased him. But he understood that his letter to Alexander had passed the Russian advanced posts; and he might receive an answer to it in eight days. Why not then wait those eight days which were required to rest and recruit his army, to collect the spoils of Moscow, the burning of which would but too well justify its pillage, and to give him time to tear his soldiers from so rich a feast of plunder? Yet only the wrecks of that army or that capital were in existence. But he himself and the Kremlin remained. His renown was still unimpaired;

and he was persuaded that the two great names of Napoleon and Moscow united would be able to effect everything. He determined therefore, as soon as possible, to return to the Kremlin, which a battalion of the Guard had preserved.

The circumstances which led to the catastrophe just described have never been fairly acknowledged or fully cleared up; but little doubt remains upon their general outline and bearing. When Napoleon had separated the Russian army by the suddenness of his movement upon Wilna, Alexander withdrew to Dryssa, and thence to Polotsk. He then left the army to repair to Moscow, preceded by his proclamations, and appeared there first in an assembly of the whole nobility. Having addressed them in person, one simultaneous exclamation burst forth on every side:—"Sire, ask all! we offer all, accept all!" One of the nobles proposed to raise a militia by giving one peasant out of every twenty-five; but a hundred voices called out that this was not enough; and one serf out of every ten was substituted. Thus slaves, the lords of slaves, defend their country! He then addressed the merchants, and ordered that proclamation to be read to them in which he described Napoleon as "a man of perfidy and blood; a Molock, who with treason in his heart and honour on his lips, came to blot out Russia from the face of the world." At these

words the sharp and sanguine countenances of the whole auditory, to whom their long beards gave a striking and almost ferocious appearance, are said to have been absolutely kindled to phrenzy. Their eyes glared: they were seized with a convulsion of rage; and their writhing arms, clenched fists, half-stifled curses and gnashing teeth evinced the maddened violence of their feelings. The account is more like a description of wild beasts than of an assembly of sages, patriots, or men of the world. But it may be observed, that in proportion as men approach to a savage or half-civilized state, the hateful passions and the expression of them are usually predominant; and their credulity and terror are also naturally excited against any supposed violence or wrong meditated by others from their knowledge (the only knowledge they have) of what they themselves are in the hourly habit of suffering or inflicting. Passion, however, from whatever cause, is always energetic, often generous; and nothing makes us sooner forget ourselves than our dread or hatred of others. The president of this meeting (the Stock-Exchange of Moscow) put down his name for fifty thousand rubles, half his fortune; and the rest followed the example.

In the mean time, Smolensk had fallen; Wiazma was in the hands of Napoleon, and terror prevailed at Moscow. The governor-general Count Ros-

topchin sent out a number of lying proclamations of the deplorable state of the French army and of the triumphant resistance made by Kutusof, and indeed had hopes of this resistance to the last; but in secret he ordered the preparation of an immense quantity of fusees and various other combustible materials. His intention was to convert Moscow itself (if necessary) into a grand infernal machine to blow up Napoleon and his whole army; or if that should fail, it would deprive them of their expected asylum and resources, and the odium of the act, easily turned upon the French, must rouse the whole population of Russia to vengeance. Such was the scheme planned in silence, carried on with indefatigable perseverance and secrecy, and executed without misgiving and without remorse. There was prodigious, almost inconceivable grandeur in the act, if great sacrifices and great results constitute grandeur. It had the Spartan character. It is the most stupendous violation on record of the precept, "Not to do evil that good may come." It took the greatest responsibility upon itself, and implied the greatest strength of purpose. It was heroic, disinterested, the *ideal* of a barbaric virtue, namely, of that which despairing of good as its habitual aim, hardens itself against evil, and considers in any act only the ultimate end and its own resolution and power to accomplish it. Had his country been worth saving, the Russian could not

have taken these means to save it; but certainly there was no other way. A capital can be burned only in that despotic and uncivilized state of society, where the habitations of men are no more regarded than the stalls of cattle, and the owners as little consulted in the demolition of them. There is only one parallel to this case in all history; and that is the attempt of Guy Faux to blow up the English king and parliament. The one was the fanaticism of religion, the other of patriotism. Both shew equal audacity, equal self-reliance, equal deliberation; Guy Faux gave the strongest pledge of his sincerity, for his life was to have been the forfeit of his success. He failed, and was hanged and has been made into a national scarecrow ever since. Count Rostopchin succeeded, and has been canonized by the French historians. They praise him; why do they not imitate him?—The whole design was carried into effect very methodically and without an appearance of effort. The women had notice to quit the city first; then the priests and infirm went forth in solemn procession; then the nobles and attendants carrying away their wealth; then the citizens and workmen removing the provisions. Many however remained till Kutusof's army had passed through, without giving battle as he had promised; for the diamonds of ladies of quality were left in the hurry on their toilettes. The last act previous to the catastrophe was to throw open the prisons. A squalid

and disgusting crew issued tumultuously forth. Two individuals, a Russian and a Frenchman, accused of treason or some political offence, were dragged before Rostopchin. The Russian, the son of a merchant, had been taken in the act of stirring up the people to revolt; and what was worse, was discovered to be a member of a sect of German *illuminati*, called Martinists, so that the doctrines of equality had penetrated even into Russia. While his examination was going on, his father arrived in haste. Every one expected him to intercede for his son; but instead of doing so, he loudly demanded his execution. The governor allowed him a few moments to speak to him for the last time and give him his blessing. "I bless the traitor!" said the maddened Russian; and at the same time turning to his son, he cursed him in a tone and with gestures calculated to inspire the deepest horror. This was the signal for execution. The unhappy victim was struck by a sabre; but the blow only staggering him, the enraged multitude rushed upon him and tore him to pieces. It is no wonder Mr. Canning exclaimed at the time that "he was glad the first successful resistance to France had been made by a rude and enslaved country." If the encroachments of liberty had been stopped by the spirit of liberty, his frantic and Gothic triumph would not have been complete. These were the sort of allies worthy of him and his cause—whom

he and his friends, having in vain ransacked the centre of civilised Europe in search of them, had at last stirred up at the two extremes of bigotry and barbarism! The Frenchman whose fate remained to be disposed of was almost petrified with terror, when Rostopchin turning towards him said, "As for you who are a Frenchman, it was natural for you to desire the arrival of the French: you are therefore discharged; forget not, however, to tell your countrymen that Russia had but one traitor, who has met with his deserts." The lesson could not be addressed to a people who stood more in need of it, and who seemed to think it incumbent on them in their admiration of the spirit shewn by Russia to furnish as many examples as possible of the direct contrary. He then addressed the Banditti around him, calling them the children of Russia, who must atone for their past offences by serving their country, assigned them their several tasks, and left the city to its fate.

Buonaparte reckons that a hundred thousand of the inhabitants, driven out of Moscow, perished in the woods in the neighbourhood for want of food and shelter. Just before the evacuation of the city, while the people in despair were prostrating themselves before their public altars or the images of their saints in the private habitations, their ears suddenly caught the sounds of shouting and acclamation. They instantly ran into the streets and

squares to learn the cause. Here were found multitudes of men and women gazing with eagerness and transport upon the cross of the principal church. A vulture was observed to have entangled himself in the chains which supported it, and remained suspended in them. This was hailed as a decisive and cheering omen by a people whose natural superstition was heightened by the momentousness of the crisis. In the same manner as the vulture, was God going to deliver Napoleon into their hands. What can subdue a nation who can be thus easily deluded by the grossest appearances, and whose whole physical strength, to inflict or to endure, can be wielded mechanically and in mass in proportion to their want of understanding? Certainly, ignorance is power.

CHAPTER XLVII.

THE RETREAT FROM MOSCOW.

NAPOLEON returned to the Kremlin through the camps of his army, which exhibited a very singular appearance, being situated in the midst of fields, in a thick and cold mire, and containing immense fires fed by rich mahogany furniture and gilded sashes and doors. Around these fires, with a litter of damp straw, sheltered only by a few miserable planks fastened together, his soldiers with their officers were to be seen, splashed with dirt and stained with smoke, seated upon superb arm-chairs, or reclining on sofas covered with silk. At their feet, carelessly opened or thrown on heaps, lay Cachemire shawls, the finest furs of Siberia, the gold-stuffs of Persia, and plates of solid silver, from which they had nothing to eat but a black dough baked in ashes, and half-broiled and bloody steaks of horse-flesh. Between the camps and the city were met numerous parties of soldiers, dragging their plunder along with them, or driving before them, like so many beasts of burden, a number of the inhabitants bending under the pil-

lage of their capital. The fire had forced nearly twenty thousand such persons from their hiding-places, who were very humanely treated by the French; as well as about ten thousand Russian prisoners, who were allowed to wander up and down at random, to share their fires or their plunder with them. When the marauding ceased, they soon joined their comrades. The Russians are *better haters* than the French.

The pillaging had commenced to a great extent: the chiefs were obliged to shut their eyes to it. Indeed, after what had happened, to forbid it would have been a ridiculous punctilio. The Emperor was stopped in his way by troops of marauders, by groups of soldiers collected near the steps leading to cellars or the doors of palaces or shops, by heaps of furniture, or by stalls raised in the streets and market-places, where the soldiers were exchanging shewy and valuable commodities for common necessaries, and rich wines, liqueurs, and bales of merchandise for a loaf of bread. Through such a scene of havoc and confusion Napoleon re-entered Moscow. He had permitted this licence, thinking it justifiable, and that it might lead to useful discoveries; but when he found that the excesses increased, that the Old Guard had been hurried into them, and that the Russian peasants, who had begun to bring in provisions, were prevented

by fear, he issued severe orders, commanded his Guard to keep close to their quarters, and at the first word he was obeyed.

In the mean time, Kutusof had drawn Murat after him towards Kolomna, as far as the spot where the Mosqua divides the road to it. Here, under favour of the night, he turned suddenly to the south, in order to place himself, by way of Podol, between Moscow and Kalouga. This nocturnal march of the Russians shewed them their capital in flames, and kindled all their rage against the French as the authors of what they themselves had done. Kutusof was the first to announce the event to Alexander, who was not staggered by it, but vowed redoubled energy and perseverance on hearing of it. Indeed he is supposed to have been no stranger to the design beforehand. In consequence of Kutusof's shifting and circuitous march, Murat lost all traces of him for three days. The Russian advanced-guard had nearly arrived at Woronowo, belonging to Count Rostopchin, when they were met by the governor, who had been setting fire to that fine seat, and would not suffer it to be extinguished. The French afterwards shuddered to find an inscription on the iron-gate of the church, which was still standing, purporting that such should be the fate of every thing in an invaded country, sooner than it should fall into the

hands of the enemy. The moral was perhaps good: but if so, I see no reason why Russia or Count Rostopchin should make a monopoly of it. Would Count Rostopchin extend it to Poland, to France, or any country but Russia? Otherwise, his phrenzy was that of a beast of prey, that foams with rage and impatience, after scouring the forest, at being pursued to its den. The "sacred rage" of right is quite another thing. The Count himself afterwards went to Paris in the track of an invading army. But it is said neither he nor his sovereign took vengeance by setting fire to that capital. This is true; but the lords of the earth had just then glutted themselves with a prey that took away all appetite for every other—which was no less than the rights and liberties of the whole human race. It is no wonder they were "mild as kings on that their *second* coronation-day!"* Near this spot Murat came up with Kutusof, and had a smart skirmish with him on the 29th of September, near Czerikowo, and another with Miloradowich on the 4th of October near Winkowo. He was hardly pressed on the latter occasion, and was going to apply for a suspension of arms; but Poniatowski

* When Buonaparte put the crown on his own head, he virtually uncrowned every one of them. This was the hateful point always at issue. With this clue all is clear; without it, all is a disjointed dream.

just then coming up, he fought on and repulsed Miloradowich.

The report of each of these affairs had nearly drawn Napoleon into the field. He had written out the orders to march; but twice he burnt them, and seemed still to wait for an answer from Petersburg. He fed his hopes with the recollections of Tilsit and Erfurt. Nor was that all. He could not make up his mind to suspect the pit-fall prepared for him till it actually opened. Hitherto he had been uniformly fortunate: the certainty of failure must be as great as that of his success, before he could believe in it. His was indeed a trying situation, with the superstructure of his power and greatness still standing around him, and the foundations crumbling beneath his feet. To dare had been with him so far to conquer, and that in proportion to the imminence of the danger and difficulty. Should he be wanting to himself now; or be the first to dissolve that spell which genius and fortune had bound around him, and which nothing but equally sad and unforeseen reverses could undo? His mind also possessed a hidden advantage (without which he could not have been the man he was)—that of employing itself at pleasure on whatever object demanded his attention, and making his will predominate over real or imaginary ills. This faculty, however necessary,

may also turn to mischievous account; since truth, by which action must be regulated, is not a voluntary thing!—Paris at this crisis drew off his thoughts from Petersburg. The accumulated affairs which required his care, and the couriers who arrived during the first days of his residence at Moscow in quick succession, greatly assisted in enabling him to bear his suspense. But the promptitude and ease with which he transacted business had soon exhausted this resource; and shortly after, the messengers were intercepted. The military posts established in four cities which had been reduced to ashes, were found insufficient to protect a route of ninety-three leagues. All this while, no answer had arrived from Alexander. Napoleon's uneasiness increased, and the means of diverting it diminished. The activity of his mind, accustomed to the superintendance of nearly the whole of Europe, had now no other object than the regulation of a hundred thousand men; and indeed, so perfect was the organisation of his army, that it was scarcely a matter of business to him. Every thing relating to it was arranged and methodised. He was surrounded by ministers who could inform him instantly and at any hour of the day of the position of every individual in it, whether in the morning or evening, whether alone or in company, whether with the regiment, at the hospital, on fur-

lough, or however otherwise disposed of: and this with accuracy all the way from Paris to Moscow. So admirable was the system at that time in force; and so precise and strict was the chief in exacting obedience to it!

At this period all his proceedings were calculated to persuade the Russians that their formidable enemy meant to establish himself in the heart of their empire. Moscow, although reduced to ashes, received an intendant and municipality. Orders were issued to lay in a stock of provisions for the winter. A theatre was formed in the midst of the ruins. The principal actors of Paris were sent for to perform in it. An Italian singer attempted to revive at the Kremlin the evening entertainments of the Thuilleries. By these indications, it is said, Napoleon wished to mislead a government which by the long habitude of ruling a nation immersed in ignorance and error, was more than his match in the arts of deception. The month of September had, however, passed; and Alexander had not deigned a reply. It was an affront; and Napoleon felt hurt and irritated. On the 3rd of October, he sent for his marshals. As soon as he saw them, he said, "Come in, and hear the new plan which I have just formed. Prince Eugene, do you read it! They must burn what yet remained of Moscow, and march by way of Twer

upon Petersburg, where Macdonald would come to join them: Murat and Davoust should form the rear-guard." The blank countenances of the generals, however, disclosed their disapprobation; they objected the bad roads and the lateness of the season; and the plan, if Buonaparte ever seriously entertained it, was given up. If the blow could have been aimed sooner, it was the only thing likely to strike a panic and rouse the inertness of Alexander; it was the only way in which they could do more than they had already done; and it might possibly have been thought too much to sacrifice two capitals to the inviolate pretensions of the empire, and to a relish for English subsidies. Napoleon then proposed to send Caulaincourt, who was a favourite with Alexander, on a mission to him; but this officer declined the offer, saying he should fail in it from want of confidence in the result; to which the Emperor replied, "Well then, I will send Lauriston."

Lauriston repaired with a letter for Alexander to the Russian advanced-posts on the 15th of October, where he had some difficulty in meeting with Kutusof, who said he had no authority to let him proceed, but that he would forward the letter. Meantime an armistice was proclaimed; and Murat, who got into the enemy's camp, was flattered by his friends the Cossack chiefs, who even talked of

"making him their king!" Buonaparte did not admire this coquetting; and wished the armistice to be broken off, the terms of which were wholly against the French and in favour of the Russians. Murat himself at last began to feel uneasy. At the casual meetings between the French and Russian officers, though the latter shewed a great deal of outward politeness and a conciliating manner, there was an under-tone in their conversation that was any thing but pacific. They pointed to "those horses, still wild-looking and scarcely broken in, and whose long manes swept the dust of the plain. Did not that sufficiently prove that a numerous cavalry was reaching them from the remotest quarters, while the French was hastening to total decay?" They then spoke of the severity of the winter. "Within a fortnight," they said, "your nails will fall off, and your weapons drop from your benumbed and lifeless hands." The Cossacks, too, mixed in the discourse, using the style of an Eastern apologue. They asked the French, "If they had not corn and air and graves enough, in a word, room enough to live and die in their own country? If so, why did they roam so far from home, and come to fatten a foreign soil with their blood? Such conduct was an act of robbery to their native country: to that they owed, while living, the cultivation, defence, and embellish-

ment of it; and in death, they owed it that body which they had derived from it and had nourished by it, and from which in turn it might derive nourishment itself!" These hints, as well as the language in which they were conveyed, must have been not a little startling to the French. But had these men just risen out of the ground (to which they belonged), that they supposed their own countrymen had never wandered out of their own bounds; that the French could remain perfectly quiet and unmolested within their own territory, if they chose: or that they themselves might not visit France a short time after, without leaving their bones there, as would have been but just by their own reasoning?

The Emperor was made acquainted with these suggestions and warnings; but he constantly discountenanced and repelled them. His uneasiness sometimes vented itself in sharp reproofs and sallies of impatience. He did not brook the Guerilla war, which the Cossacks were carrying on around him during a pretended truce. A hundred and fifty dragoons had been surprised and their commander taken prisoner by these roving bands: two large convoys had been seized, and Vereia was taken by armed peasants. He rode out in the mornings, and spent a part of the evenings in the society of Count Daru, to whom almost alone he admitted the precariousness of his

situation. "Some men," he observed, "conceived he had nothing to do but to march, not considering that a month was requisite to recruit his army and give time for the evacuation of his hospitals; and that if he abandoned his wounded, the Cossacks would exercise daily cruelties over the sick and stragglers, and his march would carry the appearance of a flight. That word would resound from one end of Europe to the other, which, full of envy at his success, would, after the first retrograde movement, never rest satisfied with any thing short of his absolute ruin." He occupied himself, however, in collecting all the trophies which could be found in Moscow; and great pains were taken to detach the gigantic cross from the tower of the Great Ivan. He intended to adorn the dome of the Invalids with it. With the possession of this monument a Russian superstition connected the salvation of the empire; and a vast flight of ravens continually hovered over it while it was removing. Napoleon had constant disputes with Count Lobau concerning the army-returns, which he would by no means have made less than they had been. The army indeed still presented a noble and imposing appearance. They kept up their spirits, their discipline to the last; and prided themselves when on parade and under Napoleon's eye, so far from home and after so many difficulties, in the neatness of their dress

and the polish of their arms. He was confounded and astonished at the silence and obstinacy of Alexander, which, with the destruction of Moscow, he thought would bring on a convulsion and shake his throne. This, it appeared, was judging of things too much by a common-place standard. It is said that at this period he grew pale with constant and suppressed anxiety, that he sat longer at his meals than usual, and amused himself of an evening in discussing the merits of some new verses just arrived from Paris, or in completing a system of regulations for the *Comédie Française.*

In the midst of these distractions and amusements, suddenly came on the first fall of snow, and with it fell to the ground all those flattering illusions which he had till then cherished.* He then thought only of retreat, without, however, even now uttering the obnoxious term and without any one's being able to wrest a positive order announcing it from him. He merely said that in the course of twenty days it would be necessary for the army to be in winter-quarters; and he also urged forward the departure of the wounded. He told those about him that "he was going to march upon Kutusof, to crush or remove him out of the way, and then to turn suddenly towards Smolensk." But his

* The almanacks for the last forty years had been carefully consulted; and the winter set-in this year a fortnight or three weeks sooner than it had almost ever been known to do.

officers who had hitherto pressed his departure and who seemed to have no other principle than to dissent from whatever he proposed, now objected to it and advised him to stay in Moscow, where they could have salt and bread, procure the rest by an extensive system of forage, bury themselves in the cellars of the houses, and in the spring issue forth to complete their conquest. Buonaparte replied that "this was the counsel of a lion: but what would Paris say? What might be going on there, while all intercourse was barred for six months?" So little could he rely on this people, who deserve to be always kept (as they seem at present always likely to be) in a state of pupilage. Soon after a Cossack fired at Murat, which broke off the armistice; and while Napoleon was reviewing the divisions of Ney in the first court of the Kremlin, there was a report of a cannonading near Winkowo. Duroc resolved to inform him of it. The Emperor for a moment changed colour, but instantly recovered himself and proceeded in his review. An aide-de-camp, the younger Beranger, now arrived, and hastened up to the Emperor. He announced that Murat's troops had been surprised and defeated with great loss and that he himself was wounded. He had only been able to rescue the remains of his advanced-guard by reiterated charges against the numerous troops who already occupied the high-road behind him, which was his sole retreat. Ho-

nour had, however, been saved. The attack in front conducted by Kutusof had been faint: Poniatowski, some leagues to the right, had resisted gloriously. Murat and his carbineers, by efforts more than human, had checked Bagawout who had been on the point of breaking through the left flank: they had restored the chances of the battle. Claparede and Latour-Maubourg had cleared the defile of Spaskaplia, of which Platof had just gained possession two leagues in the rear of the French line. Two Russian generals had been killed; the loss of the enemy had been considerable, but they retained their title to the victory. Such had been the recommencement of the war. This was on the 18th of October. Napoleon on receiving this intelligence recovered all the fire of his earlier years. A thousand orders, some resulting from a general view of the case, others reaching to its minutest details, all different, yet all in conformity and all necessary, burst at once from his lips; and before night, his whole army was in motion towards Woronowo. Broussier was to take the direction of Fominskoe, and Poniatowski that towards Medyn. The Emperor himself, before day-break on the 19th of October, quitted Moscow, and exclaimed, "Let us march upon Kalouga; and woe be to those whom I may meet with on my passage!"

There are two roads leading southward from Moscow to Kalouga; the old and the new. It

was upon the former that Kutusof had just beaten Murat. By this same road Napoleon set out, announcing to his officers that he was going to regain the frontiers of Poland by Kalouga, Medyn, Inknowo, Elnia, and Smolensk: then pointing to a sky, still without a cloud, he asked them, "Whether in that brilliant sun they did not recognise his protecting planet?" But this appeal to his fortune hardly corresponded with the expression of his countenance. Napoleon, who had entered Moscow with ninety thousand effective men and twenty thousand sick and wounded, quitted it with more than a hundred thousand effective men. He left only twelve hundred sick. His stay, notwithstanding his daily losses, had enabled him to rest his infantry, to complete his stock of ammunition, to increase his force by ten thousand men, and to watch over the recovery or the retreat of the greater part of his wounded. The cavalry and the artillery were not in so good a condition as he wished. From the preceding evening, the army had been moving out of Moscow without interruption. In this column of a hundred and forty thousand men, and nearly fifty thousand horses, of every description, a hundred thousand effective troops marching at the head, with their knapsacks and their arms, with above five hundred and fifty field-pieces and two thousand artillery-waggons, still bore that character of terrible and warlike array

which became the victors of the world! But the remainder, which bore too great a proportion, resembled a horde of Tartars after a successful invasion. It consisted of three or four almost endless files, of a confused assemblage of calashes, *caissons*, elegant carriages, and waggons and carts of every description. Here were seen trophies of Russian, Turkish, and Persian flags, and the gigantic cross of Ivan the Great; there, bearded Russian peasants, driving or carrying the booty, of which they themselves formed part; at other times soldiers dragging along by main force wheelbarrows filled with every thing they could collect; crowds of recruits of all nations without uniform; valets swearing in every language, and urging on, by blows and shouts, ponies harnessed with ropes to sumptuous carriages; a number of French women and children, that had been settled in Moscow, flying from the rage of the Muscovites, and a few Russian girls, voluntary captives. In spite of the width of the road, and the calls of his escort, the Emperor slowly made his way through this vast multitude: but a narrow pass, a forced march, or a skirmish with a troop of Cossacks would too soon rid him of this incumbrance.

Napoléon pushed on for several hours on the old road: but having halted in the middle of the day near the castle of Krasno-pachra, he turned sud-

denly to the right, and with difficulty gained the new road to Kalouga, which place he might reach in one day's march, before Kutusof could get there, who was still expecting him on the old road, where Ney's and Murat's troops had been left to mask his movement. On the 23d of October, the Imperial head-quarters were at Borowsk. This night was one of satisfaction to the Emperor, as he had just learnt that Delzons and his division were in possession of Malo-Jaroslavetz, four leagues in advance, and the only point where Kutusof could cut him off from the new road to Kalouga. The Emperor was at first determined to secure the place in person, but hesitated all the next day (for no assignable reason, except a reluctance to act from motives of safety in one who had never acted but from motives of glory and a sense of superiority), and the next night heard to his extreme annoyance the sounds of an engagement, which proved that the Russians disputed the passage with Delzons. The latter had not gone into the town, which stands on a declivity with a wood and a large plain beyond, and a river below. His bivouacs had been surprised at four in the morning by Doctorof and his troops. Prince Eugene heard the firing at three leagues' distance, and hastened to his relief. As he drew near, a vast moving amphitheatre rose before him: the river Louja marked its foot; from the opposite

height a cloud of Russian sharp-shooters and their artillery poured down their fire on Delzons. On the plain beyond, Kutusof's whole army advanced rapidly by the Lectazowo road. A severe and desperate conflict ensued. Delzons and his brother were killed. The French maintained their ground by the judicious manœuvres of Guilleminot, who threw a hundred grenadiers into a churchyard, in the walls of which they made holes for their muskets. Five times the Russians attempted to pass, and five times they were thrown into disorder and repulsed by a well-directed and murderous fire. The whole day the battle wavered; the fourteenth and fifteenth divisions (the last composed of Italian recruits) contending against the increasing numbers of the Russians, who at length descended to the bridge, thinking to carry it, and cut off all retreat. Prince Eugene was reduced to his last reserve; he came into action himself, and by his calls and example rallying his men, the battle was once more carried up the heights; and the Russians tired out, fell back and concentrated themselves on the Kalouga road, between the woods and Malo-Jaroslavetz. Thus did eighteen thousand French and Italians, huddled together in the bottom of a ravine, defeat fifty thousand Russians placed above their heads, and seconded by all the advantages which a town built on a steep declivity could present. Their loss, how-

ever, was great, and in the circumstances, doubly felt.

The Emperor received the report of this battle in a weaver's hut, a few steps to the right of the high road, on the borders of the rivulet and village of Ghorodinia, and about half a league from Malo-Jaroslavetz. In this half-finished hovel, in a dark and comfortless chamber, divided in two by a tattered cloth, the fate of the army and of Europe was to be decided. The fatal blow was struck, by which all was put to hazard, lost, or to do again. The early part of the night was passed in collecting intelligence. Bessieres had been sent to examine the Russian position, and reported it unassailable. "Did you see rightly?" said the Emperor? "Are you sure? Will you answer for this?" Bessieres repeating his assertion, Napoleon crossed his arms with an air of consternation; his head fell on his breast, and he seemed lost in his own reflections. It is supposed that he reproached himself with having been anticipated by Kutusof. He is indeed charged with having moved slow on this march. It is no wonder; since he dragged his falling fortunes—that mighty ruin—after him! He could hardly, however, make this excuse to himself. He lay down and rose up incessantly; called for his attendants; yet not a syllable betrayed his distress. The agitation of his body alone proved the tempest which tossed his

mind. About four o'clock in the morning, Prince D'Aremberg came to inform him that some Cossacks, under cover of the night and of the woods, were gliding between him and his advanced posts. He disregarded the intelligence, and as soon as the sun was visible above the horizon, mounted his horse, and proceeded towards Malo-Jaroslavetz. In crossing the plain, a confused clamour arose; and of a sudden Platof, with his Cossacks, mixed with the baggage of the army, and overturning every thing in their course, came on with one of their hourras, which was at first taken for cries of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" Rapp had only time to say, "It is they; turn back;" and, seizing the bridle of his horse, urged the Emperor to retire. Napoleon's pride could not stoop to this. He put his hand on his sword; Berthier and the grand Equerry did the same; and placing themselves on the left of the wood, they waited. the approach of this wild horde. They were only forty paces off; and Rapp was wounded by the foremost of them. The courage of about twenty officers and chasseurs, with the eagerness of the barbarians for plunder, saved the Emperor; the cavalry of the Guard coming up, put an end to the affair, and the Cossacks fled, leaving their booty behind them. The Emperor, amazed at the audacity of this attack, halted till the plain was cleared, and then went forward to Malo-Jaroslavetz, when the Viceroy

retraced the action of the day before. Never was a field of battle more terribly eloquent! The glory of it most struck the Emperor, "which" he said "belonged wholly to Prince Eugene." He then advanced into the plain above. After carefully examining its openings, and seeing the road to Kalouga closed against him by Kutusof and a hundred and twenty thousand men, that to Medyn by Platof and ten thousand horse, he returned slow and thoughtful to his head-quarters.

Murat, Prince Eugene, Berthier, Davoust, and Bessieres followed him. As ill luck would have it, the miserable dwelling of an obscure artisan gave shelter to an emperor, two kings, and three generals. Napoleon was seated before a table; his head resting on his hands, which concealed his features. The question was, whether they should march upon Smolensk by way of Kalouga, Medyn, or Mojaisk? Murat was the first to break silence, and proposed to pursue their route to Kalouga, and cut his way through the Russians, whom he despised. This advice was checked by Napoleon as too violent, and Bessieres seconded him. Davoust recommended to proceed to Medyn, and this brought on an altercation between him and Murat. The speakers were growing warm, when Napoleon dissolved the council by saying, "It is well, Sirs; I will decide." He decided to retreat, and by the road which led him most speedily from the enemy;

but it cost him a dreadful effort to give an order so new to him.* The report of another skirmish with the Cossacks near Borowsk, is said to have been the last motive that induced him to what proved so fatal a course. What is most remarkable is, that he ordered this retreat to the north, at the very moment that Kutusof and his Russians, weakened by the shock they had received at Malo-Jaroslavetz, were retiring on the south, contrary to the advice of Sir Robert Wilson. Kutusof, in spite of all that this knight-errant could say, had had enough of Napoleon, and was determined to let the winter do the rest. Had the French Emperor known his resolution, he might have fallen upon his troops as they crowded together in disorder to the bridge over the Oka; or he might himself have effected his retreat by Medyn, in a straight line and unmolested; and then all might have turned out well.

It was on the 26th of October that the retreat by

* He is said on this occasion to have lost the use of his senses. It is a pity the accounts in Segur (otherwise so interesting) cannot be implicitly depended upon; but they have an evident bias, and are tinctured by a constant ambition of fine writing and effect. For instance, it is asserted, in describing the interview just mentioned, that "the Emperor remained motionless, absorbed, and apparently insensible to all that passed:" when a little before a speech is put into his mouth in answer to Murat, and another into that of Bessieres, which the Emperor is said to "have approved by his silence."—Vol. ii. p. 110.

Mojaisk commenced. Davoust, with twenty-five thousand men, was to form the rear-guard. The troops marched with their eyes on the ground, ashamed and humbled. In the midst of them, their leader in thoughtful silence seemed anxiously to measure his line of communication with the fortresses on the Vistula. In that interval, he had only two resting-places, Smolensk and Minsk. Wittgenstein, at Polotsk, threatened the first; Tchitchakof, who had reached Bresklitowsky, the second. But he reckoned much on the Duke of Belluno and his thirty-six thousand fresh troops, stationed at Smolensk, in conjunction with whom, with St. Cyr and Macdonald, he might recover his former position on the Dwina and Boristhenes, keep Wittgenstein in check, stop the progress of Kutusof, and menace Alexander in his second capital. He might halt therefore either at Smolensk or at Minsk, a hundred leagues farther on, where Dombrowski with his Poles near Bobruisk, and Schwartzenberg at the head of fifty thousand Austrians at Bresklitowsky, would be able to hold Tchitchakof in check, and re-establish his connection with France. On the Emperor's arrival at Vereia, he met Mortier. He had executed his orders to blow up the Kremlin. A number of Cossacks and boors who after his departure entered it to plunder perished with it. On the 23rd of October, at half-past one in the morning, the air was shook by this terrible explo-

sion; and both armies, though familiar to strange and appalling sounds, were awed by it. The earth trembled under Mortier's steps, as he drew off his troops. The Emperor heard it ten leagues farther off at Femenskoi, and announced the event to Europe in a tone of defiance and insult. "The Kremlin had ceased to exist; and he had left all that remained of Moscow as a den for robbers and beggars." Mortier, by Napoleon's special directions, had brought away as many of the wounded as he could. He also brought with him a prisoner, Count Winzingerode, who had rushed into the Kremlin at the head of a band of Cossacks; and finding himself surrounded, waved his handkerchief in the air, and pretended to come as a flag-of-truce. As he was a German by birth, Napoleon treated him harshly; but showed considerable kindness to Count Narischkin, his aide-de-camp, who was a Russian. Berthier had written to Kutusof on the 19th to carry on hostilities on a less savage plan, and to spare the towns. His answer was, that "he could not restrain the patriotism of the Russians." From this time Napoleon retaliated, and burnt all the towns in his rear. Borowsk and Vereia were the first that shared this fate.

On the 28th, the French army re-entered Mojaisk. The town was filled with a number of wounded. They were here only three days' march from Mos-

cow; but Napoleon's spirits revived at finding himself on this well-known road, where in the evening he received intelligence which alarmed him, that the whole Russian army was marching by Medyn upon Wiazma. He immediately ordered his Guard forward to Gjatz, to secure that point. Winter had now set in, and added to the gloom of every thing around. A few leagues from Mojaisk, they had to cross the Kalouga, which is a mere brook; but they were stopped for want of a bridge over it, which a couple of trees and a few planks would have remedied. The Emperor shrugged his shoulders; and Berthier, whose business it was to attend to the circumstance, replied by an air of silent resignation. A little farther on, the army was marching in a profound silence, when some of the foremost raising their eyes, uttered a cry of consternation. They saw the earth trodden, the trees cut to stumps; and beyond were broken hillocks, containing the most hideous spectacle, fragments of armour and drums, with half-devoured bodies and skeletons. It was the terrible redoubt, where so many brave men had fallen. A murmur ran through the ranks: "It is the field of the great battle!" The Emperor hurried by; nobody stopped; for pressed by hunger, cold, and the enemy, they could only turn their heads to give a last glance at the unsheltered burial-place of their old companions in arms, whom they were leaving forever. But glory and liberty, be it said,

were their bedfellows; and *there* not only they, but the whole human race surrendered up their moral being and their vital breath, and can only henceforward as in a charnel-house drag out a mutilated and dishonoured existence—bodies without a living soul, the forms without the free-born spirit of men! A fit inscription for that ghastly spot would make mad the survivors, and set free the world.—The army was moving on in sedate and silent meditation past this fatal field, when one of the victims of the bloody day was, it is said, perceived to be still living, and piercing the air with his cries. But this is too horrible to be believed or dwelt on. Farther on, they came to the great abbey or hospital of Kolotskoi. At Borodino, the struggle was over; here it was continued, and Death inflicted lingering tortures on his destined prey. The care of the surgeons and the love of life preserved many, who when they found the army repassing, crawled to the threshold, and held out their hands in agonizing supplication. The Emperor gave orders that every carriage of whatever description should receive one of these unhappy sufferers, and that the weakest, as had been done at Moscow, should be left under the protection of wounded Russians, whom the French had cured. He stopped to see the order executed. The sutlers whose carts received the wounded are said to have loitered behind, and thrown them into the

ditches; and on the evening of this long day's march, as the Imperial column approached Gjatz, they found the road strewed with the bodies of a number of Russian prisoners, who were under the guard of some Portuguese and Poles. At this last atrocity the Emperor observed a gloomy silence, but nothing of the kind happened again.

The Emperor reached Wiazma in two days' march from Gjatz. Here he halted for the arrival of Prince Eugene and Davoust; and to reconnoitre the road from Medyn and Juknof. Hearing no tidings of the Russians, he set off after thirty-six hours' stay, leaving Ney at Wiazma to relieve Davoust, who was accused of dilatoriness; but he said that the artillery and waggons were constantly precipitated into deep ravines which crossed the road, and that it was nearly impossible to drag them up the opposite icy slope, the horses' shoes not having been turned. Nevertheless, both he and the Viceroy arrived within two leagues of Wiazma on the 2d of November, and might have passed through it; but neglecting to do so, the Russian advanced-guard under Miloradowich (called the Russian Murat) turned their bivouacs in the night, and posted themselves along the left of the road, between the French generals and Wiazma. On the 3rd of November, Prince Eugene was preparing to take the road to that town, when the first dawn of day shewed him his situation, his rear-

guard cut off, and Ney, who was to have come to his assistance, fighting in his own defence in the direction of Wiazma. He immediately took his resolution. He stopped, faced about, formed in line along the main road, and kept the foremost of the enemy's troops in check, till Ney marched up one of his regiments, and attacking them in the rear compelled them to retire. At the same time, Compans, one of Davoust's generals, joined his division to the Italian guard; and while they fought together, Davoust passed, and got between Wiazma and the Russians. The battle was not over, but begun. The French amounted to thirty thousand, but were in great disorder. The Russian artillery, superior in number, advanced at a gallop, and mowed down their lines. Davoust and his generals were still surrounded with many of their bravest men. Several of the officers who had been wounded at the Mosqua were still seen, one with his arm in a sling, another with his head covered with bandages, encouraging the soldiers, keeping them together, throwing themselves upon the enemy's field-pieces and seizing them, and thus preventing the effects of bad example by good. Miloradowich saw that his prey would escape him, and sent the Englishman Wilson to summon Kutusof to his aid; but the old general laughed at him. The fight had already lasted seven hours; when night approaching, the French began to retire. This retrograde move-

ment encouraged the enemy; and had it not been for a signal effort of the 25th, 57th, and 85th regiments, Davoust's corps would have been turned, broken, and destroyed. Prince Eugene made good his retreat to Wiazma; Davoust followed, but Morand's division, which entered first, found a number of Russians there before them, and had to cut their way through them. Compans, who brought up the rear, put an end to the affair by facing about, and making a furious assault upon Miloradowich. The bivouacs were set up by the light of the burning of Wiazma, and amidst repeated discharges of artillery. During the night the alarm continued. Several times the troops thought they were attacked, and groped about for their arms. On the following morning, when they returned to their ranks, they were astonished at the smallness of their numbers.

Nevertheless, the example of the chiefs and the hope of finding rest at Smolensk kept up the men's spirits. Besides, so far they had been cheered by the sight of the sun; but on the 6th of November, the snow came on, and every thing underwent a total change. The consequences were most disastrous. The troops marched on without knowing where, and without distinguishing any object; and while they strove to force their way through the whirlwinds of sleet, the snow drifted in the cavities where they fell, and the

weakest rose no more. The wind drove in their faces not only the falling snow, but that which it raised in furious eddies from the earth. The Muscovite winter attacked them in every part, penetrated through their thin dress and ragged shoes. Their wet clothes froze upon them; this covering of ice chilled their bodies, and stiffened all their limbs. A cutting and violent wind stopped their breath or seized upon it as it was exhaled, and converted it into icicles, which hung from their beards. The unhappy men crawled on with trembling limbs and chattering teeth till the snow, collecting round their feet in hard lumps, like stones, some scattered fragment, a branch of a tree, or the body of one of their companions, made them stagger and fall. Their cries and groans were vain: soon the snow covered them, and small hillocks marked where they lay! Such was their sepulture. The road was filled with these undulations, like a burying-place. The most intrepid or obdurate were affected: they hurried past with averted eyes. But before them, around them, all was snow: the horizon seemed one vast winding-sheet, in which nature was enveloping the whole army. The only objects which came out from the bleak expanse were a few gloomy pines skirting the plain, and adding to the horror of the scene with their funereal green and the motionless erectness of their black trunks! Even the weapons

of the soldiers were a weight almost insupportable to their benumbed limbs. In their frequent falls they slipped out of their hands and were broken or lost in the snow. Many others had their fingers frozen on the musquet they still grasped. Some broke up into parties; others wandered on alone. If they dispersed themselves in the fields, or by the cross-paths, in search of bread or a shelter for the night, they met nothing but Cossacks and an armed population, who surrounded, wounded, and stripped them, and left them with ferocious laughter to expire naked upon the snow. Then came the night of sixteen hours. But on this universal covering of snow, they knew not where to stop, where to sit, where to lie, where to find a few roots for food, or dry sticks to light their fires. At length fatigue, darkness, and repeated orders induced a pause, and they tried to establish themselves for the night; but the storm scattered the preparations for the bivouacs, and the branches of the pines covered with ice and snow only melted away, and resisted the attempts of the soldiers to kindle them into a blaze. When at length the fire got the better, officers and soldiers gathered round it, to cook their wretched meal of horse-flesh, and a few spoonfuls of rye mixed with snow-water. Next morning, circles of stiffened corses marked the situation of the bivouacs, and the carcasses of thousands of horses were strewed round them.

From this time disorder and distrust began to prevail. A few resisted the strong contagion of insubordination and despondency. These were the officers, the subalterns, and some of the soldiers, whom nothing could detach from their duty. They kept up each other's spirits by repeating the name of Smolensk, which they were approaching, and looked forward to as the end of their sufferings.

Nothing remarkable happened to the Imperial column between Gjatz and Mikalewska, a village between Dorogobouje and Smolensk, except that it was found necessary to throw the spoils of Moscow into the lake of Semlewo. Cannon, Gothic armour, the ornaments of the Kremlin, and the Cross of the Great Iwan, all sunk at once. On the 3rd and 4th of November, Napoleon had stopped at Slawkowo. On the 5th, he slept at Dorogobouje. On the following day, the 6th of November, on the heights of Mikalewska, just as the snow was beginning to fall, an estafette brought the news of that strange conspiracy formed by Mallet (an obscure officer in a prison) to overturn the new government and dynasty. With half-a-dozen accomplices, and with no other means than a forged report of the death of Napoleon, he attempted with his own hand to arrest the minister, the prefect of police, and the commander of Paris, and to force them to dissolve the existing authorities and proclaim a republic. He had actually prevailed

with some of these; and his plot only miscarried, it is said, through the spirit of one of the heads of a public office, who arrested Mallet, instead of being arrested by him. Really the French are a most theatrical people,

> ——— "The rightest company
> Of players that upon the world's stage be." DONNE.

The distinction between words and things can hardly be said to have place in their minds. You have only to say a thing, and it is believed; and they are ready to act upon this first impression, without inquiry or regard to consequences, as if in comparison with it "the pillar'd firmament were rottenness, and earth's base built on stubble." What should we think of any one who should attempt to make the doors of one of the prisons of London fly open by declaring that George IV. was dead, that the Duke of Clarence had refused to succeed him, and should proceed to summon the soldiers at the Tower or the Horse-Guards, with the commander-in-chief, to dissolve the two Houses of Parliament, and proclaim a Commonwealth? In London, such a person would be instantly taken up as a madman: in Paris, it is still thought an even chance that Mallet's conspiracy might have taken effect, had it gone a step further. The mere supposition of the possibility is enough.—Those who sought to read in Buonaparte's countenance what he thought of this

incident, sought in vain. His first and only words to Daru were, "Well; if we had stayed at Moscow?" He then retired abruptly into a palisaded house, where he gave a loose to his repressed emotions in the presence of those most devoted to him. Some of them thought the Revolution of 1789 was beginning again: others were glad of the circumstance, thinking it would in future keep him at home. So little did they apprehend the real danger;—as if what was solid and inevitable repelled belief, and only what was most light and vain found a corresponding sympathy in their breasts!

The next day, the Emperor's thoughts were called off from this subject by the arrival of one of Ney's aide-de-camps. He had instructions to give an account of disasters, of which Napoleon knew enough already from deserters who were continually passing. When, therefore, the aide-de-camp (Dalbignac) was going to speak, he interrupted him with these words, "Colonel, I don't ask you for these details!" Dalbignac was silent; he felt that under circumstances so calamitous and now irremediable, every man stood in need of his whole stock of fortitude; and that the Emperor feared the effect of complaints which could only weaken him who indulged in, and him who listened to them. He was struck with Napoleon's deportment, the same that he maintained during the whole retreat—grave, silent, resigned: it was

that of a man suffering less in body than others, but much more in mind, and submitting to his destiny. Just then, General Charpentier sent him some waggons loaded with provisions from Smolensk. Bessieres wanted to take possession of them for the Guard, but the Emperor sent them on immediately to the Prince of the Mosqua, saying that "those who fought should eat before the rest." At the same time he begged that Ney would try to defend himself long enough to allow him some time at Smolensk, where the army would have food and rest and might be reorganised. He did so, fighting the whole way, often with a musquet in his hand which had fallen from the benumbed fingers of the soldiers; and entered the town on the 13th, together with Prince Eugene, who taking the road by Witepsk, had narrowly escaped drowning in the waters of the Wop, and had had to skirmish all the way with a rabble of hideous Cossacks. Colonel Ferenzac more particularly distinguished himself in this march.

Napoleon had reached Smolensk on the 9th, and found the place a scene of confusion. The army when they arrived at this promised termination of all their sufferings were kept for a long time outside the gates, in hopes to rally the stragglers: when they were admitted and applied for provisions, they could not obtain them, having no tickets nor any officers to answer for the regiment

to which they belonged. Instead of plenty, they found famine, instead of shelter only ruins; their hope was turned to despair, and from this period may be dated the greatest excesses. When at length the provisions were given out, the soldiers refused to carry them to their regiments, darting upon the sacks, and snatching out a few handfuls of flour, which they ran to devour in a corner. It was the same with the brandy. The next day, the houses were found filled with dead bodies. The Emperor shut himself up in one of the houses of the new square, nor did he leave it till the 14th, when he continued his retreat. He had reckoned upon finding fifteen days' provisions and forage for an army of a hundred thousand men: he did not find enough for half that number, and it consisted solely of flour, rice, and brandy. There was no meat at all. He was heard furiously upbraiding one of the men charged with provisioning the army. The Commissary only saved his life by a long and abject entreaty on his knees, or perhaps by shewing that in the circumstances he had done nearly all that was possible. The stragglers had consumed all they could lay hands on; droves of cattle had died of cold on the road; and the enemy had captured a number of convoys.

END OF VOL. III.

WHITING, BEAUFORT HOUSE, STRAND.

00031928

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 26 March, 2016